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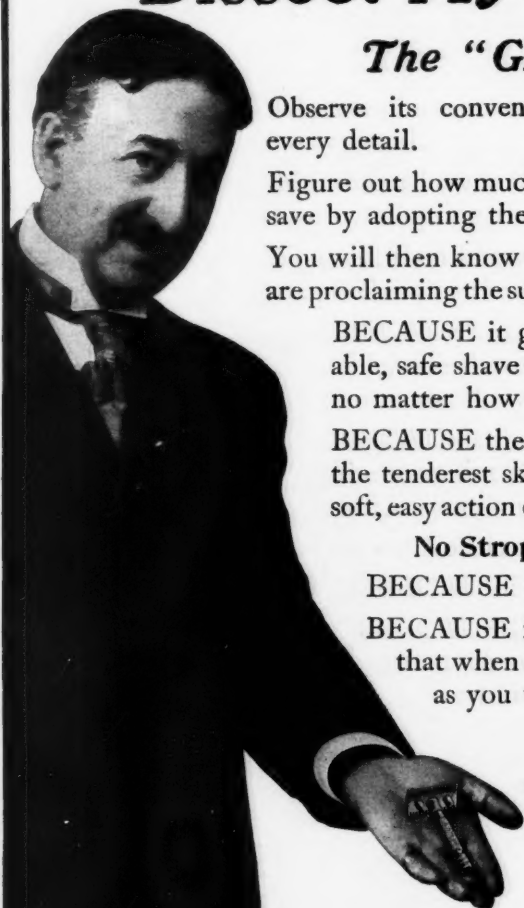
THE JUNE NUMBER



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From a drawing made for PUTNAM'S AND THE READER by W. D. Paddock, March, 1908

WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT

# PUTNAM'S MONTHLY & THE READER

VOL. IV

JUNE, 1908

NO. 3



## THE ROMANCE OF THE GREAT LAKES

### III.—PASSENGER TRAFFIC AND SUMMER LIFE

By JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

THE first two of Mr. Curwood's articles on "The Romance of the Great Lakes" appeared in the January and February numbers of the *Reader* magazine. In the first of these, "The Building of the Ships," he tells of the enormous traffic of our Inland Seas, and of the gigantic ship-building industry that has developed along them, and how the traffic of these "seas," because of cheap freight rates, saves the country \$500,000,000 yearly—a "dividend of six dollars for every man, woman and child in the United States." In his second article, "What the Ships Carry," he shows in detail how this great saving is brought about, and devotes most of his space to the commerce in iron ore, which comprised nearly one half of the hundred million tons of freight carried on the Lakes last year. "Picture a train of forty-ton freight cars loaded to capacity," he says, "the engine and caboose both in New York City, yet extending in an unbroken line entirely around the earth—a train reaching along a parallel from New York to San Francisco, across the Pacific, the Chinese Empire, Turkestan, Persia, the Mediterranean and the Atlantic,—and you have an idea of what the ships of the Great Lakes carry during a single eight-months season of navigation. This train would not only girdle the earth, but there would be 2,000 miles of it left over. Were it to pass you at a given point at twenty miles an hour, you would have to stand forty days and forty nights to see the end of it." Mr. Curwood's second article on "What the Ships Carry" will appear in July.—THE EDITORS.

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LITTLE VENICE, ST. CLAIR RIVER, SHOWING A TYPICAL LOW-PRICED SUMMER INN



IN a previous article I have shown how the saving to the people of the United States by reason of Great Lake freight transportation is more than five hundred million dollars a year, or, in other words, an indirect "dividend" to the nation of six dollars for every man, woman and child in it. Yet in describing how this enormous saving was accomplished I touched upon but one phase of what I might term the "saving power" of the Lakes. To this must be added that dividend of millions of dollars which indirectly goes into the pockets of the people because of the cheapness of water transportation and because of the extraordinarily low cost at which one may enjoy, both afloat and ashore, the summer life of the Lakes. These two phases of Lake life are among the least known, and have been most neglected.

At the same time, considering the health and pleasure as well as the profit of the nation, they are among the most important. To-day it is almost unknown outside of Lake cities that one may travel on the inland seas at less cost per mile than on any other waterway in the civilized world, and that the pleasure-seeker in New York, for instance, can travel a thousand miles westward, spend a month along the Lakes, and return to his home no more out of pocket than if he had indulged in a ten-day or two-

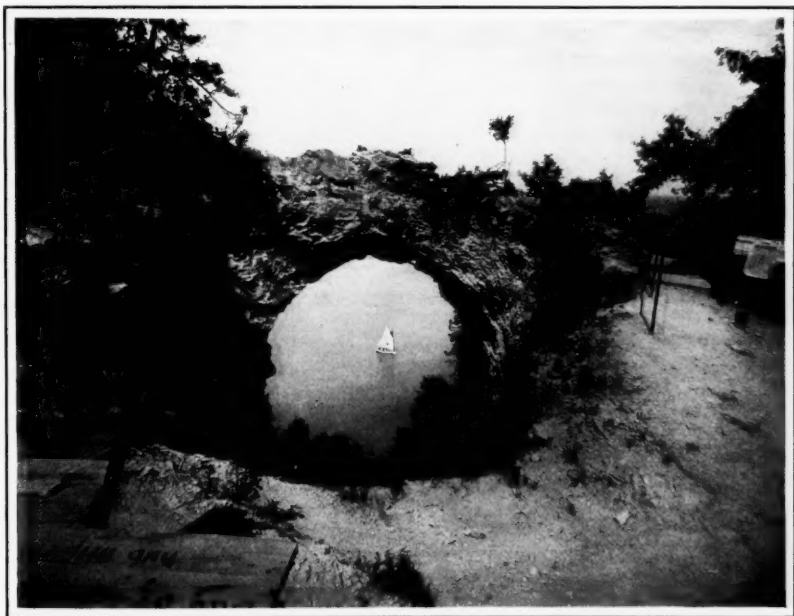
week holiday at some sea-coast resort within a hundred miles of his business. This might be accepted with some hesitancy by many were there not convincing figures behind the statements, figures which show that the Lakes are primarily the "poor man's pleasure grounds" as well as his roads of travel, and that on them he may ride in company with millionaires and dine with the scions of luxury and fashion without overreaching himself financially. This has been called the democracy of the Lakes. And only those who have travelled on the inland seas or summered along their shores know what the term really means. It is a condition which exists nowhere else in the world on such a large scale. It means that what President Roosevelt describes as "the ideal American life" has been achieved on the Lakes; that the bank clerk is on a level, both socially and financially, for the time, with the bank president, with the same opportunities for pleasure and with the same luxuries of public travel within his reach. The "multi-millionaire" who boards one of the magnificent passenger steamers at Buffalo, Cleveland, Detroit, or Chicago, or any other Lake port, has no promenade decks set apart for himself and others of his class, as on ocean vessels; there are no first, second, and third class specifications, no dining-rooms for the especial use of aristocrats, no privileges that they may enjoy alone. The elect of fortune and fashion becomes a common American as soon as he

touches a plank of a Lake vessel, rubs elbows with the everyday crowd, smokes his cigars in company with travelling men, rural merchants, and clerks, forgets himself in this mingling with people of red blood and working hands—and enjoys himself in the experience. It is a novel adventure for the man who has been accustomed to the purchase of exclusiveness and the service of a prince at sea, but it quickly shows him what life really is along the five great waterways that form the backbone of the commerce of the American nation.

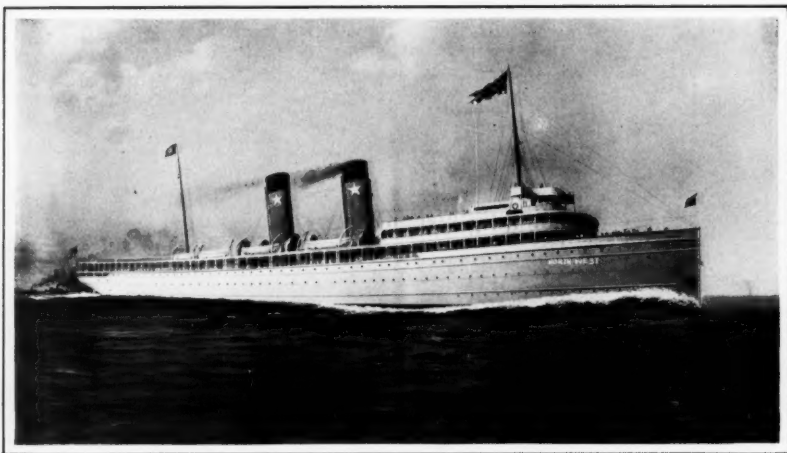
This is why the passenger traffic of the inland seas is distinctive, why it is the absolute antithesis of the same traffic on the oceans. If a \$2,000,000 floating palace were to be launched upon the Lakes to-morrow and its owners announced that social and money distinctions would be recognized on board, the business of that vessel would probably be run at a loss that would mean ultimate bank-

ruptcy. It is an experiment which even the wealthiest and most powerful passenger corporations on the Lakes have not dared to make, though they have frequently discussed it. A score of passenger traffic men have told me this. It is a splendid tribute to the spirit of independence and equality that exists on these American waters.

And there is a good reason for this spirit. Last year sixteen million passengers travelled on Lake vessels, and of these it is estimated that less than five hundred thousand were foreign tourists or pleasure-seekers from large Eastern cities. In other words, over fifteen million of these travellers were men and women of the Lake and central Western States, where independence and equality are matters of habit. Twelve million were carried by vessels of the Eighth District, which begins at Detroit and ends at Chicago, while only three and a half million were carried in the Ninth



ARCH ROCK, MACKINAC ISLAND, ONE OF THE NATURAL WONDERS OF THE  
GREAT LAKES REGION

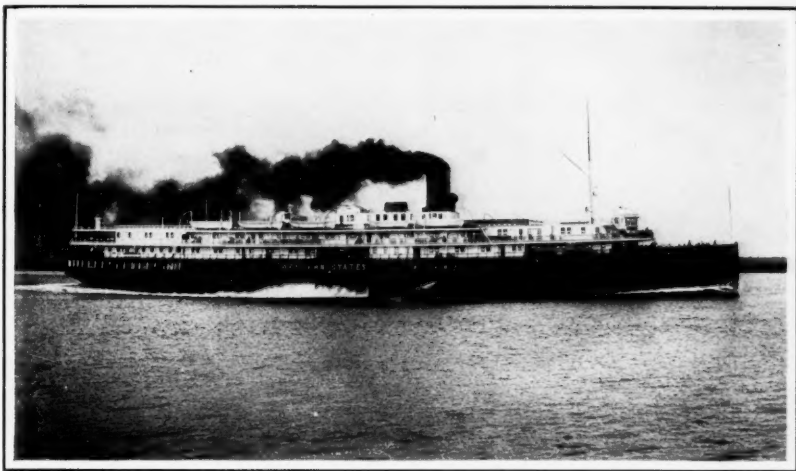


THE "NORTHWEST," ONE OF THE FINEST PASSENGER STEAMSHIPS ON THE GREAT LAKES

District, including all Lake ports east of the Detroit River. From these figures one may easily get an idea of the class of people who travel on the Lakes, and at the same time realize to what an almost inconceivable extent our inland seas are neglected by the people of many States within short distances of them. Astonishing as it may seem, nearly eight million passengers were reported at Detroit last year—as many as were reported at all other Lake ports combined, including great cities like Buffalo, Cleveland and Chicago. These millions were drawn almost entirely from Michigan and Ontario, with a small percentage coming from Indiana, Ohio and Kentucky. Ninety per cent. of the Chicago traffic of two million was from Illinois, Indiana and Wisconsin, while of the three and a half million carried east of the Detroit River, from Erie and Ontario ports, fully two thirds were residents of Ohio and Pennsylvania. At Buffalo, which draws upon the entire State of New York and upon all States east thereof, there were reported only a million passengers! To sum up, figures gathered during the year show that fully ninety per cent. of all travel on the inland seas is furnished by the states of Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Illinois, Wisconsin Minnesota, western New York,

western Pennsylvania, and northern Kentucky.

Why is this? Why are the most beautiful fresh-water seas in the whole world neglected by their own people? Why is it that from the single city of Boston there travel by water two million more people than on all of the Lakes combined, which number on their shores the second largest city on the continent and four others well up in the front rank? I have asked this question of steamship companies in a dozen ports along the Lakes, and from them all I have received practically the same reply. There is a man in Detroit who has been in the passenger traffic business for more than a quarter of a century. I refer to A. A. Schantz, general manager of the largest passenger business on the Lakes. He was managing boats at the age of twenty, he has studied the business for thirty years, and he hits the nail squarely on the head when he says: "It's because people *don't know* about the Lakes. For generations newspapers and magazines have talked *ocean* to them. They know more about Bermuda and the Caribbean than they do about Mackinaw and the three thousand islands of Lake Huron. The people of three States out of four are better acquainted with steamship fares to London and Liverpool than to Duluth



THE "WESTERN STATES," ONE OF THE LARGEST AND FASTEST BOATS ON THE LAKES

This vessel sometimes carries 2500 passengers, at a speed of twenty miles an hour

or Chicago; they have been *taught* to look to the oceans and ocean resorts, and to-day the five Great Lakes of America are more foreign, so far as knowledge of them is concerned, than either the Atlantic or the Pacific."

This is true. When Admiral Dewey made his triumphal journey through the inland seas even he found himself constantly expressing astonishment at what he saw and heard. It is so with ninety-nine out of every hundred strangers who come to them. Think, for instance, of travelling from Detroit to Buffalo, a distance of two hundred and sixty miles, for \$1.25!—less than *half a cent a mile*! I recently told a Philadelphia man who has been to Europe half a dozen times about this cheap travel, and he laughingly asked, "What kind of tubs do you have on the Lakes that can afford to carry passengers at these ridiculous rates?"

Well, there is one particular "tub" which offers this cheap transportation once a week, which cost a little over a million and a quarter dollars! Every bit of woodwork in the staterooms, parlors, promenades and dining-rooms is of Mexican mahogany. It carries with it a collection of oil paintings which cost twenty-five thousand dollars. Every one of four hundred

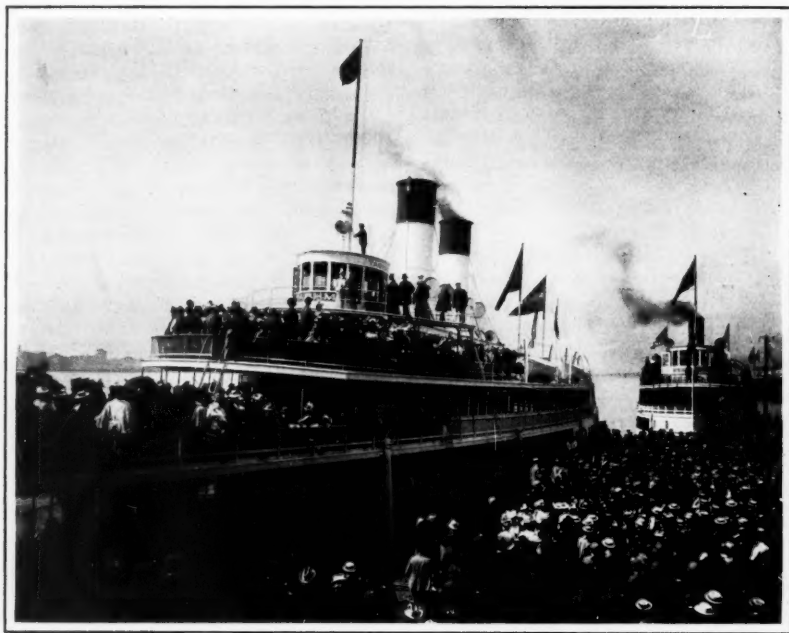
staterooms is equipped with a telephone, and there is a telephone "central," so that passengers may converse with one another or with the ship's officers without leaving their berths. There are reading-rooms, and music-rooms, and writing-rooms, magnificently upholstered and furnished; and on more than one of these Lake palaces passengers may amuse themselves at shuffle-board, quoits, and other games which fifty millions of Americans believe are characteristic only of ocean craft. Another of these "tubs"—the *Eastern States*—broke Lake records last year by berthing and feeding 1500 people on a single trip; and the new *City of Cleveland* will accomodate two thousand without crowding.

Notwithstanding the extreme cheapness of their rates of transportation, Lake passenger vessels constantly vie with one another in maintaining a high standard of appearance and comfort. This is illustrated in the interesting case of the *City of St. Ignace*, which was built a number of years ago at a cost of \$375,000. Since that time, in painting, decorating, refurnishing, etc., and not including the cost of broken machinery or expense of crew, nearly \$500,000 have been spent in the

maintenance of this vessel, a sum considerably greater than her original cost. A Government law says that thirty per cent. of the cost of a vessel must be expended in this kind of maintenance before that particular boat can change its name. The *City of St. Ignace* could have changed her name four times! And the case of the *St. Ignace* is only one of many.

I have gone into these facts with some detail for the purpose of showing that the extreme cheapness of travel and life along the Lakes does not signify a loss of either comfort or luxury. In few words, it means that the Lakes, as in all other branches of their industries, are agents of tremendous saving to the nation at large in this one; and that, were the pleasure-seekers and travellers of the country to become better acquainted with them, the annual "dividend" earned in freight transportation would be doubled by passenger traffic. The figures of almost any transportation

line on the Lakes will verify this. Last year, for instance, one line carried two hundred thousand people between Detroit and Cleveland. The day fare between these points is one dollar, the distance 110 miles. Estimating that four fifths, or one hundred and sixty thousand, of these passengers travelled by day, their total expense would be \$160,000. By rail the distance is 167 miles, and the fare \$3.35, making a total railway fare of \$536,000. These figures show that one passenger line alone, and between just two cities, saved the travellers of the country \$376,000 last year. The saving between other points is in many instances even greater. Once each week one may go by water from Detroit to Buffalo, or from Buffalo to Detroit, a distance of 260 miles, for \$1.25, while the rail rate is seven dollars; and at any time during the week, and on any boat, the fare is only \$2.50. These low rates prevail, not only in localities,



THE "TASHMOO," WHEN ADMIRAL DEWEY MADE HIS TOUR OF THE GREAT LAKES  
The Admiral and Mrs. Dewey stand on the bridge in front of the pilot house



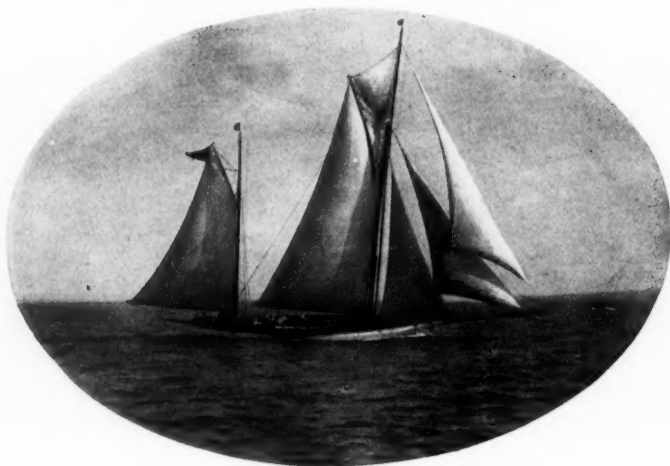
THE LOCKS OF THE SAULT STE. MARIE WHEN ADMIRAL DEWEY PASSED THROUGH

but all over the Lakes. The tourist may board a Mackinaw boat at any time in Cleveland, for instance, travel across Lake Erie, up the Detroit River, through Lake St. Clair and Lake Huron, and back again—a round trip of nearly one thousand miles—at an expense of *ten dollars*. The round trip from Detroit to Mackinaw, which gives the tourist two days and two nights aboard ship and a ride of six hundred miles, costs eight dollars. The rail fare is \$11.66. At a ticket expense of less than twenty-five dollars one may spend a whole week aboard a floating palace of the Lakes and make a tour of the inland seas that will carry him over nearly three thousand miles of waterway, his meal service at the same time being equal to and from a third to a half as expensive as that of a first-class hotel ashore. Excursion rates, which one may take advantage of during the entire season, are even less, frequently being not more than half as high as those given above.

When one becomes acquainted with these facts it is easy for him to understand the truth of Mr. Schantz's statement that "*people don't know about the Lakes.*" If they did, the annual passenger traffic on them would be thirty million instead of sixteen; and, instead of an estimated

saving of ten million dollars to the people because of Lake passenger ships, the "*dividend*" that thus goes into their pockets would be twice that amount.

Foreign shipbuilders as well as Americans along the seacoasts frankly concede that vessel-building on the Lakes has developed into a science which is equalled nowhere else in the world, evidence of which I have offered in a former article. This is true of passenger ships as well as of freighters, and the strongest proof of this fact lies in the almost inconceivably small loss of life among travelers on the Lakes. There was a time when the marine tragedies of the inland seas were appalling, and if all the ships lost upon them were evenly distributed there would be a sunken hulk every half-mile over the entire thousand-mile waterway between Buffalo and Duluth. But those days are gone. Lake travel has not only become the cheapest in the world, but the safest as well. The figures which show this are of tremendous interest when compared with other statistics. Of the sixteen million men, women and children who travelled on Lake passenger ships last year, *only three were lost*, or one out of every five million three hundred thousand. Two of these were accident-



YACHTING ON THE GREAT LAKES

ally drowned, and the third met death by fire. The percentage of ocean casualties is twelve times as great, and of the eight hundred million people who travelled on our railroads during 1906 approximately one out of every sixty thousand was killed or injured.

To the great majority of our many millions of people the summer life of the Lakes is as little known as the passenger traffic. And, if possible, it offers even greater inducements, especially to those who wish to enjoy the pleasures of an ideal summer outing and who can afford to spend but a very small sum of money. Notwithstanding this fact, the shores and countless islands of the Great Lakes are taken advantage of even less than their low transportation rates. Only a few of the large and widely advertised resorts receive anything like the patronage of seacoast pleasure grounds. If a person in the East or West, for instance, plans to spend a month somewhere along the Lakes, about the only information that he can easily obtain is on points like Mackinaw Island: popular resorts which are ideal for the tourist who wishes to pass most of his time aboard ship, or who, in stopping off at these more fashionable

places, is not especially worried about funds.

It is not of such isolated places as the great resorts that I shall speak first. They play their part, and an important one, in the summer life of the Lakes; but it is to another phase of this life, one which is almost entirely unknown, that I wish to call attention. The man who does not have to count the contents of his pocket-book when he leaves home will find his holiday joys without much trouble. But how about the man who works for a small salary, and who with his restricted means wishes to give his wife and children the pleasures of a real vacation? What about the men and women and children who look forward for weeks and months, and who plan and save and economize, sometimes hopelessly, that *somewhere* they may have two weeks together, free from the worry and care and eternal grind of their daily life? It is to such people as these, unnumbered thousands of them, that the Lakes should call—and loudly. And it is to such as these that I wish to describe the astonishing conditions which now exist along thousands of miles of our Great Lakes coast line—conditions which, were they generally known,

would attract many million more people to our inland seas next year than will be found there during the present summer.

"But *where* shall I go?" asks the man who is planning a vacation, and who may live two or three hundred miles away from the nearest of the Great Lakes. He is perplexed, and with good cause. He has spent other vacations away from home and generally speaking he knows what a hold-up game ordinary summer resort life is. But he need not fear this on the Lakes. All that he has to do in order successfully to solve this problem of "where to go" is to get a map, select any little town or village situated on the fresh-water sea nearest to him, or three or four of them, for that matter, and write to the postmasters. If they do not reply they will in four cases out of five turn the communications over to some person who will interest himself to that extent. Say, for instance, that you write to the little port of Vermillion, on Lake Erie. Your reply will state that "Shattuck's Grove would be a nice place for you to spend your holidays; or you may go to Ruggles' Grove, half a dozen miles up the beach; or you can get cheap accommodations, board and room for three or four dollars a week apiece, at any one of a

hundred farmhouses that look right out over the lake." In fact, it is not necessary for you to write at all. When you are ready to leave on your vacation, when your trunk is ready and the wife and children all aglow with eagerness and expectancy—why, *start*. Go direct to any one of these little Lake towns. Within a day after arriving there, or within two days at the most, you will be settled. I have passed nearly all of my life along the Lakes, and have travelled over every mile of the Lake Erie shore; I have gone from end to end of them all, and I do not know of a Lake town that does not possess in its immediate vicinity what is locally known as a "grove." A grove, on the Lakes, means a piece of woods that the owner has cleared of underbrush, where the children may buy ice cream and candy, where there are plenty of swings, boats, fishing-tackle, and perhaps a merry-go-round, and where the pleasure-seeker may rent a tent at almost no cost, buy his meals at ridiculously low prices and live entirely on the grounds, or board with some farmer in the neighborhood. A "grove," in other words, is what might be called a rural resort, a place visited almost entirely by country people and the residents of neighboring towns, and where one may fish,



INEXPENSIVE COTTAGES ON THE ST. MARY'S RIVER

swim, and enjoy the most glorious of all vacations for no more than it would cost him to live at home, and frequently for less.

There are many hundreds of these "groves" along the Lakes, unknown to all but those who live near them. Only on occasion of Sunday-school picnics or Fourth of July celebrations are they crowded. They are the most ideal of all places in which to spend one's holidays, if rest and quiet recreations are what the pleasure-seeker desires. And these groves are easily found. I do not believe there is a twenty-mile stretch along Lake Erie that does not possess its grove, and sometimes there are a dozen of them within that distance. I know of many that are not even situated near villages, being five or six miles away and patronized almost entirely by farmers. In almost any one of them a family may enjoy camp life if they wish, buy their supplies of neighboring farmers, do their own cooking, rent a good boat for from twenty-five to fifty cents a day, and get other things at a corresponding cost. I am personally acquainted with one family of four who came from Louisville to one of these sylvan resorts on Lake Huron last year, and the total expense of their three-weeks vacation, not including railroad fare, was under fifty dollars. The experience of these parents and their children is not an exception. It is a common one with those who are acquainted with the Lakes and who know how to take advantage of them to their own profit.

There is another phase of Lake life, a degree removed from that which I have described, which is also unknown beyond its own local environment and which ought to be made to be of great profit and pleasure to those seeking holiday recreation along our inland seas. The shores of the Lakes, from end to end, are literally dotted with what might appropriately be called lakeside inns—places located far from the dust and noise and more fashionable gaiety of crowded resorts and cities, where one may enjoy all

of the simpler pleasures of water life for from six to eight dollars a week. This price includes room, board, boats, fishing-tackle, and other accommodations. At most of these places the board is superior to that which one secures at the large resorts. Fish, frogs' legs and chickens play an important part in the bill of fare, and almost without exception they are placed upon the table in huge dishes, heaped with fresh viands from the kitchen as soon as they become empty. The fish cost the innkeepers nothing, for they are mostly caught by the pleasure-seekers themselves; frogs usually abound somewhere in the immediate vicinity, and where the landlord does not raise his own fowls they are purchased from neighboring farmers. The inn is a local market for butter, eggs, celery and vegetables of all kinds, so it is not difficult to understand why the board at these places is superior to almost any that can be found in a city. I have no doubt that if these lakeside inns were generally known they would be so crowded that life would not be worth living in them. But they are *not* known and as a consequence are running along in their old-fashioned way, sources of unrivalled summer joy to those who have been fortunate enough to discover them. At many of these inns only a dollar a day is charged, all accommodations included, and the price is seldom above \$1.50 a day, even for transients. At Pearl Beach, Michigan, I know of one inn that has been "discovered" by half a dozen travelling men and their wives. Three of these families live in Cleveland, one in Pittsburgh and two in New York, and each year they spend a month together on Lake St. Clair. The cost is *six dollars a week* for each adult! A few weeks ago I was talking with one of these men, the representative of a New York dry-goods firm, and he told me that for himself, his wife and two children it cost less to stay a month at this place than it did to pass a single week at an ocean resort, and that the accommodations and opportunities for pleasure were



STEAMSHIP "NORTHWEST" MAKING A LANDING AT MACKINAC, MICHIGAN

greater there than he had ever been able to afford on the Atlantic. I do not wish to emphasize the attractions of any particular inn, for in most ways all of them are alike. And the holiday-seeker who knows nothing of the Lakes can find them as easily as he can locate the groves I have described. The secret of the whole thing is in the knowledge that hundreds of such places really exist.

I have often thought that if it were possible for every person in the United States to make a trip over the Lakes, beginning at Niagara Falls, our inland seas from that day on would be recognized as the greatest pleasure-grounds in the world. At Niagara Falls, the traveller takes the Gorge ride, and perhaps makes a trip on the *Maid of the Mist*. But he is probably unaware that in the immediate neighbourhood are a score of spots hallowed in history, and whose incidents have made up some of the most romantic and tragic pages in the story of our country. He may not know that within walking distance of the falls was fought the battle of Queenston Heights, that at certain points the earthworks of the British still remain, that he may stand in the very spot where General Brock fell dying, and that he may follow, step by step, that thrilling fight far up on the summit of those wild ridges. Neither does the

ordinary tourist know that almost within sight of the falls is one of the oldest cemeteries in America, where many of the men who were slain in the battles of those regions are at rest. Old Fort Niagara remains almost unvisited, and the spot not far distant where the adventurer La Salle built the *Griffin*, the first vessel ever to sail the Lakes, is virtually unknown. Two weeks, and every hour of them filled with interest, might be spent by the Lake tourist at Niagara Falls, yet the average person is satisfied with a day. And it is all because he does not *know*. This may be said of his experiences from end to end of the Lakes.

When his ship passes into Lake Erie he enters upon new and even more thrilling pages of history. Near Put-in-Bay his captain can point out to him where Perry and his nine log ships of war engaged and whipped the British fleet in 1813; for nearly a hundred miles his vessel will travel over the very course taken by the fleeing British ships, and that course, if he follows it to the Thames, will lead to the scenes of the fierce battle that was fought there, and of the sanguinary conflict with the Indians in which the famous chieftain Tecumseh was slain. And all this time he will see rising along the white stretches of shore the smoke of great cities, and

hundreds of miles of wooded beach, where unnumbered millions might pass their summer holidays without crowding. And when he enters the Detroit River he looks out upon quiet Canadian shores and little "Sleepy Hollow" towns, still characterized by the quaint French atmosphere and peacefulness that marked them a century ago.

Now he begins to see the crowded, noisy, jostling pleasures of popular river resorts; then comes Detroit, the greatest excursion city on the Lakes. Here again history may add to the pleasure of his reflections, for three nations have fought for and possessed Detroit. He passes Belle Isle, the greatest pleasure ground in the world with the exception of

Coney Island, and a few minutes later can almost throw a stone upon the island that was once the home of the famous Indian chief Pontiac, and where the plans for that bloodthirsty warrior's assaults upon the whites were made. Then follows the course across beautiful Lake St. Clair, and the slow journey through Little Venice, where again the crowds and music and gay vessels of one of the most popular resorts in America greet his eyes for many miles; where every bit of land that thrusts itself out of the lake is lined with summer cottages and lakeside inns. Here the tourist may stop for a dollar a day, or two dollars a day, and may mingle freely with bankers and merchants and

millionaires as well as with the "common herd." It is a mixed, happy, cosmopolitan life.

From Little Venice the tourist's ship enters the St. Clair River, along which

live innumerable captains of ships. It is a paradise of beauty, yet along its length one may buy cottage sites cheaper than he can purchase ordinary city lots. Here the traveller will see the tents of happy campers from the city, comfortable inns, and now and then a summer resort hotel—a mixed life, one of pleasure for the man with a family and little money as well as for him who has more than he knows well how to spend.

Once out upon the bosom of Lake Huron, the scenes begin to change. Now there are miles of shore on

which there is hardly a habitation to be seen. From Saginaw Bay northward for hundreds of miles along the Georgian Bay and Michigan shores, the grandeur and beauty of the wilderness are seen from the deck of the vessel. As one progresses farther North the scenes become wilder and wilder, until the captain may tell you that you are looking out over regions where the bear and the deer and the wolf make their homes; and if you have a drop of sportsman's blood in you, he adds to your excitement by saying that you may see big game from the deck of the ship before the trip is over. At times, and for long distances, the vessel seems to be picking her way between innumerable islands, and if the course is



SUGARLOAF, ONE OF THE MANY NATURAL ROCK FORMATIONS OF MACKINAC ISLAND

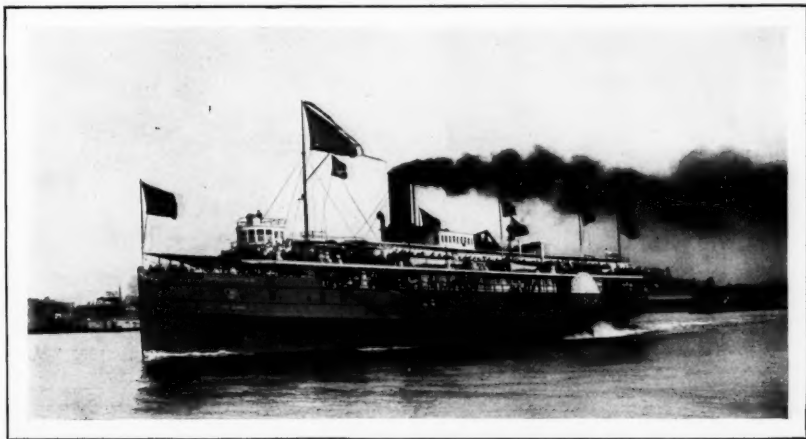
through Georgian Bay their number bewilders the traveller. They are on all sides of him. Here and there upon them are resort hotels; more numerous still are the simple, homelike places where the city worker and his family may stay at comparatively small expense, and along the mainland are the homes of settlers and farmers, nine out of ten of whom are glad to accomodate summer visitors at prices which make living there as cheap as at home.

Farther northward the tourist's ship carries him deeper into the wilderness country, through St. Mary's River, with its forest-clad shores and islands, broken here and there by little cottages built and owned by city people; through the locks at the Soo, and into Lake Superior. Beyond this, as one captain expressed it to the writer, "there is howling wilderness on every shore." At times the traveller may have glimpses of the Canadian coast, from which the unbroken wild stretches northward to Hudson Bay; his eyes may travel over the hazy distance of the greatest moose- and caribou-hunting country on the continent; and when near the Michigan shore he may see the smoke rising above the great copper mines of the Upper Peninsula. And at the end of this northern route he

comes to Duluth, the greatest freight-shipping port in the world, and destined to become one of the most important cities in America.

At the Straits of Mackinaw, however, the tourist may turn into Lake Michigan instead of continuing into Superior; and if so, he soon comes within sight of Beaver Island, famous for all ages in history as the one-time stronghold of King Strang and his Mormons—an island about which piracy once flourished and where more than one vessel, in the years of long ago, met a mysterious and tragic end at the hands of buccaneers as blood-thirsty as any that ever roamed the seas.

And so it goes, from end to end of the Lakes, every mile fraught with interest, every hour offering the traveller something new of scenery or history. At no time is there the monotonous sameness of ocean travel, and even night is to be regretted because of the things which are passed then and cannot be seen. And this life of the Lakes is not, like that of the salt seas, open only to those of means. It is within the poor man's reach as well as the rich, is accessible to the hardworking housewife as well as to the woman who possesses her carriage and her servants.



CLEVELAND AND BUFFALO LINE STEAMER "CITY OF ERIE"  
Fastest steamer on the Lakes, having a record of 22.93 miles per hour



Drawn by George Wright.

(See page 276)

"CREED WALKED BESIDE HER LEADING THE MULES"

# JUDITH OF THE CUMBERLANDS

By ALICE MACGOWAN

ILLUSTRATION BY GEORGE WRIGHT

## CHAPTER I



ON'T you be jest dressed to kill an' cripple when you get that on! Don't it set her off, Jeffy Ann?"

The village milliner fell back, hands on hips, thin lips screwed up, and regarded the possible purchaser through narrowed eyes of simulated ecstasy.

"I don't know," debated the big, brown beauty, surveying herself in a looking-glass by means of an awkwardly held hand-mirror.

"'Pears to me this one's too little. Hit makes me look like I was sent for and could n't come. But I do love red. I think the red on here is mighty sightly."

Instantly the woman of the shop had the hat off the dark head and in her own hands.

"This is a powerful pretty red bow," she assented promptly. "I can take it out just as easy as not, and tack it onto that big hat you like. I believe you're right; and red certainly does go with yo' hair and eyes." Again she gazed with languishing admiration at her customer.

And Judith Barrier was well worth it, tall, justly proportioned, deep-bosomed, long-limbed, with the fine hands and feet of the true mountaineer. The thick dusk hair rose up around her brow in a massive, sculptural line; her dark eyes—the large heavily fringed eyes of a dryad—glowed with the fires of youth, and with a certain lambent shining which was all their own; the stain on her cheeks was deep, answering to the ripe red of the full lips.

In point of fact Mrs. Rhody Stag-gart the milliner considered her a big, coarse country girl, and thought that a pair of stout corsets well pulled in would improve her crude figure; but she dealt out compliments without ceasing as she exchanged the red bow for the blue, and laboriously pinned the headgear upon the bronze-brown coils, admonishing gravely,

"Far over to one side, honey—jest the way they're a-wearin' them in New York this minute."

The buyer once more studied her mirror, and its dumb honesty told her that she was beautiful. Then she looked about for some human eyes to make the same communication.

"What's a-goin' on over yon at the Co't House?" she inquired with languid interest, looking across the open square.

"They's a political speakin'" explained the other. "Creed Bonbright he wants to be elected jestic of the peace and go back to the Turkey Tracks and set up a office. Fool boy! You know mighty well they'll run him out o' thar—or kill him, one."

Although the girl had herself ridden down from Turkey Track Mountain that morning, and the old Bonbright farm adjoined her own, the news held no interest for her. She wished the gathering might have been something more to her purpose; but she solemnly paid for the hat, and with the cheap finery on her stately young head, which had been more appropriately crowned with a chaplet of vine leaves, moved to the door. She hoped that standing there waiting for the boys to bring her horse, she might attract some attention by her recently acquired splendor.

She looked up at the Court House steps. The building was humbly in

the Greek manner, as are so many of the public structures in the South. Between its big white pillars, flaking paint and half-heartedly confessing their woodland genesis, stood a tall young fellow, bareheaded. The doubtful sunlight of a March day glinted on his uncovered yellow hair. He was speaking rapidly in a fervid fashion that seemed beyond the occasion; in his blue eyes shone something of the fanatic's passion; his bearing was that of a man who conceives himself to have a mission and a message.

Judith looked at him. She heard no word of what he was saying—but him she heard. She heard the strong, vibrant voice, saw the fair hair on the upflung head, the rapt look in the blue eyes with their quick-expanding pupils. Suddenly her world turned over. In a smother of strange, uncomprehended emotions, she was gropingly glad she had the new hat—glad she had it on now, and that Mrs. Staggart herself had adjusted it. On blind impulse she edged around into plainer view, pushing freely in amongst the fringe of men and boys, an unheard-of thing for a well-taught mountain girl to do, but Judith was for the moment absolutely unconscious of their humanity.

"You never go a-nigh my people," cried Bonbright in that clear thrilling tenor that is like a trumpet call, "you never go a-nigh them with the statute—with government—except when the United States marshal takes a posse up and raids the stills and brings down his prisoners. That's all the valley knows of the mountain folks. The law's never carried to anybody up there except the offenders and criminals. The Turkey Track neighborhoods, Big and Little, have got a mighty bad name with you-all, because you have no understanding of the primitive, violent code of reprisal that humanity is forced back on in such places. Yes, I admit it, it's an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth with us now—what else could it be? And yet we are as faithful to each other, as virtuous, and as God-fearing

a race as those in the valley. I am a mountain man, born and bred in the Turkey Tracks; and I ask you to send me back to my neighbors with the law, that they may learn to be good citizens, as they are already good men and women."

Upon the word, there broke out at the farthest corner of the square an abrupt splatter of sound, oaths, cries, punctuated by the swift staccato of running feet. The ringing voice came to a sudden halt. Out of a little side street which descended from the mountain, a young fellow burst into view, running in long leaping bounds, his hands up. Behind him lumbered Dan Haley the United States marshal, a somewhat heavy-set man, puffing and panting, yelling, "Halt! halt! halt!" and finally turning loose a fusillade of shots aimed high over the fleeing lad's head. There was a drawing back and a scattering in every direction.

"Hey, Bonbright!" vociferated a man leaping up from the last step where he had been sitting, pointing to where the marshal's deputy followed behind herding five or six prisoners from the mountains, "Hey, Bonbright! There's some of your constituency—some God-fearing Turkey-Trackers—now, but I reckon you won't own 'em."

"I will!" shouted Bonbright, whirling upon him, and one got suddenly the blue fire of his hawk-like eye with the slant brow above. "They are my people, and the way they're treated is what I've been trying to talk to you-all about."

"Well, you better go and take them fellers some law right now," jeered his interlocutor. "Looks like to me they need it mighty bad."

"That's what I'm going to do," answered Bonbright. "God knows they'll get no justice unless I do. That's my job," and without another word or a look behind him he made his way bareheaded through the group on the steps and down the street.

Meantime the pursued had turned desperately and dodged into the millinery store whence Judith Barrier

had emerged a little earlier. Instantly there came out to the listeners the noise of falling articles and breaking glass, and the squeals and scufflings of the women. The red-faced marshal dived in after his quarry, and appeared a moment later holding him by one elbow, swearing angrily. Creed Bonbright came up at the moment, and Haley, needing someone to whom he could express himself, explained in voluble anger,

"The damned little shoat! Said if I'd let him walk a-loose he'd give me information. You can't trust none of 'em."

Bonbright laid a reassuring hand on the fugitive's shoulder as Haley fumbled after the handcuffs.

"I ain't been into no stillin', Creed!" panted the squirming boy.

"Well, don't run, then," admonished Bonbright. "You've got no call to. I'll see that you get justice."

While he spoke there wheeled into the square from a near-by wagon-yard, two young mountaineers on mules, one leading by the bridle-rein a sorrel horse with a side-saddle on it. At sight of the marshal and those with him, an almost imperceptible tremor went through the pair. There was a flicker of nostril, a rounding of eye, as their glance ran swiftly from one to another of Haley's prisoners. They were like wild game that winds the hunter.

"St! You Pony Card, is that them?" whispered Haley, sharply nudging the prisoner he held. "Turn him a-loose, Bonbright; I've got him handcuffed now."

The boy—he was not more than sixteen—choked, reddened, held down his head, studying the marshal's face desperately from beneath lowered flax-colored brows.

"Yes, them's Andy and Jeff Turrentine," Bonbright heard the husky, reluctant whisper. "Now cain't I go?"

The newcomers were beyond ear-shot, but the by-play was ominous to them. The lean young bodies stiffened in their saddles, the reins came up in their hands. For a moment it

seemed as if they would turn and run for it. But it was too late. Without making any reply Haley shoved his prisoner into the hands of the deputy, and with prompt action intercepted the two and placed them under arrest. Bonbright saw one of the boys turn and beckon across the heads of the gathering crowd before he dismounted and was aware that someone had come from the direction of the Court House steps and received the three riding animals. In the confusion he did not see who this was. Haley spoke to his deputy, and then drew their party sharply off toward the jail, which could be used temporarily for the detention of United States prisoners. To the last the young Turrentines muttered together and sent baleful glances toward Bonbright, whom they plainly conceived to be the author of their troubles. Poor Pony Card plodded with bent head mutely behind them, a furtive hand travelling now and again to his eyes.

Such crowd as the little village had collected was following. Bonbright with the rest, when he encountered the girl who had come from the milliner's shop. She stood now alone by the sorrel horse with the side-saddle on it, holding the bridle-reins of the two mules, and there was a bewildered look in her dark eyes as the noisy throng swept past her which brought him—led in the hand of destiny—instantly to her side.

"What's the matter?" he asked her. "Can I help you?" And Judith who, in her perturbation, had not seen him before, started violently at the words and tone.

"They've tuck the boys," she hesitated in a rich, broken contralto, that voice which beyond all others moves the hearts of hearers, "I—I don't know how I'm a-goin' to get these here mules home. Pete he won't lead so very well."

"Oh, were you with the men Haley arrested?" ejaculated Bonbright.

"Yes, they're my cousins. I don't know what he tuck 'em for," the young, high-couraged head turned

jailward; the dark eyes flashed a resentful look after the retiring posse.

"I'm going over there right now to see what can be done about it—I'm a sort of lawyer, you know. But let me help you first. I'm Creed Bonbright—reckon you know the name—born and raised on Big Turkey Track."

Judith's heart beat to suffocation, the while she answered in commonplace phrase:

"I shorely do. My name is Judith Barrier; I live with Uncle Jephthah Turrentine, on my farm. Hit's right next to the old Bonbright place. We've been livin' thar more'n four years. I hate to go back and tell Uncle Jep of the boys bein' tuck; and that big mule, Pete, I don't know how I'm a-goin' to git him out o' the settlement, he's that mean and feisty about town streets."

"I reckon I can manage him," Bonbright suggested, looking about. "Oh, Givens!" he called to a man hurrying past. "When you get over there ask Haley not to take any definite action—I reckon he would n't anyhow. I'm going to represent the prisoners, and I'll be there inside of half an hour. Now let me put you on your horse, Miss Judith, and I'll lead the mules up the road a piece for you."

And so it came about that Judith sprang to the back of the sorrel nag from Creed Bonbright's hand. Creed, still bare-headed, and wholly unconscious of the fact, walked beside her leading the mules. They passed slowly up the street toward the mountainward edge of Hepzibah, talking as they went in the soft, low, desultory fashion of their people.

The noises of the village, aroused from its usual dozing calm, died away behind them. Beyond the last cabin they entered a sylvan world all their own. While he talked, questioning and replying gravely and at leisure, the man was revolving in his mind just what action would be best for the prisoners whose cause he had espoused. As for Judith she had forgotten that such persons existed, that such trivial mischance as their arrest

had just been; she was concerned wholly with the immediate necessity to charm, to subjugate the man.

A rustic belle and beauty, used to success in such enterprises, in the limited time at her command she brought out for Creed's subduing her little store of primitive arts. She would know, Pete suggesting the topic, if he did n't despise a mule, adding encouragingly that she did. The ash, it seemed, was the tree of her preference; did n't he think it mighty sightly now when it was just coming into bloom? His favorite season of the year, his favored color, of such points she made inquiry, giving him, in an elusive feminine fashion, ample opportunity to relate himself to her. And always he answered her; yet when all was spoken, and at the first sharp rise she drew rein for the inevitable separation, she could not have said that she had failed; but she knew that she had not succeeded.

"Ye can jest turn Pete a-loose now," she said gently. "He'll foller from here on."

Bonbright, on his part, was not quite aware why he paused here, yet it seemed cold and unfriendly to say good-bye at once. Again he assured her that he would go immediately to the jail and find what could be done for her cousins. There was no more to be said now—yet they lingered.

It was a blowy, showery March day, its lips puckered for weeping or laughter at any moment, yet with the air full of the dainty pungencies of new life. Winged ants, enjoying their little hour of glory, swarmed from their holes and turned stone or stump to a flickering, steely gray. About them where they stood was the awakening world of nature. Great, pale blue dog-tooth violets were blooming on favored slopes, and in protected hollows patches of eye-bright made fairy forests on the moss. Above their heads, the tracery of branches was a lace-work overlaid with fanlike budding green leaves, except where the maples showed scar-

let tassels, or the Judas-tree flung up its bold, lying, purple-pink promise of fruitage never to be fulfilled.

Could two young creatures be wiser than Nature's self? It was the new time; all the gauzy-winged ephemera in the moist March woods were throbbing with it, buzzing or flashing about, seeking mates and nectar. The earth had wakened from her winter sleep and set her face toward her ancient, ardent lover, the sun. In the soul of Judith Barrier—Judith the nature woman—all this surged strongly. As for the man, he had sent forth his spirit in so general a fashion, he conceived himself to have a mission so impersonal, that he scarce remembered what should or should not please or attract Creed Bonbright.

Judith dreaded lest he make his farewells before she had from him some earnest of a future meeting. He could not say good-bye and let her leave him so! It seemed to her that if he did she should die before she reached the mountain top. Dark, rich, earth-born, earth-fast, material, she looked down at Creed, where he stood beside her, his hand on the sorrel's neck, his calm blue eyes raised to hers. Her gaze lingered on the fair hair flying in the March breeze, above a face selfless as that of some young prophet. Passionate, possessive, her undisciplined nature found here what it craved. Coquetry had not availed her; it had fallen off him unrecognized—this man who answered it absently, and thought his own thoughts. And with the divine pertinacity of Nature herself she delved in the ancient wisdom of her sex for a lure to make him rise and follow her. It was not bright eyes nor red lips that could move or please him? But she had seen him moved, aroused. The hint was plain. Instantly abandoning her personal siege, she espoused the cause of her bodiless rival.

"I—I heard you a-speakin' back there," she said, with a little catch in her breath.

Bonbright's eyes returned from the

far distances to which they had travelled after giving her—Judith Barrier, so worthy of a blue-eyed youth's respectful attention—a passing glance. She replied to his gaze with one full of a meaning to him at that time indecipherable, nevertheless it was an ardent, compelling look which he must needs answer with some confession of himself.

"You would n't understand what I was trying to tell about," he began gently. "Since I've been living in the valley where folks get rich and see a heap of what they call pleasure, I've had many a hard thought about the lives of our people up yonder in the mountains. I want to go back to my old neighbors with—I want to tell them——"

The girl leaned forward in her saddle, burning eyes fixed on his intent, lifted face, red lips apart.

"Yes — what?" she breathed. "What is it you want to say to the folks back home? You ort to come and say it. We need it bad."

"Do you think so?" asked Bonbright doubtfully. "Do you reckon they would listen to me? I don't know. Sometimes I allow maybe I'd better stay here where the Judge wants me to till I'm an older man and more experienced."

He studied the beautiful, down-bent face greedily now, but it was not the eye of a man looking at a maid. His thoughts were with the work he hoped to do. Judith's heart clutched hard with fear, and then set off beating heavily. Wait till he was an old man? Would love wait? Somebody else would claim him—some town girl would find the way to charm him. In sheer terror she put down her hand and laid it upon his.

"Don't you never think it," she protested. "You're needed right now. After a while will be too late. Why, I come a-past your old home in the rain last Wednesday, and I could 'a' cried to see the winders dark, and the grass all grown up to the front-door. You come back whar you belong——" she had almost said

"honey"—"and you 'll find there is need a-plenty for folks like you."

"Well, they all allow that I 'll be elected next Thursday," Creed assented, busying himself over the lengthening of Beck's bridle, that she might lead the mule the more handily. "And if I am I 'll be in the Turkey Tracks along in April and find me a place to set up an office. If I'm elected—"

"Elected! An' ef yo'r not?" she cried, filled with scorn of such a paltry condition. What difference could it make whether or not he were elected? Would n't his hair be just as yellow, his eyes as blue? Would his voice be any less the call to love?

He smiled at her tolerantly, handing up the lengthened strap. "Well, I don't just rightly know what I will do, then," he debated.

"But you're a-comin' up to the Turkey Tracks anyhow, to—see yo' folks," persisted Judith with a rising triumph in her tone.

"Yes," acquiesced Bonbright, "I 'll come up in April anyhow."

And with this assurance the girl rode slowly away, leading Beck, the now resigned Pete following behind. She breasted the first rise; the forest closed about her.

## CHAPTER II

The girl on the sorrel nag and the two riderless animals toiled patiently up the great flank of Big Turkey Track, following the raw red gash in the greenery that was the road.

She gazed with wondering eyes at the familiar landmarks of the trail. All was just as it had been when she rode down it at dawn that morning, Andy and Jeff ahead on their mules whistling, singing, skylarking like two playful bear cubs. It was herself that was changed. She pushed the cheap hat off her hot forehead and tried to win to some coherence of thought and—so far had she already come on a new, strange path—looked back with wondering uncomprehension, as upon the beliefs and preferences of a crude primitive ancestress, to the girl who

had cared that this hat cost a dollar and a half instead of a dollar and a quarter—only a few hours since when she bought it at the store! She went over the bits of talk that had been between her and Creed Bonbright. What had he said his favorite color was? Memory brought back his rapt young face when she put the question to him. She trembled with delight at the recollection. His eyes were fixed upon the sky, and he had answered her absently, "blue."

Blue! What a fool—what a common thick-headed fool she had been all her days! She let the sorrel take his own gait, hooked his bridle rein and Beck's upon the saddle-horn, and lifting her arms withdrew the hatpins and took off the unworthy headgear. For a moment she regarded savagely the cheap red ribbon which had appeared so beautiful to her; then with strong brown fingers tore it loose and flung it in the dust of the road, where Pete shied at it, and the stolid Beck coming on with flapping ears set hoof upon it.

What vast world forces move with our movements, pluck us uncomprehending from the station we had struggled for, and make our sorrowful meat of our attained desires! The stars in their courses pivot and swing on these subtle attractions, ancient as themselves. Judith Barrier tearing the gaudy ribbon from her hat and casting it upon the road under her horse's feet, stood to learn what the priests of Isis knew thousands of years ago, that red is the symbol of pleasure and of mere animal comfort, while blue is the color of intellectuality, of pure reason.

Half way up the trail there came a sudden shower which descended with the souse of an overturned bucket. It won small attention from Judith, but Pete and Beck resented it in mule fashion, with a laying back of ears and lashing out of heels. These amenities were exchanged for the most part across the intervening sorrel nag and his rider, and Selim replied promptly and in kind, almost unseating Judith.

"You Selim!" she cried, jerking the rein. "You feisty Pete! You no-account Beck! What ails you-all? Cain't you behave?" and once more she lapsed into dreaming. It was Selim who, wise and old, stopped at Aunt Nancy Card's gate and gave Judith an opportunity to descend if such were her preference.

On the porch of the cabin sat a tall, lean, black-eyed old man smoking his pipe, Jephthah Turrentine himself. Nancy Card, a dry, spare, little sparrow of a woman, occupied a chair opposite him, and negotiated a pipe quite as elderly and evil-smelling as his own.

It came back to Judith dimly as she looked at them—she was in a mood to remember such things—that her uncle had courted Nancy Card when these two were young people, that they had quarrelled, both had married and reared families, and they were quarrelling still! Acrimonious debate with Nancy was evidently such sweet pain that old Jephthah sought every opportunity for it, and the sudden shower in the vicinity of her cabin had offered him an excuse to-day.

"Good land, Jude Barrier!" called Nancy herself. "You're as wet as a rat. 'Light and come in."

"Whar's the boys?" inquired old Turrentine, permitting his niece to clamber from Selim, and secure him and both mules.

"In jail," responded Judith laconically, turning to enter the gate. Then, as she walked up the hard-trodden clay path between the tossing, dripping heads of daffodils, "Uncle Jep, did you know Creed Bonbright's daddy?"

"In jail!" echoed Nancy Card, making a pretence of trying to suppress a titter, and thereby rendering it more offensive. "Ain't they beginnin' ruther young?"

Tall old Jephthah got to his feet, knocked the ashes from his pipe and put it in his pocket.

"Who tuck 'em?" he inquired briefly, but with a fierce undernote in his tones. "What was they tuck for?"

"I never noticed," said Judith, standing on the step before them wringing the wet from her black calico riding skirt. "Nobody named it to me what they was tuck for. I was talkin' to Creed Bonbright, and he 'lowed to find out. He said that was his business."

"Creed Bonbright," echoed her uncle; "what's he got to do with it? He's been livin' down in Hepzibah studyin' to be a lawyer—did he have Jeff and Andy jailed?"

Judith shook her head. "He's goin' to come back and live on Turkey Track," she announced as though that were the only thing of importance in the world. "He says we-all need law in the mountings, and he's a-goin' to bring it to us."

"Well, he'd better let my boys alone if he don't want trouble," growled old Jephthah, but half appeased.

"I reckon a little touch of law now an' agin won't hurt yo' boys," put in Nancy Card smoothly. "My chaps always tuck to law like a duck to water. I reckon I ain't got the right sympathy for them that has lawless young 'uns."

"Yo' Pony was tuck afore Andy and Jeff," Judith remarked suddenly, without any apparent malice. "He was the first one I seen comin' down the road, and Dan Haley behind him a-shootin' at him."

Jephthah Turrentine forebore to laugh. But he deliberately drew out his old pipe again, filled it and stepped inside for a coal with which to light it.

"Mebbe yo' sympathies will be more tenderer for me in my afflictions of lawless sons after this, Nancy," he called derisively over his shoulder.

"Hit's bound to be a mistake 'bout Pony," declared the little old woman in a bewildered tone. "Pone ain't but risin' sixteen, and he's the peace-fullest child—"

"Jest what I would have said about my twin lambs," interrupted old Jephthah with twinkling eye, as he appeared in the doorway drawing lustily upon the newly lighted pipe,

tossing his great beard from side to side of his mighty chest. "My chaps is all as peaceful as kittens; but some old woman gits to talkin' and gives 'em a bad name, and it goes from lip to lip that the Turrentine boys is lawless. Hit's a sad thing when a woman's tongue is too long and limber, and hung in the middle so it works at both eends; the reppytations hit can destroy is a sight."

"But a body's own child—they' son! They' bound to stan' up for him, whether he's in the right or the wrong," maintained Nancy stoutly.

"Huh," grunted Jephthah, "offspring is cur'ous. Sometimes hit 'pears like you air kin to them, and they ain't kin to you. That Pony boy of your'n is son to a full meal-sack; he's plumb filial and devoted that-a-way to a dollar, if so be he thinks you 've got one in yo' pocket. The facts in the business air, Nancy, that you 've done sp'iled him tell he's plumb rotten, and a few of the jailings that you so kindly ricommend for my pair won't do him no harm."

Nancy tossed up her head to reply; but at the moment a small boy followed by a smaller girl coming around the corner of the house, created a diversion. The girl, a little dancing imp with a frazzle of flying red hair and red-brown eyes, catching sight of Judith ran to her and flung herself headforemost in the visitor's lap, where Judith cooed over her and tumbled her, rumpling the bright hair, rubbing her crimson cheek against the child's peachy bloom.

"Little Buck and Beezy," said Nancy Card, addressing them both, "Yo' unc' Pony's in jail. What you-all goin' to do about it?"

The small brown man of six stopped, his feet planted wide on the sward, his freckled face grave and stern as became his sex.

"Ef the boys goes down for to git him out, I'm goin' along," little Buck announced seriously. "Is they goin', granny?"

"I'll set my old rooster on the jail man, an' hit'll claw 'im" announced Beezy, reckless of distance and likeli-

hood. "My old rooster can claw dest awful, ef he ain't got but one leg."

Nancy chuckled. These grandchildren were the delight of her heart.

The rain had ceased for the moment; the old man moved to the porch edge, sighting at the sky.

"I don't know whar Blatch is a-keepin' hisself," he observed. "Mebbe I better be a-steppin'."

But even as he spoke a tall young mountaineer swung into view down the road, dripping from the recent rain; and with that resentful air the best of us get from aggressions of the weather. Blatchley Turrentine, old Jephthah's nephew, was as brown as an Indian, and his narrow, glinting, steel-gray eyes looked out, oddly cold and menacing, from under level black brows.

"What in the name of common sense did Andy and Jeff leave their mules here for?" he began irritably, as he caught sight of the animals tethered at the front fence. "I can't haul any corn till I get the team and the wagon together."

"Looks like you've hauled too many loads of corn that nobody knows the use of," broke out the irrepressible Nancy. "Andy and Jeff's in jail, and some fool has tuck my little Pone along with the others."

Blatch shot a swift look at his uncle who, he knew well, did not approve the illicit distilling. But to dishonor a member of his tribe in the face of the enemy was not what Jephthah Turrentine would do.

"You take one and I'll ride 'tother," the elder said briefly. "I'll he'p ye with the corn."

The newcomer glanced unconcernedly at Judith, and, instead of making that haste toward the corn-hauling activities which his manner had suggested, moved loungingly up the steps. Beezy, from her sanctuary in Judith's lap, viewed him with contemptuous disfavor. Her brother, not so safely situated, made to pass the intruder, going wide like a shying colt.

With a sudden movement Blatchley caught the child by the shoulders.

There was a panther-like quickness in the pounce that was somehow daunting from an individual of this man's size and impassivity.

"Hold on thar, young feller," the man remarked. "Whar you a-goin' to, all in sech haste?"

"You turn me a-loose," panted the child. "I'm a-goin' over to my Jude."

"Oh, she's yo' Jude, is she? Well they's some other folks around here thinks she's their Jude—what you goin' to do about it?"

All this time he held the small, dignified atom of humanity in a merciless grip that made Little Buck ridiculous before his beloved, and fired his childish soul to a very ecstasy of helpless rage.

"I'll—kill—you when I git to be a man!" the child gasped, between tears and terror. "I'll thest kill you—and I'll wed Jude. You turn me a-loose—that's what you do."

Blatch laughed tauntingly and raised the little fellow high in air.

"Ef I was to turn you a-loose now hit'd bust ye," he drawled.

"I don't keer. I——"

Around the corner of the cabin drifted Nicodemus, the wooden-legged rooster, stumping gravely with his dot-and-carry-one gait.

"Lord, Nancy, thar comes the one patient ye ever cured!" chuckled old Jephthah. "I don't wonder yo're proud enough of him to roof him and affectionate him for the balance of his life."

"I reckon you'd do the same, ef so be ye should ever cure one," snapped Nancy, rising instantly to the bait, and turning her back on the others.

Little Buck despairing of granny's interference began to cry. At the sound Judith came suddenly out of a reverie to spring up and catch him away from the hateful restraining hands.

"I don't know what the Lord's a-thinkin' about to let sech men as you live, Blatch Turrentine!" she said almost mechanically. "Ef I was a-tendin' to matters I'd a' had you

dead long ago. Ef you're good for anything on this earth I don't know what it is."

"Oh, yes you do," Blatchley returned as the old man started down the steps. "I'd make the best husband for you of any feller in the two Turkey Tracks—and you'll find it out one of these days."

The girl answered only with a contemptuous glance.

"Come again—when you ain't got so long to stay," Nancy sped them sourly. "Jude, you'd better set awhile and get your skirts dry." She looked after Blatch as he moved down the road, then at little Buck, so ashamed of his trembling lip. Her face darkened angrily. She turned slowly to Judith.

"What you gwine to do with that feller, Jude?" she inquired significantly.

"Do? Why, nothin'. He ain't nothin' to me," responded the girl.

"He ain't, hey? Well, he's bound to marry ye, honey," said the older woman.

"Huh, he ain't the first—and won't be the last, I reckon," assented Judith easily.

"Ye'd better watch out fer that man, Jude," persisted Nancy, after a moment's silence. He'll git ye yet. I know his kind. He ain't a-keerin' fer yo' ruthers—whether you want him or no: he jest aims to have *you*."

"Well, I reckon he'll about have to aim over agin," observed the unmoved Judith.

"An' Elder Drane? Air ye gwine to take him?—I know he's done axed ye," pursued Nancy hesitantly.

"'Bout 'leven times," agreed Judith with perfect seriousness. "No—I would n't have the man, not ef he's made of pure gold." She added with a sudden little smile and a catch of the breath: "Them's awful nice chaps o' his; I'd most take him to git them. The baby now—hit's the sweetest thing!" And she tumbled Beezy tumultuously in her lap, then suddenly inquired: "Aunt Nancy, did you know Creed Bonbright's folks?"

"Good Lord, yes!" returned old Nancy. "But come on inside and set, Jude. This sun ain't a-goin' to dry yo' skirt. Come in to the fire. Don't take that thar cheer, the be-hime legs is broke, an' it's apt to lay you sprawling. I've knowed Creed Bonbright sence he was n't knee-high to a turkey, and I knowed his daddy afore him, and his grand-daddy for the matter of that."

Avoiding the treacherous piece of furniture against which she had been warned, Judith slipped out of her wet riding skirt and arranged it in front of the fire to dry, turning then and seating herself on the broad hearth at Nancy's knee.

"Yes," she prompted feverishly, "and is all the Bonbrights moved out of the neighborhood?"

The old woman drew a few meditative whiffs on her pipe.

"That there Bonbright tribe is a right curious nation of folks," she said finally. "They're always after big things, and barkin' their shins against rocks in the way. Creed's mammy died when he was no bigger 'n Little Buck, and his pappy never wedded again. We used to name him and Creed Big 'Fraid and Little 'Fraid; they was always round together, like a man and his shadder. Then the feuds broke out mighty bad, and the Blackhearses got Esher Bonbright one night in a mistake for some of my kin—or so it was thort. Anyhow, the man was dead, and Creed lived with me fer a spell till his cousin down in Hepzibah wanted him to come and learn to be a lawyer."

"Lived right here—in this house?" inquired Judith, looking about her, as she rose and turned the riding skirt.

"Lord, yes—why not? You would a-knowed all about it, only your folks never moved in from the Fur Cove neighborhood till the year Creed went down to the settlement."

The girl sank back on the hearth, but continued to gaze about her, and the tell-tale expression in her eyes seemed to afford Nancy Card much quiet amusement.

"Do you reckon he'll live with you again when he comes back into the mountains?" she inquired finally.

"I reckon he'll be weddin' one of them thar town gals and fetchin' a wife home to his own farm over by yo' house," suggested the inveterate tease.

Judith went suddenly white, and then red.

"You don't know of anybody—you hain't heard he was promised, have you?" she hesitated.

"I ain't hearn that he was, and I ain't hearn that he was n't," returned Nancy serenely. "The gal that gits Creed Bonbright 'll be doin' mighty well; but also she may not find hit right easy for to trap him. I'll promise ef he does come up hyer again I'll speak a good word for you, Jude."

Judith put on the now thoroughly dried riding skirt, and the two women went outside together.

"Thank you, Aunt Nancy," she said, as she led the sorrel nag to the edge of the porch and made ready to mount. "I'll be over and bring the pieces for you to start me out on that risin'-sun quilt a-Wednesday."

It was late afternoon as she took her homeward way across the level of the broad mountain top to the Turrentine place. She left the main-travelled road and struck directly into a forest short-cut. To Mrs. Rhody Staggart and her likes at Hepzibah she might be a crude, awkward country girl; here she was a princess in her own domain; and it was a noble realm through which she moved as she went forward under the great trees that rose straight and tall from a black soil, making long aisles away from her on every side. The fern was thick under foot—it would brush her saddle-girth, come midsummer. Down the lengthened vistas under the greening trees, where the moist air hung thick, her bemused eyes caught the occasional rose-flash of azalea through the pearly mist, and her nostril was greeted by their wandering, intensely sweet perfume, with its curious under-note of earth smell.

Like a woman in a dream she made her progress, going out of her

way to pass the old Bonbright place and brood upon its darkened windows, and grass-besieged door-stone. Some day all that would be changed. Still in her waking dream she unsaddled Selim at the log barn, and turned him loose in his open pasture. She laid off her town attire, put on her cotton working-dress, kindled afresh the fire on the broad hearth-stone and got supper. Her Uncle Jephthah and Blatch Turrentine came in late, weary from their work of hauling corn to that destination which old Nancy had announced as disreputably indefinite. The second son of the family, Wade, a man of perhaps twenty-four, was with them, and had already been told of the mishap to Andy and Jeff.

Old Jephthah sat at the head of the board, his great black beard falling to his lap, his finely domed brow relieved against a background of shadows. Judith needed the small brass lamp at the hearth-stone, and a tallow candle rather inadequately lit the supper-table. The corners of the room were in darkness; only the cloth and dishes, the faces and hands of those about the board shone out in sudden light or motion.

"What 's all this I hear about Andy and Jeff bein' took?" inquired a plaintive voice from the darkened doorway, and suddenly out of the shadow appeared a man who set a plump hand on either side of the opening and stared into the room with a round, white, anxiously inquiring face. It was Jim Cal, eldest of the sons of Jephthah Turrentine, married and living in a cabin a short distance up the slope. "Who give the information?" he asked so soon as he had peered all about the room and found no outsider present.

"Well, we hearn that you did, podner," jeered Blatch.

"Come in and set," invited the head of the household, with the mountaineer's unforgetting hospitality. "Draw up—draw up. Reach and take off."

"Well—I—I might," faltered the fleshy one sidling toward the table and getting himself into a seat. Without further word his father passed the great dish of fried potatoes, then the platter of bacon. Judith brought hot coffee and corn pone for him. She did not sit down with the men, having quite enough to do to get the meal served.

Unheeding she heard the matter discussed at the table; only when Creed Bonbright's name came up was she moved to listen and put in her word. Something in her manner of describing the assistance Bonbright offered seemed to go against Blatch's grain.

"Got to look out for these here folks that 's so free with their offers o' he'p," he grunted. "Man 'll slap ye on the back and tell ye what a fine feller ye air whilst he 's feelin for yo' pocketbook—that 's town ways."

The girl was like one hearkening for a finer voice amid all this distracting noise; she could hear neither. She made feverish haste to clear away and wash her dishes, that she might creep to her own room under the eaves. And all night the cedar tree which stood close to the porch edge below moved in the wind of spring, and, chafing against the shingles, spoke in its deep, muffled staccato, a soft baritone note like a man's voice—a lover's voice—calling to her beneath her window.

It roused her from fitful slumbers to happy waking, when she lay and stared into the dark, and painted for herself on its sombre background Creed Bonbright's figure, the yellow uncovered head close to her knee as he stood and talked at the foot of the mountain trail. And the voice of the tree in the eager spring airs said to her waiting heart—whispered it softly, shouted and tossed it abroad so that all might have heard it had they been awake and known the shibboleth, murmured it in tones of tenderness that penetrated her with bliss—that Creed was coming—coming—coming to her, through the April woods.

(To be continued)

## BOOKS AND THE MAN\*

WHEN the years gather round us like stern foes  
That give no quarter, and the ranks of love  
Break here and there, untouched there still abide  
Friends whom no adverse fate can wound or move:

A deathless heritage, for these are they  
Who neither fail nor falter; we, alas!  
Can hope no more of friendship than to fill  
The mortal hour of earth and, mortal, pass.

Steadfast and generous, they greet us still  
Through every fortune with unchanging looks,  
Unasked no counsel give, are silent folk;  
The careless-minded lightly call them books.

Of the proud peerage of the mind are they,  
Fair, courteous gentlemen who wait our will  
When come the lonely hours the scholar loves,  
And glows the hearth and all the house is still.

Wilt choose for guest the good old doctor knight,  
Quaint, learned and odd, or very wisely shrewd,  
Or with Dan Chaucer win a quiet hour  
Far from our noisy century's alien mood?

Wilt sail great seas on rhythmic lyrics borne,  
In the high company of gallant souls,  
Where, ringed with stately death, proud Grenville lies,  
Or the far thunder of the Armada rolls?

Wilt call that English lad Fabricius taught  
And Padua knew, and that heroic soul—  
Our brave Vesalius? Long the list of friends,  
Far through the ages runs that shining roll.

How happy he who, native to their tongue,  
A mystic language reads between the lines:  
Gay, gallant fancies, songs unheard before,  
Ripe with the worldless wisdom love divines;

Rich with dumb records of long centuries past,  
The viewless dreams of poet, scholar, sage;  
What marginalia of unwritten thought  
With glowing rubrics deck the splendid page!

Some ghostly presence haunts the lucid phrase  
Where Bacon pondered o'er the words we scan.  
Here grave Montaigne with cynic wisdom played,  
And lo, the book becomes for us a man!

Shall we not find more dear the happy page  
Where Lamb, forgetting sorrow, loved to dwell,  
Or that which won from Thackeray's face a smile,  
Or lit the gloom of Raleigh's prison cell?

\* William Osler. Read to the Charaka Club, March 4, 1905. (See page 368.)

And if this gentle company has made  
The comrade heart to pain an easier prey,  
They, too, were heirs of sorrow; well they know  
With what brave thoughts to charm thy cares away.

And shouldst thou crave an hour's glad reprieve  
From mortal cares that mock the mind's control,  
For thee Cervantes laughs the world away!  
What priest is wiser than our Shakespere's soul?

Show me his friends and I the man shall know;  
This wiser turn a larger wisdom lends:  
Show me the books he loves and I shall know  
The man far better than through mortal friends.

Do you perchance recall when first we met,  
And gaily winged with thought the flying night,  
And won with ease the friendship of the mind?—  
I like to call it friendship at first sight.

And then you found with us a second home,  
And, in the practice of life's happiest art,  
You little guessed how readily you won  
The added friendship of the open heart.

And now a score of years has fled away  
In noble service of life's highest ends,  
And my glad capture of a London night  
Disputes with me a continent of friends.

But you and I may claim an older date,  
The fruitful amity of forty years,—  
A score for me, a score for you, and so  
How simple that arithmetic appears.

But are old friends the best? What age, I ask,  
Must friendships own to earn the title old?  
Shall none seem old save he who won or lost  
When fists were up or ill-kept wickets bowled?

Are none old friends who never blacked your eyes?  
Or with a shinny whacked the youthful shin?  
Or knew the misery of the pliant birch?  
Or, apple-tempted, shared in Adam's sin?

Grave Selden saith, and quotes the pedant King,  
Old friends are best, and, like to well-worn shoes,  
The oldest are the easiest. Not for me!  
The easy friend is not the friend I choose.

But if the oldest friends are best indeed,  
I'd have the proverb otherwise expressed—  
Friends are not best because they're merely old,  
But only old because they proved the best.

S. WEIR MITCHELL.

# McCARTNEY

By HUGH MOLLESON FOSTER

ILLUSTRATION BY CLINTON BALMER



HE steel work of the new skyscraper stretched far away up into the air to a height where the eye of a pedestrian could not measure accurately because there was nothing at that altitude close enough with which to compare it. The whole thing was simply incredible—it did not seem real. The hand touched the masonry, the nostrils smelt the dust and dirt, the ear was tortured by the incessant rattle of the pneumatic hammers, like exaggerated locusts, and the eye could actually see the tops of the steel columns piercing into the sky and quivering in the sun; but the mind was incapable of taking it all in. The thing was superhuman—it did not exist; or, if the mind must cope with it in some way, it conceived of it as the fantastic exaggeration of a sky-rocket draughtsman. It looked as an ant-house might to the original architect if a giraffe had seized it and rebuilt it to suit his own proportions.

Already the riveters had reached the thirty-eighth story and with diabolical daring kept crawling over the endless masts and spars like flies. It seemed as if the frame-work itself had become a great monster crazed with a mania to penetrate the sky, and as if these insects sought to heal the disease by feeding it. All day long they crept over the network, pointing their proboscis-like instruments into every part and making a noise like an intensified sewing-machine, that was more torturing to the

ear than the early morning mosquito; as they frantically stitched piece upon piece, as if they were ignorant of the dimension of height. Already men talked warily of winds, earthquakes and sinking foundations; so that the offices had not rented from the plans as well as had those in many less advertised buildings. Most men seemed to prefer to get in on the ground floor, rather than try to do business in an anchored air-ship, and even now the place was being nicknamed The Tower of Babel.

As punctually as on every other morning Patrick McCartney arrived on the job, and went straight to the small wooden boxlike covering that was called the House of the Big Winch. As soon as he had taken off all his clothes, except what would protect him from blistering, he took his seat by the double drums and began oiling his engine and moving the lever backward and forward.

In a few minutes the door opened and a huge creature walked in.

"Hello, Pat," he shouted, although, while he was in the winch box, he could not be further away from McCartney than four or five feet. "Hello! I say," he continued, with a swaggering step and waving hands much like a comic opera pirate. "Fine day, if yer don't mind what yez say. Hot enough for yer?"

"Mornin'," returned the other, "If yez have n't any better remarks than that to make, yer need n't waste much time hangin' around here."

"Well, yer know what the devil said to the man that went to hell and said that, don't yer?"

"Um!" was the reply.

There was a pause, during which McCartney rubbed down his engine, put on steam to run out the cables to slacken up things and sent the drums around with a harsh rush and whirl, while he listened for any hitch or grit. Then the intruder tried again.

"Say," he began, "know what they're goin' ter do ter-day?"

"Look here, young feller, I ain't here ter play ping-pong an' the company ain't payin' me fer guess-work. I think I come pretty near knowin' enough of my own work to know somethin' of what's goin' on."

"Oh, I did n't mean anythin', McCartney, only I heard they were goin' ter put up some of them outside light I-beams on the thirty-fifth floor, an' I thought I'd tell yer McGowan's goin' up."

"McGowan—McGowan, yer say?" eagerly broke in McCartney. "How do yer know? He ain't here. Who told yer that?"

"Oh, nobody,—only the old man. I hear him givin' orders to the new foreman. Thought yer might like ter know."

"What made yer think that? What business had yer ter think anythin'? Who told yer I knew McGowan? I ain't nothin' against McGowan. There ain't nothin' between me an' him. What d' yer know 'bout me an' McGowan, anyway? Come—out with it."

"Oh, nothin'—nothin'. I tell yer I don't know nothin'. Let me alone, will yer? Only heard it, I tell yer. Mebbe there ain't go'n' ter be no I-beams—mebbe they ain't go'n' ter take him at all—mebbe McGowan ain't on the job any more. I don't know—I tell yer I don't know nothin' about it."

"Um,—yes! Guess, mebbe yer right—guess, mebbe yer right. Was kinder hasty."

"Why, what's a matter, McCartney? Gosh! You're white. Don't tremble so. What ails yer, anyway? Heat ain't touched yer, has it?"

"Nope. I'm all right—nothin'

wrong. Just a little nervous, I guess. Thinkin' 'bout McGowan. Don't like ter see a little feller like him up there at that height. Kinder risky, yer know."

"Oh, yes, I know—know just how yer feel. 'Tis bad, ain't it? I would n't take the job if the boss himself asked me. No, sir.—'Little Old New York is Good Enough for Me!' 'On the Sidewalks of New York' fer mine. No aerial navigation in the atmosphere of higher altitudes, as the paper says."

"Yair, that's it—that's it—you got it, Grayson."

"Say, McCartney, take a drink—oh, take a drink. What's a matter with you, anyway? You're sick. Here, take a swig of mine."

"No,—thanks—'gainst rules."

"Oh, yep, I forgot. Suppose it ain't safe as a cradle when you've got hold of that lever an' there's a man at the other end of the line 'bout thirty-five stories in the air. Yep, that's right—all right."

There was a pause again, only broken by the speaker in one more attempt to render the situation more sociable.

"Queer thing—this place, though, ain't it? A buildin' forty-one stories high, eh? That's goin' some, I guess—right down here in the skyscraper district, too, eh? If this old tower don't rise outer these mountains of stone an' brick round here like a village flag-pole out of a sand hill, I don't know. Make the folks at home sit up an' take notice, eh?"

"Somethin' of a view from the top—think so?"

"View!—well, I guess! Longest elevator ride in the world an' seein' New York at a glance all thrown into one, without no packed box of rubber-necks on spools and a young gent yellin' through a fog horn in yer face."

"Yair, you're right, Grayson. There's the whistle. Sorry! Can't have nobody talkin' when I'm runnin' this hoist."

"All right, Pat. Guess you're right. So long. Be good. Don't take any wooden money."

Outside he slammed the door behind him and said to himself: "Don't like that feller. Ugly! Got a nasty disposition. Don't talk like a feller 'd got anythin' pleasant ter say. Never did like them silent, grouchy cusses. Now, I wonder what in thunder 's the row between him an' McGowan. Never heard the whole story—got ter find that out—heard somethin' 'bout a woman."

Inside the winch box McCartney settled himself into his seat and laid his practised hands upon the handles of the levers and, with intent eyes peering through the small window, watched the signal man standing at the platform where the trucks were to be unloaded. As he waited he thought things over to himself. It could not be, he argued, that he was going to see McGowan again—so soon after it all had happened and in such a way—with that man's life, as it seemed, between his thumb and fore-finger. No, it must be some one else with the same name. McGowan would never dare to come back—certainly he was not fool enough to come so soon; and no matter how much bravery or foolishness he had, he would surely not come there above all places.

Was it to be, then, that he was to sit there day after day and all day long and watch that man? He was to be locked in that box like a lion in a cage hungrily watching his prey outside. He could not speak to the man to any effect, he could not touch him, he could not even remonstrate—he could do nothing. No,—on the other hand, he would be hid where McGowan could not see him but he could see McGowan—from the sidewalk to the topmost point of the highest girder—there, pinned against the sky, like some specimen of an insect alone in a great glass case.

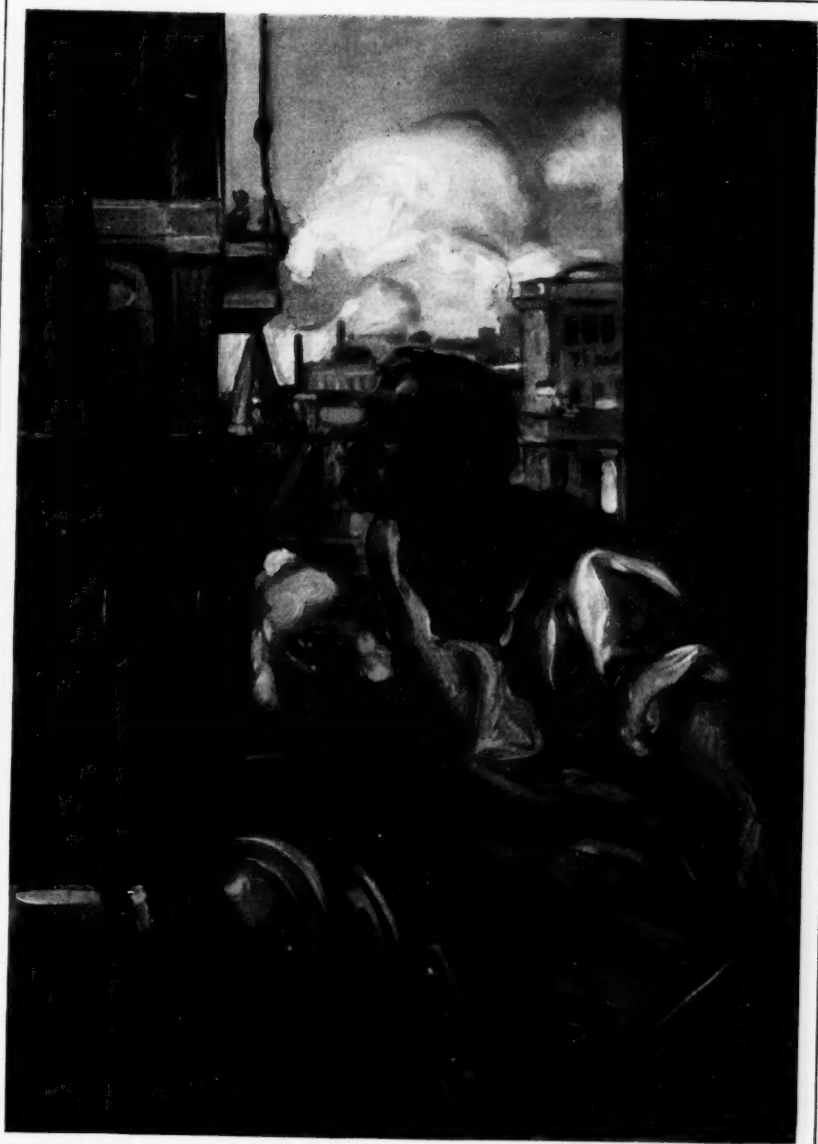
Suddenly he was jolted back to realities by the voice of the truckman yelling at his team, and with a dull feeling of sickness he knew that the work had begun. He looked out through the small square window before him and instantly his sight hit upon the form of McGowan,

exactly in every detail as he had last seen him—as if he were made up perfectly for the part of himself. Long afterward McCartney remembered a distinct surprise that the player in the centre of the stage before him was so absolutely true in every particular to the picture his memory held, and with a keen feeling of excitement he knew that the play had begun.

All at once a quiver of revulsion shook his body and he bent his head over his knees, as a man might close his eyes and bow his head to the grass who has been looking at the sun till he can stand it not another instant. In a short interval McCartney looked up and out through the window again, and now his eyes seemed magnetized by the sight before him and he stared as a microscopist might in observing the movements of his victim.

McCartney, looking over a huge pile of old blasting mats, just on the edge of a platform in front of his winch box and just balancing, ready to be pushed over, saw the first light I-beam unloaded from the truck and placed upon the platform. He saw the heavy chain passed round the middle of the beam and made fast; he saw the rope from the derrick, on the very top of the high steel structure, drawn down by the great iron ball on the end and the hook passed through the chain; and then he saw McGowan grasp the rope, step up on the top of the beam with one foot on one side of the chain and the other on the other side, and wait there for the sign which the signal man made to him in his winch box.

The man giving the signal kept up the paddling motion of his hand in the air till he had to shout, to rouse McCartney to the pitch of work. Even then McCartney was dulled, and the handles, notwithstanding his years of experience, seemed new in his hands. Mechanically he pushed the go-ahead lever and opened the throttle to the first notch, for the lowest speed. Slowly the beam dragged over the platform; rose and turned in the air like a weather vane, as the



Drawn by Clinton Balmer

"HIS EYES SEEMED MAGNETIZED BY THE SIGHT"

rope untwisted. And McGowan, shifting his footing a trifle, brought the beam, before it had gone little more than above the heads of the men on the platform, to as true a level as it would have in its permanent place in the walls of the building.

McCartney bent double over his levers and the ropes about him, peering through the window to watch McGowan, who was almost directly over the winch box now. He seemed to see McGowan as he had never seen anything in his life before. Suddenly, when the beam had completed little more than half its journey, and was at the level of the twentieth floor, McCartney's arm, of its own accord and without his knowledge, made a violent twitch. The rope trembled to its end. The beam shook and wavered. McGowan caught at the chain and in an instant regained his balance. All the men about turned and looked at McCartney, and in the sigh of relief that followed he heard some one say: "No, sir, I would n't go up on that thing for the whole of New York—and when I did, I would n't go unless McCartney was on the hoist. There ain't another man I ever seen could hold that thing the way he did now. He's been at that work sixteen years an' he ain't never had an accident. Look out there, Mc, you'll spoil your record."

McCartney smiled, but in that moment a thought of horror pierced him that dried the smile on his lips. His nerves were taut and he felt a stiffening of the blood in his veins. He said to himself: "Shucks! she ain't worth it,—no, nor he ain't, neither. Give 'em time, an' they'll make hell enough for 'emselfes. If a woman's that kind, it's go'n' ter come out, an' she'll do more for herself an' the man than anybody else can do. It's longer that way—an' better to watch, too. I'd feel different if it had n't been so easy fer him—he was so damn slick. Oh, if she had n't been so willin'! God! it did n't take 'em long. Well, they ain't worth it to me—the two of 'em—pair o' pups like

them! I'd never get away—an' if I did, I'd get caught. Even if I did n't get the chair, there's the trial an' all that mess. I'd never get through all that—an' if I did, I'd never get a job again. I'd rather take him when he could see an' knew I was doin' it to him. Lord! he did n't bother 'bout bein' fair ter *me*—he did n't give *me* any chance—he did n't let *me* know. Well, I guess I'm better than him—anyway, I'd like him ter know. . . . Say, can't that man feel this heat—aint he ever go'n' ter get dizzy? Oh, if that rope'd only break! No, I ain't go'n' ter forgive—I'll never forgive *her*, an' this is the only way I can ever get even with *her*!"

In a flash he pushed forward and back the reverse lever and slammed on the emergency. Outside there was a yell that brought all men to that side of the building and then a dead silence, while all faces turned up to the sky. Like a tiger McCartney leapt to the platform and looked up. He saw McGowan lose his footing, clutch the chain and lean forward at a terrifying angle, and McCartney groaned at the sight. There was a wild scream, a rushing sound and a thud, at the same moment that McCartney madly kicked over the pile of blasting mats. The silence was ominous, as the men crowded round, like flies on a piece of dead meat.

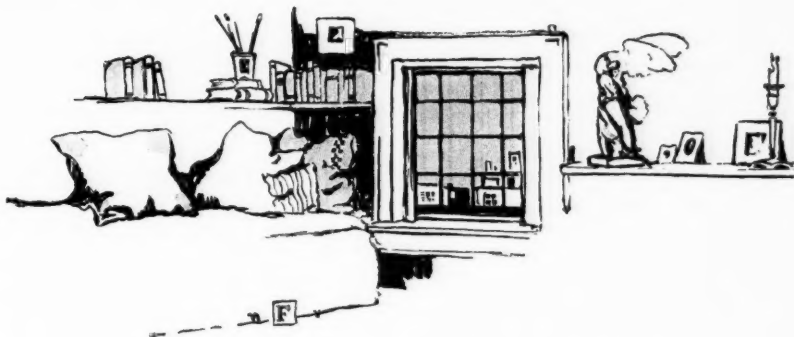
Some one said: "No, he ain't dead—not yet. He'll be all right."

When the first attention was withdrawn from the unconscious body, McCartney was hailed as a hero. Loaded with hand-slappings, he heard as in a dream: "Gee! McCartney, you're all right. You ought ter get the medal. That stunt with them blasting mats was a great trick. It's just them, an' nothin' else, that saved him. It's a good thing you were there."

"Yes, it's good I was there."

"Gosh! you did somethin' fer McGowan, all right."

"Yes, McGowan did somethin' fer me."



## A FRONTING OF FATES

By C. R. BACON

ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. B. FALLS



ACK BURNHAM who told me this story, is an old friend of Broller's, and it was in his room that the tale was born.

It is a curious room; a room of moods, a room with a temperament.

Only a few doors east of the most objectionable, blatant thoroughfare in the world, is a one-time residence transformed for the nonce into a nondescript business building, hopelessly left behind in the *sauve qui peut* of New York legions "up-town"; its first-floor windows flare aggressively with the myriad specimen wares of a chandelier company, making one's dash up the hideously-fashioned brown stone stoop resemble a charge past a battery of light. The upper floors harbor shady milliners and dealers in obviously unsalable wall papers, a few dreary bachelors, and—Broller.

The first two flights mount unpromisingly from the cold checks of black and white marble paving the entrance hall. Each is topped by a desolate niche, deserted of its plaster Venus and somehow depressingly suggestive of possible entombed remains of former proprietors.

One turns sharply at the third hall at the bidding of an ostentatiously cuffed, imperative hand, and the legend:

R. A. BROLLER  
TOP FLOOR

A creaky flight of uncarpeted stairs (with glimpses at the top, through a door eternally ajar, of a wall dingily decorated with countless tiny photographs of ladies with limbs, representing the tastes of the negro janitor and the munificence of cigarette companies), a turn to the left, and one faces the brown door of Broller's room. So soon as it is open you will know that Broller is an artist. A man of perceptions will recognize, too, the presence of the temperament.

The room is low-browed, not large, and, though there are two square windows and a diminutive skylight to the north, not too light. Small, sombre-toned pictures droop on the yellow walls. The woodwork is of a grayish green; and broad strips of it, baseboard and picture moulding, carry one's eye to the old-fashioned window frames encasing small, dusty panes and folding blinds of a like color.

The painted floor is worn to the wood in spots before the sparsely placed chairs. A mantel of gray

marble enfolds the tiniest grate in the world, adequately supporting, meanwhile, its burden of brass candlesticks, a pipe or two, tobacco jars and some minute water-color drawings, unframed mementos of moody days on Jersey flats. Cupboards and a judiciously placed screen conceal the evidences of Broller's work.

Here is no litter of canvases, unscrapped palettes and overworked paint rags, of half-smoked pipes and cigarettes; for Broller is that rare thing, an artist of orderly habits. There is a low couch in the corner by a window, with book shelves in easy reach above, and coverings and cushions of warm yellows and greens.

The furniture—chairs, chests, table and even the easel—seems somehow to have chosen with unwavering will its final resting-place, so immovable and permanent it all appears, so worn the spots before each object. Through the windows one catches suggestive glimpses, made pink by dust, of the brick backs of houses in the adjoining street; of rows of windows whose concealments one figures imaginatively, and whose mystery is but deepened by glimpses of gliding women in the white of intermediate toilette stages, and of conversations strangely pantomimic from across the yards. The chimney pots and brown tin roofs lie moodily under the varying skies, gorgeous, often, with an almost Oriental splendor under the fiery light of a winter sunset, or crudely ugly beneath a burning July glare that seems to crack the bricks before one's very eyes.

An ordinary prospect enough, yet somehow acquiring interest when seen from the low-toned isolation that reigns here.

It is characteristic of Broller's room that none but wandering little rays, the poor relations only of the mighty sun, peek timidly aslant through the skylight, never venturing their golden squares far below the ceiling, and retreating them precipitately at the first jerk of the curtain cord, like Peeping Toms. The room seems to brood; not that it is sad, only

that it is not gay—a restful, lovable place.

I had encountered Broller late that spring afternoon, and had turned back to his room for a glass and a chat before dining together somewhere. As we wheeled out of Broadway I remarked a good-looking, blond and well-habited man descending the steps of Broller's number. We passed him, talking together, but as we entered the hall he was behind us, plucking Broller's hand from the letter-box and exclaiming: "Well, Broller, this is good luck. I knew I should find you in the same old place. How are you?"

Broller was delighted. "It's Burnham himself, in the flesh!" he said to me. "You've heard of each other often enough."

We shook hands and mounted the stairs together, Broller leading and dropping over his shoulder surprised inquiries as to Burnham's sudden appearance, where he had come from, if for a long stay, and others.

"Well," said he, opening the door of his room, "you must tell us all about it. You'll dine with us tonight, eh?" Burnham assented.

I had heard much of "Jack" Burnham from Broller and many others, but had been in Europe at the time he knew my friends, and he had gone over just as I returned. He had been very popular in his Harvard days and afterward. The only man, it was often said, who could gracefully and inoffensively do nothing in that bubbling bowl of energy that jostles the world under the name of New York City.

His parents had died before he knew them; brotherless and sisterless, he had been taken to the home and heart of his only relative, a widowed and childless uncle, who had grown to adore him, succumbing without a struggle to the charm of the lad, loving him, spoiling him, giving all that he asked.

He was wealthy, the uncle, wealthy even for the West, where he lived and labored with a restless love of



"WELL, BROLLER, THIS IS GOOD LUCK"

work and excitement, speculating, acquiring, losing, giving freely to all, but most freely to his adopted son.

He made no effort to draw him into the romantically devious paths of money-getting, so eagerly followed by himself. He asked nothing of him but to enjoy the world in all decent ways, making of himself what his hard-edged but soft-hearted uncle never had been, a "polished gentleman and man of the world."

The dear old man was fond of the phrase and proud of "his son," who completely filled his idea of the type. He sent him to school and to Harvard, to Newport, New York, anywhere he wished, asking only that he enjoy himself, write regularly, keep his bank book straight, and come back occasionally to tell his "father" all about it.

The schools, college, and a year or two of New York, where he somehow divided his time between

Bohemia and "the world," with a decided preference for the former, had filled twenty-four of his years. Then he had wished to travel. He had made a long visit to his uncle, brought him on to New York for a few days with his friends, and then, with a large credit at the bank, had sailed for Paris. That had been five years since. He had never had that curious faculty for plagiarizing guide-books that earns for a traveller the title of "good correspondent."

None knew how often he wrote his uncle, but to his friends he was revealed only in unexpected, brief and reticent epistles, containing requests for American newspapers or tobacco, and inquiries as to the recipients' health. Of these Broller had received several, sufficient to show that his friend was leading the life of a wealthy idler upon the face of Europe.

All of this I learned, together with

countless anecdotes of his wit and charm, and loudly expressed wishes for his return to the uneasy Bohemians of my acquaintance, whose lives he seemed to have lightened as much by his presence among them as by his ceaseless liberality.

When we were seated, our glasses filled and the cigarettes within reach, Burnham looked about him with an air of relieved interest.

"The old room has n't changed a bit, Broller; I don't believe you have moved a thing these five years. How does he manage it?"—to me. "The place always has a charm, is never dirty, and yet, I am quite sure, is never cleaned. The fear that you and it might be gone has been heavy upon me these last weeks." He spoke seriously, and Broller looked his surprise.

"Has anything happened?" he questioned.

"Much," Burnham replied slowly. "My uncle is dead. Did n't you see it in the papers? Well, they must have kept it out."

To our expressions of sympathy he did not respond. After an interval he said: "After he died and—well, what followed my news of it, I started for New York. I was coming 'home,' whatever that may mean to a man with no living soul to claim him. Then I thought of Broller here, and of this room, and came right to it. I only landed this afternoon."

Then he began questionings of the old friends, suddenly, and as if to avoid telling more of himself. It was plain he did not care to talk, rather to listen, and we gave him news of those we had known, and gossiped over old days and occurrences. I noticed with surprise that he was listless and inattentive, despite his professed desire to hear of his friends. He seemed absorbed within himself, and as far as possible from being an enlivening companion. Perfunctory exclamations of interest followed Broller's tales, and his laughter was often misplaced and always forced and without heartiness.

I was surprised and disappointed.

I had greatly anticipated meeting the man and enjoying him, so much had I heard of his unflagging spirits, readily aroused enthusiasm, charm of manner and of wit. "The best of companions for a dinner," was always said, and I presently proposed an adjournment to a neighboring chop-house, quite famous in its day for the quality of its ale and a close approximation to the English model. "Perhaps he is tired," I thought, "and will be more like the man I have heard of when he's had something to eat and drink." But it was not so. During the meal he was nervous and uncommunicative, lapsing, when our own talk ceased, into a dazed sort of interest in the surroundings, gazing unceasingly at the walls covered with photographs and engravings of former histrionic celebrities, our fellow-diners, and into the street, now shining like a seal under a drizzling rain.

When we had finished our coffee and half smoked our cigars, Broller said suddenly: "It's eight-thirty, boys; where shall we go? We must do something to celebrate your return, Burnham. Shall it be to the theatre, or what? There is a new play of Ibsen's on, and some more illegitimate but less depressing forms of the drama."

I announced my indifference, and we waited for Burnham's decision. He paused, threw his cigar into a coffee cup, and said:

"If it's all the same to you fellows—and I suppose you've seen everything there is on—supposing we go back to Broller's room and have a pipe and a bowl. That would suit me."

We acquiesced readily, and jostled our way through the crowd of umbrella-covered theatre-goers, I wondering at Burnham's decision.

He had been, I knew, the last to propose a quiet evening in the old days. "He must have something on his mind," I decided. "He's certainly not a cheerful soul to-night, but perhaps will wake up before long. I suppose it's his uncle's death."

We had reached the house.

"What a ridiculous old place it is,"

said Burnham, as we mounted the dismal, deserted flights lighted by flickering gas jets at each landing, "but a dear old room at the top, eh?"

He seemed to brighten up a little now, and when Broller had poked the coals until the fire shone bright in the tiny grate, large as a German pipe, and candles were lighted, and the kettle purring gently, Burnham settled himself in an easy chair, his feet stretched luxuriously toward the fire, and puffed slowly at his pipe. While the toddy was preparing we sat silently smoking. The rain tattooed softly on the little skylight, and the room filled gradually with the beautiful blue dusk of tobacco smoke starred with mellow circles of candle-light.

"Now, then," said Broller cheerfully, as he filled the glasses at our elbows, "we're all snug and quiet. Tell us things."

The smoking toddy comforted our nostrils, the pipe bowls growled contentedly as kittens, we drew close about the fire, and somehow I felt that we should hear a tale—felt it even before Burnham had answered slowly:

"Well, I will tell you something. I had meant not to speak of it, but it weighs too much, and, I fancy, had better come out now. It will not bore you."

Then he told the story that follows, just as I tell it here, with his assent.

It came slowly at first, between puffs at his pipe, sips at his glass, and little flares of match-light when the bowl was filled anew. It lasted long into the night, but we did not tire. It was the room, he has told me since, that brought it out. It had nourished his mood, quieting and resting his mind, after the benumbing strain of his recent experience. This far-seeming little room, with the calm of a house on the moors, though ghastly Broadway roared and clanged so near at hand; the good friends (for he says I, too, seemed a friend at once), and the sense of a home—all this had proved too strong for reticence, and the story was brought forth.

He began it abruptly.

"For the past five years," he said, "I have done nothing, unless experiments with all known varieties of asininity be counted. I think I have been more kinds of a fool, perhaps, than most men. That might mean something, but it depends on what follows, and that remains to be seen. I have simply swelled the numbers of those encumberers of the earth, the idle globe-trotters. I have sought nothing but pleasure, studied nothing but the science of self-gratification. I don't think I failed altogether, at least for a time. You know how generous my uncle was to me. He gave me an absurdly large allowance, and asked nothing of me but to enjoy my youth. His own had been hard and unlovely, but it had not made him bitter. Well—and here is the shame of it!—he never gave me enough. When my allowance was ten thousand I spent twelve or more. I was in debt every day of my life in Europe, but it never worried me overmuch. When they get to bothering, I thought, I'll settle down, take to the Latin Quarter, study something, and live for next to nothing, as lots of the men there do. I could save enough in one year, almost, to pay my debts. But I put it off until it was too late. All I hoped was that my uncle should never know. He hated debts, except large ones, and then he called them something else—margins or speculations or something—that's the way with business men. But he never did know, thank God! and now comes the story.

"About three weeks ago—Lord, but it seems ages!—I arrived in Paris, where I had had permanent quarters for three years.

"I had been down in the Riviera, Monte Carlo and the rest, for a month, losing and spending much money, more even than usual. I had received notice that my bank balance was overdrawn, which was why I had left. I knew I should receive a quarter's instalment the next day, so I was not worried, but I had begun to think things had gone far enough, and had come back resolved to change my

ways. I found in my rooms a basketful of letters and bills. Many were uncomfortably urgent appeals for immediate payment. While I was dressing I thought over my plans. It occurred to me that I never had figured the exact total of my debts, and I sat down in my shirt-sleeves to make a list. I felt reform stirring within me. I was tired and ashamed of the life I had been leading, and my resolve grew upon me as the list lengthened. It was an appalling column. Sum after sum it grew; debts of all kinds, to poor men and to rich. Debts of honor—dishonor, if you like—to tradespeople and acquaintances. I added them up laboriously. The total spread itself before my eyes, and I flushed with shame. It read sixty thousand francs, in round numbers! I won't dwell on my feelings. I wrote at once, giving up my apartment, marked off the most urgent of the bills for payment when my expected draft had been deposited, finished dressing and, pocketing the personal letters, as yet unopened, started out for dinner with a solitary louis, my only coin, dancing a *pas seul* in my pocket. You may think it strange, but I felt more like a man than ever before.

"I was going at last to supply an excuse for my being. My resolution was taken, and in a week I would be studying architecture at the Beaux Arts. I was a man with a purpose. I tried to forget those figures I had made, but sixty thousand francs is a hard total to dismiss from one's mind. Descending the stairs, I opened a letter—" Burnham paused here for a space and emptied his pipe in the grate, with his face turned from us. "Well," he said finally, "it bowled me over. It was from a lawyer out West somewhere, and told me that my uncle was dead; that he had failed disastrously, and died suddenly, and died in debt. That—well—in short—that I had received my last unearned cent in this world."

There was a long silence in the room, and I noticed that the pipes

were all out and the glasses cold. Suddenly Burnham resumed.

"I tell you, boys, it was a situation. An old one, perhaps, in story-books and the like, but one I hope you may never be in. My uncle was dead. That blow was great, for I loved him. It was all I thought of at first, and you will let a selfish man be proud of that. After a time, and without warning, it all rushed in upon me, and that first moment of wretched realization was dreadful.

"It had the effect upon me of a physical blow, dazing and benumbing my senses, and I stumbled in my walk. The awful figures of my debts swam before my eyes on the crowded boulevard. Each lamp-post flared them forth; they were blazoned in gold on the café windows, and I remember that they flashed at me in letters of fire from the façade of the Opera, plain as that advertisement in gas out here on Madison Square—sixty thousand francs!

"I stumbled along and tried to think, to plan something, but could make nothing of it. Sixty thousand francs I owed. Sixty thousand francs and not one penny in the world, for the little louis in my pocket felt like a centime. No relatives, no real friends but those poorer than I had been, no profession, no knowledge to show for my years of youth and strength but knowledge of 'the world,' and that does n't sell well in the markets of life. I walked on and on, realizing nothing, staggering, mentally and physically. I remember that it was cold, and once or twice I was hungry. It must have been about midnight, and I was in a dark street, when something seemed to burst in my brain and my head to swim in a glare of light. I leaned against a wall for a time with my forehead wet. Then everything seemed to clear. I felt rested and quiet, though very weak. I knew my way now. I walked straight on till I came to a square where a fête was about breaking up. Stopping at one of the shooting booths, I shot a few times at a target with a shaky hand.

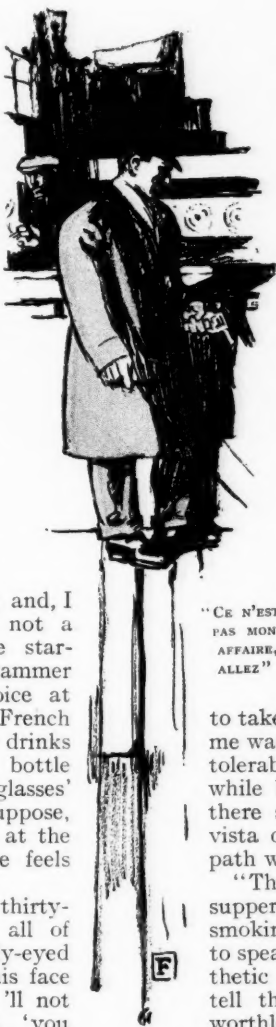
Then I took out my louis, laid it on the counter and spoke to the man in charge. 'I like this pistol. Will you take twenty francs for it, loaded?' He looked at me suspiciously, then about him on the empty square and pocketed the coin, muttering as he turned away: '*Ce n'est pas mon affaire, allez.*' I pocketed the pistol and walked on. I was as calm as I am now while I talk. I walked to the Boulevard and turned into a big, blazing café. I was suddenly weak from my long wandering, and wanted to leave a letter for my creditors to find next morning. I took a seat on the *banquette*, called for pen and paper, and wrote. I had finished my letter and was about to go, when I heard the suave inquiry of the *garçon*: 'Monsieur will take something, *sans doute.*' I hesitated, and, I think, blushed. I had not a penny, and people were staring. I was going to stammer something, when a voice at my elbow said in easy French to the *garçon*: 'Monsieur drinks with me this time. A bottle of Volnay and two glasses.' I looked at him, I suppose, with gratitude, for even at the edge of the grave one feels shame at trifles.

"He was tall, about thirty-five, I should say, and all of him good, straight, steady-eyed man. He smiled and his face was good to see. 'You'll not mind, I hope,' he said, 'you seemed lonely, and compatriots (I'm sure you are an American) should need no introduction here. Do you like Burgundy?' 'Yes,' I said. 'You are very good. I had n't a sou.' He paid no attention to this, but went

on quietly: 'It will be very pleasant to share a bottle. I only arrived this evening and know no one.' We talked until the bottle came. I suppose I looked weak, for he ordered some supper without asking me. It seemed perfectly natural to accept things of him,—I don't know why,—and when the second bottle came I felt much better. I was quiet and full of the consciousness that this was my last meal. It was good to share it with the fine, strong man at my side. Our talk was pleasantly impersonal, for he asked no questions; volunteered no information except to tell me his name—Lawton.

"Through it all I never once forgot my resolve. It was settled and firm, more so than any I have ever made, and it was comforting. There stretched steadily before my spirit a restful vision of un-breaking sleep, so unceasing a suggestion that it seemed finally to take visible form. All about me was glare, heat and the intolerable commotion of life, while before my mental vision there stretched that cool, blue vista of eternity, a wide, sweet path where peace awaited me.

"There came over me, when supper was finished and we were smoking silently, an eager desire to speak of it all to this sympathetic comrade of accident, to tell the wretched story of a worthless life to someone before I went—where? I remember the café was almost empty. A flushed young cavalry officer sat in a far corner leaning over the table in eager talk with a dark-haired, red-lipped young woman. The *garçon* sat



"CE N'EST  
PAS MON  
AFFAIRE,  
ALLEZ"

F



dozing in a chair, and I can see the dropped jaw and ignoble baldness of his head, thrown back against a pillar. I told it all to Lawton, certain that he would breathe no word, and saying so. I told him that I was going and that I was happy in the thought.

"When I had finished he sat silent for a time; then I felt his hand on my shoulder, where it stayed. He spoke soon, quietly and looking steadily at me, saying something like this:

"You will not, you must not do it, my friend. You have debts and no money, but what of that? You have no right to shirk them while you are young and strong. No man has the right to take his life for want of money. That is not enough. There

may be conditions that justify it; I believe there are—but we will not discuss that. Now listen to me. By some good chance—you may see in it whose hand you will—we have met to-night, you with no money, I with more than I need. We are men together, in a somewhat dreary world—brothers, the books call us. You owe—sixty thousand francs? Well, I can give you more than that and never miss it. Your duty is perfectly plain, and, what is more, you cannot escape it, for, should you persist in your intention, I should pay those debts when you were gone. You see you may as well owe me the money living as dead.' He took the pen I had left on the table, and a book from his pocket. I watched him in stupid amaze while he wrote. My mind was in a muddle again, everything wretched and unsettled that had been so clear. The peace my

determination had given me was gone.

"My head was in my hands, but I saw him deliberately writing. He blotted the paper carefully, folded it once and looked at me with the comforting strength of his face. Here was a man, I thought; he would never know weakness, consequently would never know debt.

"'Now,' he said cheerfully, 'let us go. It must be very late.'

"As we rose and walked into the street, he handed me the paper and I took it.

"'Just a few words more. I'll walk to your rooms with you; are they near-by?'

"'Yes,' I answered, 'this way.'

"Then he went on, holding my arm firmly: 'You will find my address on that paper and an order on my bankers for one hundred thousand francs. You must pay your debts, go back to America and work. You will get on, I am sure. Of one thing be certain, I shall not miss the money in the least. Promise me this: should any doubts come to you to-night, do nothing, do nothing, but call upon me at noon to-morrow to—talk it over. And I will keep this,' he added, smiling and taking the revolver from my overcoat pocket. He must have felt it there.

"We had reached my door. I could not speak.

"'Now, good night,' and he took my hand. 'You will come to-morrow at noon to my rooms?'

"'Yes,' said I; 'good night.'"

Two of the candles had flickered low. The rain had ceased, and I noticed a happy little star winking through the skylight. Burnham had risen and was standing before the dying fire shivering. The blower quickly brought the embers to a glow while Burnham was pacing the floor slowly, and the kettle boiled again.

Soon he sat down, crouching over the fire with his back toward us. Broller placed a steaming glass on the mantel above him and silently resumed his seat. Of a sudden Burn-

ham spoke again, quickly this time as if hurrying to finish.

"Well, I did n't sleep much that night. To think it was but three weeks ago! I could make nothing of it and was very miserable. What should I do? Morning came, and I dozed at last. When I woke it was after ten o'clock. I woke to the same perplexity. What was to be done? I dressed and found the paper in my pocket. While I was taking the coffee my concierge served me, I read it: 'Pay John Burnham one hundred thousand francs.' It was signed 'Wilforth Lawton,' and the bankers were my own. On a blank card was written his address: 'No. — Rue St. Jacques,' a curious residence for a wealthy visitor to Paris.

"I put the papers in my pocket and went out. The day was beautiful. 'A long walk will give me time to decide,' I thought to myself; but when I had reached the Luxembourg the same weak questionings were droning unanswered in my head. I entered the Gardens, remarking that the palace clock gave me half an hour before noon. It was but a short walk now, five minutes or so, to his rooms, so I sat down on a garden bench for a last effort at decision. What should I say to him? Should I take the money, or should I persist in my intention of last night? But the power of decision was denied me, and I sat wretchedly in the sun, my brain tangled as a ball of twine, the Gardens, now beautifully bright, spreading pleasantly before my eyes.

"I have always loved those Gardens, and that morning they soothed and comforted me.

"The long avenue of shade trees stretched graciously away toward the blue dome of the *observatoire*. The white pebbles of the circle snapped and sparkled in the sun, enveloping the tiny lake, dotted with white sails of miniature yachts, round which bare-legged children and gayly beribboned nurses grouped themselves prettily. The whole scene might have been planned by some landscape gardener with an eye for color. It

charmed and rested me, but suggested no solution of the insistent problem on which so much was hinged. Still my mind fluttered back and forth, as a shuttle, through the loom of uncertainty. I would refuse the money; how could I accept twenty thousand dollars from the acquaintance of a few moments. Then would follow the sense of chaos that I had come to dread. Through it there vividly shaped itself in my mind, as in a camera, the picture of a scene I had once witnessed in a Paris police station, a scene of misery and debt and fallen manhood.

"Dishonor, the ignominious dishonor of the station-house, stared me in the face! Yes, I would take the money; and then, in all their tempting force, his arguments would mobilize in my mind. It should be a loan. I was young and strong. We were men together and I had the right to live, and he was wealthy and would not miss the money. Perhaps I could repay it—but how? What could I do to earn so much before I died? No, it would not do, and my brain would whirl again.

"Finally I rose, saying weakly to myself that I had yet ten minutes before noon and would make my decision on the way to his rooms.

"I walked through the fine Avenue de l'Observatoire to the square and turned into the little Rue d'Enfer, still wavering.

"I wondered what strange fancy had brought a wealthy visitor to this buried street for quarters.

"The house bearing his number was

a small hotel of the variety frequented by students. When I entered the court the fat, red-faced concierge was talking excitedly to an eager group of men and women. Two *sergents de ville* stood at the stair entrance. I interrupted the concierge to inquire: 'Monsieur Lawton, is he in his room?' He gazed at me. 'Monsieur Lawton! *Tenez!* are you Monsieur Burnham? *Oui.* Then he left a letter for you.'

"Has he gone away then?"

"'Gone away?' excitedly. 'Monsieur Lawton shot himself this morning! He is dead!'"

A few moments later Burnham looked up from the fire and handed us a paper. "There is his letter," he said.

We read it together, under a sputtering candle.

"DEAR BURNHAM—Take the money and make a man of yourself. It is all I have, but you see I shall not need it. I am glad the blundering star of Fate threw us together.

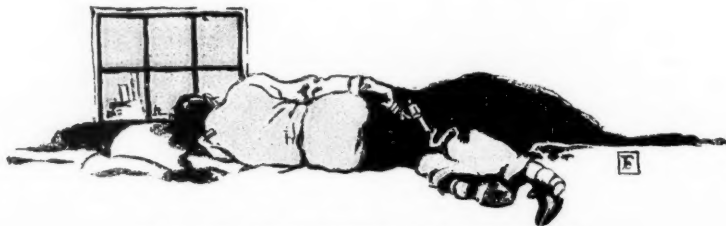
This letter will enlighten their stupid police and save you trouble.

Good-bye, W. LAWTON.

This, of course, is not my name, but any will do to say good-bye with, and they know it at the bank. I came here for this, and all is arranged.

And this is all the story.

It was told me years ago, and Burnham is prosperous now. He does much good with what he has, and when I spoke of it the other day he said: "I am repaying his executor, Providence."



"MONSIEUR LAWTON SHOT HIMSELF THIS MORNING"

# IN PRAISE OF PORTRAITURE

By RICHARD WATSON GILDER

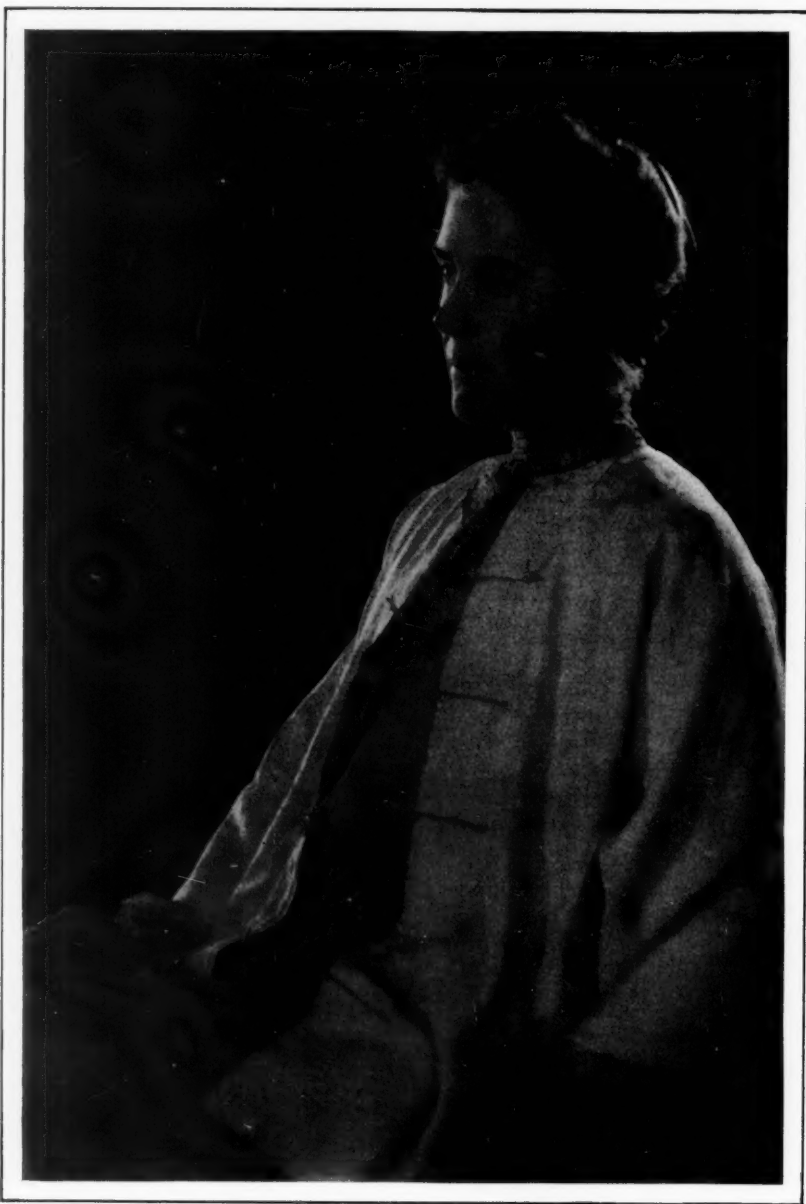
*At the annual exercises of the University of Pennsylvania, on the 22d of February last, in the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, a change was made in the ceremony of conferring degrees, the candidates being presented by others than members of the University. On this occasion the artist CECILIA BEAUX was presented for the degree of Doctor of Laws in the following address in verse.*

MYRIADS of souls from out the unknown vast  
Flash forth and swift return. Tho' something stays,—  
Remembered words and deeds,—the look they wore  
Were lost forever save for the art we praise,—  
The art that holds the fleeting spirit fast:  
Afield, in household ways, at rest, a dance;  
The sweet, companionable presence; the austere  
Demeanor, hiding a rich heart; the glance,  
Intense and penetrant, that says: A soul is here.  
A soul is here, even as in life it lived,  
It wanted, it impassioned, joyed and grieved,—  
So might an angel through life's doorway peer,  
Half drawing back as if in mortal fear;  
So might a lost soul linger,—leaving here  
Remembrance of the horror of its doom:  
A living soul, defiant of the tomb.

Great were the masters of the art we praise,  
In other lands, in past and splendid days.  
What souls the chief Venetian in his art  
Makes to the eye apparent, and the heart!  
What warriors, princes, women all of grace:  
Beauty of body, loveliness of face!  
Master of color, he, well-nigh supreme,  
Who nobly drew that which before was dream!  
Glorious is Spain in the proud souls that breathe  
In that most delicate and subtle touch,—  
The art miraculous, the not too much,—  
Of him whose brows the generations wreath  
With laurel on laurel, as the world grows old,  
And all its annals one Velasquez hold.

And by the northern seas his art sublime  
That trembles with the tragedies of time,—  
His art who knew all mysteries of light,  
Not less the heart of man; for in his sight  
No secret could endure, and on his page  
The soul's dark pathos lives from age to age.

They live indeed, whom art has made to live,—  
How real from the canvas forth they look  
And judgment seem on our own selves to give  
As we judge them.



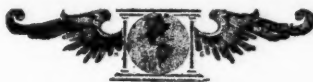
Photograph by Alice Austin

CECILIA BEAUX

Miraculous art, that took  
Through all its centuries the tongue of praise,  
And worthy all honors,—not for the old days  
Alone, and masters gone before,—no less  
For those who dare discipleship confess  
And in the footsteps of the mighty tread.  
With modern skill the ancient mode they keep,  
On the old altar burns the authentic fire;  
Priests of the ancient faith, that never sleep;  
They, with new masters of the sacred lyre,  
And all the sons of genius still aspire  
Purely and greatly; rendering our late time,  
Not less than that long gone, imperial, sublime!

Lady, shrink not that you, to-day, we name  
In the same breath with the age-conquering fame  
Of them most glorious in a mighty line.  
Not for the living is it to assign  
Rank to the living, in the long roll of art.  
But blame us not if here we crown the intent  
Not less than the sincere accomplishment.  
We only know the art we see and love  
Is beautiful, intense, most subtle, rare,  
And tho' with something from our New World air  
Athrill,—yet is it masterful, above  
All else, with the old mastery,—not old  
But fresh forever as the dawn's new gold.

And in your art, that follows down the line  
Of the world's noblest,—the most high, divine  
Kinship of them who painted the deep soul,—  
Glows a clear, individual attribute,  
Something whereof the praiser would bemute  
Save that he needs must tell the very whole  
And, in his office utterly faithful be:  
Something that means swift vision of the truth;  
The flame of life; the flush of endless youth;  
A trait compounded all of Poesy;  
A tone most exquisite, illuminate  
With the keen sense of Beauty which even art  
Can lift above itself; a throbbing heart;  
An element that sets the noonday beam  
Vibrant with tints; that makes the little, great;  
And while the artist would another render  
Reveals his own bright spirit in radiant splendor.





Photograph by Boissornnas & Taponier

MADAME PAULINE VIARDOT, NÉE GARCIA

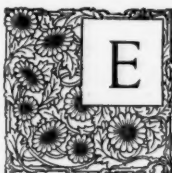
Who sang at the entombment of Napoleon in Paris, in 1840, and is still living

# REMINISCENCES OF A FRANCO-AMERICAN

No. III.

MADAME PAULINE VIARDOT, NÉE GARCIA

By JEANNE MAIRET (Mme. Charles Bigôt)



EARLY in the nineteenth century, there was a famous Spanish tenor, named Garcia, a man of great ability and of a brutal temperament, artist to the tips of his fingers, and incomparable as a teacher. He had a son, who became a celebrated singing master in London, where his one hundredth birthday, was fittingly celebrated in March, 1905, and where he died on July 2, 1906. Among his numerous other children, Garcia had two daughters, one twenty years younger than the other, whom he fashioned and bullied and beat into rare artists. The elder was Malibran; the younger became Madame Viardot.

Legouvé, in his "Soixante ans de Souvenirs," gives us a very living portrait of Malibran, whom he first heard at a charity concert. Her reputation had preceded her, and the young artist, wife of an American merchant, was already looked upon as a possible rival to Mme. Pasta. She seemed a mere girl, and wore her hair very simply, in bandeaux. The mouth was large, the nose a little short, but the oval of the face was perfect and the eyes—wonderful eyes "that had an atmosphere"—reflected passion, or melancholy, or reverie. Before she had finished the song of the willow in "Othello," the audience was wild with enthusiasm.

Malibran's voice was not naturally sweet or pliable. It was made of hard metal that had to be forged with great labor. Her terrible father was a master blacksmith in such matters. Once, in New York, where Garcia and his daughter were engaged in the same opera company, Malibran saw that "Othello" was announced. She vowed that she was not prepared to sing the part of Desdemona, and that nothing would induce her to attempt it. Garcia replied: "You shall. And if you disgrace me, I will kill you in the last act."

She did sing the part, and magnificently. But at the last scene she bit Othello's hand so cruelly that he cried out with pain. The audience, seeing in this an added touch of tragedy, applauded more frantically than ever.

Such a father, such a daughter, could not long remain on very friendly terms. They separated, and for years saw nothing of each other. Toward the end of her life, however, Malibran sang once more with her father, at a representation of "Othello" given for the benefit of the old singer. He surpassed himself. Desdemona, at the close, embraced the smutty-faced Othello and bowed to the public, her cheeks smeared with black—and no one laughed.

She was a woman of many moods, reckless and charming, fierce and gentle by turns. She fell madly in love with the Belgian violinist de

Bériot, and obtained with great difficulty the annulment of her first marriage. To celebrate the second union, a party had assembled at a friend's house. Thalberg was among the guests. She asked him to play; he refused to do so before hearing her sing. She was not in the mood, and her voice sounded harsh and displeasing. As her mother reproached her for it, she exclaimed: "I can't help it, Mother—marriage only comes once in a lifetime!" She had quite forgotten her first matrimonial venture. Then, Thalberg sat down and played divinely. She pulled him off the stool, exclaiming, "Now I can sing!" and she put so much feeling, so much passion, in her singing that the guests were electrified. An odd marriage day, all the same!

In all things Malibran was excessive, violent, imprudent, delightful. Her love of horses amounted to a passion, and really caused her premature death. Some months after she became Mme. de Bériot she went to London, insisted on riding a vicious horse, was thrown and badly hurt. She continued her engagement, however, and fainted at a concert. That was the beginning of the end.

Alfred de Musset immortalized her in his "Stances à la Malibran." They are engraved on her tombstone:

Ne savais-tu pas, comédienne imprudente,  
Que ces cris insensés qui te sortaient du  
cœur

De ta joue amaigrie augmentaient la  
pâleur?

Ne savais-tu donc pas que, sur ta tempe  
ardente,

Ta main, de jour en jour, se portait plus  
tremblante,

Et que c'est tenter Dieu que d'aimer  
la douleur?

One day, Legouvé met Malibran in the street and stopped for a moment's chat. A carriage went by and a gypsy-looking child, leaning half out of the window, threw kisses and waved her hand to the singer.

"Who is that?" asked Legouvé. "Some one who will be a greater

artist than any one of us. My little sister, Pauline."

When Malibran died, in 1836, Pauline was still a very young girl. She verified the prediction inasmuch as she became a great artist, even if she did not surpass her sister. She did not long remain on the stage. She married a very distinguished man, M. Louis Viardot, writer, critic, amateur, who made of his house a very museum of rare pictures and beautiful objects. His admiration for his gifted wife, his adoration of her, never wavered. He could never speak of her without a softening of the voice, a gleam of the eyes.

When I became acquainted with Madame Viardot, she was close upon sixty years of age; to all intents and purposes she was still a young woman. The extraordinary vitality, the energy, the genius of this great artist showed in everything she did, in everything she said. It is not only in works of art, in music, in eloquence that genius reveals itself; it permeates all things, even trifles.

Mme. Viardot could never have been handsome. The characteristic face, with its fine, rather near-sighted eyes, under heavy brows, the large mouth and somewhat cumbrous jaw, were strong, but not at all beautiful. After the first few minutes, no one felt this. The luminous expression, the intelligence of the woman, sufficed to fascinate, to carry away, to subjugate.

To my thinking, the one word most fitted to Mme. Viardot is intelligence. She was not only a great singer, a great artist, she was extraordinarily cultivated. Mistress of five or six languages, speaking each one almost without accent, she was conversant with the literature of many countries. One evening I remember that in her salon, which was a very cosmopolitan one, she turned, within five minutes, to several guests, speaking to all in their own language, Spanish, Russian, English, Italian, with perfect ease and fluency.

The Viardot salon, however interesting, in no way recalled those of the

seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, which in France so influenced the thought of the nation. Modern salons are as unlike these as the leading members of society differ from Mme. de Sévigné or Mme. du Deffand.

In the first place, the material conditions of life are entirely changed. The aristocratic *hôtels* of olden times—solemn and quiet—showed large and lofty rooms, difficult to heat, with nooks sheltered by screens, and deep window recesses well fitted for confidential talks. The guests were chosen with care, they were not very numerous, and were always the same. A conversation begun one week around the supper table, or at the fireside, could be leisurely continued eight days later. Like a homogeneous company of good actors, each one knew the "manner" of his fellows and adapted his own to it. All did not seek to shine at the same time, each knowing that his turn would come, according to the sweet will of the all-powerful hostess. Not that Mme. du Deffand or her predecessors, like a lady whom I knew, distributed "subjects" to her guests, and assigned so many minutes to each for the discussing of them. On one occasion, Renan having opened his mouth to speak, his hostess lifted her hand: "Presently, cher Maître, your turn comes next." Then, when his turn did come, the great man said modestly: "I merely wished to observe that the peas were very good, and that I should have liked more. It is too late now."

Now let us picture to ourselves the modern French apartment or even house. Comfort, unknown to former ages, reigns supreme. Well heated, brilliantly lighted, dainty in its decoration, beautifully furnished (often a little encumbered), with light-toned pictures on the walls and a statuette on the mantel piece, where the old-fashioned clock used to tick, the modern lodging is too small to hold the number of guests convened to reception or ball. Society has enlarged in proportion as the salons have, materially, dwindled. Every

one aspires to belong to the *monde*. Crowds invade the suite of small rooms. The women are provided with seats, huddled together, forming a compact and formidable mass of gay silks, bare shoulders, glittering jewels and fluttering fans. The men go where they can, stand by the doors, against the walls, in far-off libraries or even bedrooms opened for the occasion; most willingly do they take refuge in the host's smoking den, where they sit at ease, drink beer and discuss politics—or women.

What "conversation" of any interest can result from this absolute separation of the sexes? How can a hostess dissipate the *ennui* of the few hours which are supposed to be devoted to pleasure? The women hide their yawns behind their fans, or try a little small talk with chance neighbors, often quite unknown. Almost inevitably the reception changes its character: becomes a concert; sometimes a little play or some monologues take the place of the music. The actors are not always of the best, and they are seen from too near to admit of any illusion. Such mild pleasures scarcely compensate for the tedious waiting and the cramped position.

And this is the outcome of that wonderful society celebrated for its wit, with whom conversation was an art, where madrigals or epigrams were chiselled like jewels!

Of course, there are exceptions. But the only reunions, perhaps, where wit still holds its own, are the dinner parties, where the hostess is careful not to pit one great man against another, to have one planet only, surrounded by discreetly twinkling satellites.

Mme. Viardot's salon was essentially musical.

The house an old-fashioned one—stood in the Rue de Douai, at a corner which, by the position of the cross street, formed a rather sharp angle: here a few shrubs were planted. M. Viardot had added to the original building a picture-gallery, a delightful room, a step or two lower than

the salon. Here, many of the music-lovers, the men especially, congregated. The drawing-room was not very large, and the piano took up a great deal of space. Once ensconced in a chair, there was not much chance of moving before the end of the evening. But here there was plenty to amuse one. The aspect of the assemblage was interesting. Mme. Viardot did her best to dispose her guests so that they might find themselves in congenial surroundings.

Huddled in a corner behind the piano were her favored pupils, who were to sing, or merely to listen. In the central armchair, always placed in exactly the same corner, was enthroned an odd-looking woman, to whom all seemed to pay homage. This was the Comtesse d'Haussonville, mother of the present Academician. In her youth she had been painted by Ingres, in the stiff costume of the time and the inevitable scarf. She still wore her hair (or was it a wig?) in bandeaux and her gown kept the rigid folds of 1830, or thereabouts. Mme. d'Haussonville had been a power in her day, very intelligent, very domineering and very fond of music. In her old age she never missed a Viardot reception, and, though she invariably slept after the first piece or two, her nods, of the Olympian kind, passed for signs of approbation.

Renan was another faithful guest. His love of music amounted to a passion. Probably it accompanied fitly his philosophical dreams, which had nothing in common with those of Mme. d'Haussonville. His subtle, wavering, far-reaching thoughts, like music itself, went beyond the domain of mere words. He was, however, not a particularly poetic-looking person. His broad, shaven face, so like that of a good *curé de campagne*, is too well known to need description. What is less known is his beatified expression when a beautiful voice or the exquisite strains of a violin filled the air. His big, fleshy, sensuous nose, his overhanging cheeks, his half-closed eyes revealed

the inner joy and transfigured the man. Deeply sunk in his armchair, usually placed in the picture gallery, his episcopal-looking hands crossed on his bulging person, he could have sat as the very image of fat content. Renan was exquisitely courteous, with something of priestly unction in his manner. He greeted his daughter's partners at a ball with as much elaborate politeness as the distinguished strangers, or his fellow-Academicians, who crowded about him. To tell the truth, from the heights he had attained, as from some great mountain-top, all men seemed to him about on the same level. The differences were so small!

In her salon, M. de Bériot could always be seen near his aunt. He seemed at least as old as she, dried up, gray, dusty-looking. M. de Bériot, professor at the Conservatoire, was an impeccable pianist, who gave but little pleasure. His interminable sonatas were somewhat dreaded. One could but wonder that Malibran, that marvel, that creature of fire, of passion, of tenderness, could have been mother to so correct, so impassive a being.

There was another man who hovered about the genial hostess, a very tall man, very handsome, white-haired, white-bearded: this was Tourguéneff. He was the intimate friend of the family; he lived in the house, having his set of rooms on the third floor; he spoiled the children, helped M. Viardot to ferret out hidden treasures, and listened in wrapt delight when Mme. Viardot sang.

Tourguéneff, though not exactly an exile from Russia, was looked upon with much disfavor by the authorities of his country, and lived in France, loving it, pitying it after its disasters, speaking its language with perfect purity, only a little more slowly perhaps than the glib-tongued natives. He did not attempt to translate his books himself, which he might have done with perfect ease. One of his most intelligent and devoted translators was a woman, then quite unknown, who had spent a great part

of her youth in Russia, and who, somewhere about 1875, became famous under the name of Henri Greville.

The Russian's books scarcely reached the great mass of French readers, but they were greatly admired by men of letters. Alphonse Daudet, little versed in foreign literatures, yet delighted in Tourguéneff's stories and sketches. In a paper written for the *Century Magazine*, in 1880, he painted a very vivid portrait of Tourguéneff. The two novelists met in Flaubert's pretty apartment overlooking the Parc Monceau; they became friends almost at once. At Flaubert's little dinners, Tourguéneff's place was always set: the guests were almost invariably Zola, Daudet and the Russian. Each in turn would bring his latest work, read a chapter, listen to friendly but frank criticisms. The dinner began at seven o'clock, and ended somewhere in the small hours. After the death of Flaubert these dinners no longer took place; no one had the heart to play host when the big-voiced, big-hearted man was laid in his Normandy grave. But Daudet went to see the "good giant" at the house in the rue de Douai, or at Bougival; and, when he was well enough, Tourguéneff was a frequent and most welcome guest at the home of Alphonse Daudet. Then the visits became fewer; the Russian suffered great agonies before death came as a relief. He and his friend Viardot passed away during the same sunny, summer days.

Doing the honors of their mother's salon, in those far-off days, were two charming daughters, one Mme. Chamérot, the other, who has since become Mme. Alphonse Duvernoy, still a young girl. They were handsome, sweet-mannered, and had been trained by their mother. Neither possessed an exceptional voice; both sang delightfully, and a duet by "les petites Viardot," as they were then called, was a real treat—the method was so admirable, and the two pretty voices blended so perfectly!

All the foreign musicians who went to Paris were sure to be welcomed to this hospitable house, and much native talent was there first manifested. To be proclaimed an artist by Mme. Viardot was already a title to fame. It was there that I first heard M. Hasselmans, the most wonderful of harpists. He was then young, with light brown hair and beard, remarkably good-looking. In spite of his unusual height, he handled his instrument with perfect ease and grace. To hear a prelude of Chopin played by him was a revelation.

But it was when Mme. Viardot herself consented to sing, which did not often happen, that her guests were really content. To use the artistic jargon, there were "holes in her voice," and no one knew it better than she—but who thought of any flaw in the instrument? The great artist carried her hearers away with her in a whirlwind of passion, of sentiment, of horror, or pity. Music with her, as it had been with her sister, was alive, vibrating, all-conquering. One evening she sang "The Erl-King." At the end, there was a moment of absolute silence before the frenzied applause broke out.

After the music, when the chairs were pushed aside and sympathetic groups were formed in corners or around the tea-table, Mme. Viardot's powerful personality still pervaded the assembly; her cordiality, her genuine pleasure at seeing so many friends about her, made us all feel at home; in her presence, all seemed more cordial, more human than elsewhere. And so her salon was a real centre, a social as well as intellectual and musical centre.

On one occasion, some years after we had made her acquaintance, Mme. Viardot invited us to dine at her country place. Toward the end of a lovely summer afternoon we went to Bougival, and sat with our hostess on the terrace. The garden sloped down rather abruptly to the road, on the other side of which flowed the beautiful Seine. Behind the

house, climbing up to the hill-top was a park, a real wood, left a little wild. At the edge of it stood a *châlet*, occupied by Tourguénéff.

We talked of many things, of many lands. She seemed peacefully happy and content, as simple as truly great people always are. She amused us with the tricks of a big white poodle, that went through his varied exercises for our benefit: he spelled out my name; then, his mistress giving him the pitch, he howled in tune and in measure.

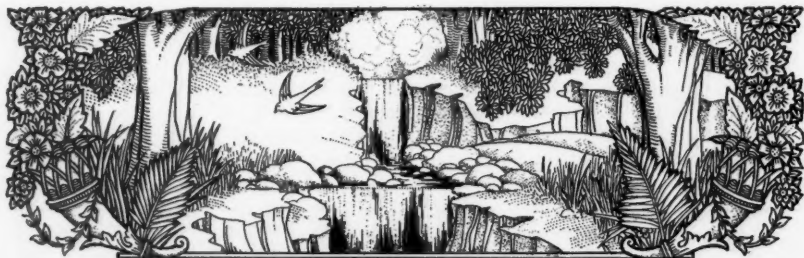
In the course of conversation the artistic temperament was discussed, that peculiar double nature which can, while subjected to strong emotions, yet analyze its best—or worst—impulses. On one occasion, a favorite brother of Mme. Viardot's broke his arm; the setting of it was horribly painful. At one moment a terrible cry shook the listening sister to the very depths of her nature—yet she caught herself thinking: "If only, on the stage, I could utter such a cry!"

The evening was delightful; the men came in, and the daughters, with their husbands, were of the party. I noticed that at the Russian's place at table a huge drinking goblet was set, as though everything belonging to him had to be unusual and very big. He told us of his life in Russia, of his long tramps through woods and fields, from which came the inspiration of his hunter's stories. Once his vanity had been sorely hurt. He had grown gray, then white, when still quite young. After a long hunting expedition, he

had thrown himself on the ground and had gone to sleep. A peasant going by roughly shook him, saying: "Are you not ashamed of yourself—an old man like you—to lie there, drunk?" He added: "I was not drunk, and I was not old; but I meekly got up and went my way."

M. Viardot, who had taken a great fancy to my husband, not infrequently came to our house, and the discussions between the two men were long and interesting. When M. Viardot died, his widow, with a touching note, sent us a pretty bronze that used to stand on the dead man's desk; she said, "He was very fond of you."

Mme. Viardot is now a very old woman, but she still teaches, she still composes, and with real talent; she still assembles friends about her. Her eyes are dimmed, her hearing no longer good, but the ardent soul is still bright within her and her affections very keen and warm. Her children, grandchildren, great-grandchildren surround her with love and care. But she lives alone, except for the faithful company of a lady friend who from time immemorial has been her factotum. The old house, Rue de Douai, was torn down many years ago. Mme. Viardot now occupies a beautiful apartment with a rounded balcony at the corner of the Boulevard Saint-Germain, overlooking the Seine, the Place de la Concorde and the Tuileries gardens. The most lovely part of Paris is at her feet, as was the world, in the days of her triumph.



# AN EYE FOR AN EYE

By JOHN ALBEMARLE



IT'S just as I told Henderson last night—you can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear! Those devils don't know the meaning of such a word as gratitude! It's not in their vocabulary; and it never will be. Take a Malay, and do everything in your power for him: save his life; feed him; clothe him; educate him, and he will stab you in the back some dark night, because you are white! You're white, and therefore he hates you! That's the way with them all; you are not safe a minute. Henderson says he never was without his revolver the year he was out there, and I don't know how many times he had occasion to use it on those trips he took in from the coast. You can't trust a man of them!"

The speaker brought his clenched hand down on the table, and looked around defiantly, as though challenging argument. But the three men sitting near smoked on in silence. It was late afternoon, and the card-room was almost deserted; but so long as there remained a single listener, Walker was eager to hold forth.

"Now take the case in point!" he went on. "Probably this Nuñez had spoken sharply to the girl, or hurt her pride in some way. The devils are so touchy, it's worth a man's life to speak to them!"

"Well, she has robbed the Spanish navy of the most promising Admiral it has ever had!" one of the men said.

"Yes," another added, "and the youngest! How old did the *Journal* say he was?"

"Forty-nine!" Phil Brown was a

rising newspaper man, and no detail, in the way of "type," ever escaped his notice.

"Henderson says," Walker continued, "that it just bears out his ideas of Malay character, and—ah!" catching sight of a new-comer entering the room. "There's a man who can tell you more about Malays, and Spaniards, and—Chinese, for that matter—than all of your newspaper correspondents and foreign ministers put together! Here, Dalton!" rising, and pushing forward a chair, "you are just the one we want to hear from! Now that we are deciding the affairs of the nation. Oh! do you know Phil?—Old Bob's son! He came in with me this afternoon to look at the new rooms. Have n't seen you since we moved into the place, by the way! Where have you been hiding yourself?"

Dalton nodded to the other members of the group, and after shaking hands with Brown, dropped into the vacant chair at Walker's right, and in a leisurely fashion lighted a cigar. It was not that the man ever had the slightest desire to make an impression, or, indeed, that he ever had anything very brilliant to say, but it invariably happened that Dalton became the centre of every group into which he drifted. All his life he had "drifted" hither and yon, and, as Walker said, he was "worth more than any number of newspaper correspondents and foreign ministers." In all club matters his opinions were eagerly sought after, and one of his friends was heard to say: "Dal's ideas of justice are weird and uncanny! How he has escaped the untimely end of an anarchist or a rank socialist I can not understand!"

"Well," Dalton said, "I have had a vacation. Have been up in Vermont for two months, and just got in this noon. I have been lost to civilization meanwhile, for I promised my doctor that I would not look at a book or paper. This sort of thing makes a man feel decidedly as if he had been laid on the shelf. . . . These rooms are much lighter than—"

"My dear fellow," broke in Walker, "do you mean to tell us that you have not seen last night's paper?"

"Nor last month's!" Dalton rejoined, laughing.

"Well! we called you over to give us a few pointers on the affair. It looks now as if they must come from another direction!"

"What affair?" queried Dalton.

"Why! the murder of that Spaniard Nuñez, out in Manila. The day after he had been appointed Admiral of the Spanish fleet, too! Have you been dead, or sleeping, Dal?"

Dalton knocked the ashes from his cigar. "I did not report to my doctor until this afternoon, and I wanted to show him a clean record. Nuñez! . . . I wonder what his first name was? I used to know a Nuñez in Manila. . . . Leonardo! Leonardo Nuñez! Now I remember."

"That's the same name," young Brown said, and beckoning a boy he sent him for a newspaper.

"Was he in the navy when you knew him?" Walker asked.

"Yes," Dalton answered. "I came to know him rather well, and for a time we kept track of each other. Now, for a good many years, I have lost sight of him, except to read his name in some naval report. The last I heard of him, he seemed to be moving up pretty rapidly. What were the circumstances?"

"A most interesting case!" the newspaper man began, but Walker interrupted:

"When you consider that the crime was committed by a Malay, it does not seem so mysterious. We don't often hear of an American servant, who has been fed and clothed and educated—even made a member of

a man's family,—and who, out of some little spite, turns around and stabs him through the heart before the eyes of his wife and children!"

"Sounds pretty bad!" Dalton said.

"It seems all the harder," young Brown said, "because the thing happened the very night after his appointment; when the man had just gained the height of his ambition. All the papers say that he was the most ambitious Spaniard on the islands. After all—that's not a very bad fault. Most of us have it—more or less. So, coming just at this time—ah! here's the paper!" handing it across to Dalton. "The funny part of it is, that they not only can't find a trace of the girl, but no one knows of any possible motive for the crime."

"Oh! it was a woman, was it?" Dalton asked, unfolding the paper.

Walker saw his opportunity. "Yes, and some one Nuñez had taken, and brought up with his own children. When you came in, we were just discussing what I call 'the national characteristics' of those devils, and, as Henderson and I agreed last night, I maintain that they have only two: ingratitude, and hatred of all foreigners—simply because they are foreigners! They don't seem to have any ideas of justice or common decency. Look at this one case! Now you, Dalton, could probably tell of hundreds of instances where these creatures have cheated, and stolen from, and even murdered, the very men who—What is it?" for Dalton had started forward suddenly in his chair and was gazing intently at the page before him.

"In-day!" he repeated softly, in a tone of wondering incredulity. "In-day. . . !"

"Yes, that was the girl's name," Brown said.

Walker leaned forward and laughed. "Was she a particular friend of yours, Dal?"

This was all lost on Dalton, who sat, facing the Park windows, folding and refolding the sheet, and gazing, with unseeing eyes, out over the tree-tops.

"Don't you think, Mr. Dalton," young Brown spoke with apparent carelessness, but there was a catch of eagerness in his voice, "that you could tell us a little more about 'Malay characteristics' than even Henderson and my Uncle George have given us?"

One of the men smiled covertly, for Walker's efforts to convert his hearers to his own and Henderson's beliefs were not always appreciated.

"Perhaps," he went on, "you could add weight to their testimony, or even give us a story of the girl?"

"Yes, have you found any explanation?" Walker asked.

"No," Dalton said to Brown, as he dropped his cigar in the tray, leaned slowly back in his chair, and, resting his elbows on its arms, let his fingers meet, tip to tip. "No—it would not add anything to your Uncle's testimony, and—I have n't any story of the Moro girl."

"Oh, well, any kind of a story would do!" Brown replied, settling down, as though a story were the foregone conclusion. "Of course one about the girl would bid fair to be more exciting!"

"I could tell you a story of Nuñez, and some peculiar circumstances under which I met him one time," Dalton said, still gazing out over the tree-tops.

The men drew their chairs more closely together, two others joined them, and, as usual, Dalton became the centre of the group.

"After I had been out in the Philippines about five years—I left home when I was a kid!" Dalton paused a moment and then went on—"I bought a hemp plantation on Bohol, one of the small southern islands. It was not a bad opening for a young chap. I had been out long enough to have learned a few things: I tried to uphold the dignity of the white man; I formed my own conclusions, and kept my own counsel; and I left their women alone. The plantation was in good condition, and the only thing that caused me any anxiety was the situation of the island.

"Most of those in the southern groups were inhabited by Moros, that is, Malays who had embraced the Mohammedan faith. They lived in wretched little villages; each village comprising an individual clan, and ruled by its own chief, or 'Datto.' They were, in reality, the pirates of the Philippines; and during the southwest monsoons the inhabitants of the northern islands lived in daily terror of Moro raids. They would come up from the south in small boats, prowl along the coast, attack and burn villages, and carry off provisions of all sorts. As their boldness increased and the raids became more frequent, the Spanish government built fifteen or twenty gunboats, each with a mounted cannon and a supply of breech-loaders, manned them, and sent them down to punish the Moros.

"I had been able to buy my plantation for an exceedingly small sum, on account of these very Moros—for after a bitter experience for several years, most of the 'old hands' had taken fields on the northern islands, thinking it cheaper in the end to pay more and be sure of their crop. There was a Moro village across the island from me, but from what I could learn they had never occasioned any serious trouble, and for the first year all went well. It was a record season for hemp—crop good and prices high—and I had figured that two more such years would send me back to New York for the rest of my life."

Dalton paused—the men smiled and nodded appreciatively, and even Walker respected the silence.

"Well! somehow, an end comes to most prosperity—mine came quickly! The second season, just when the hemp was almost ready, the Moros raided the plantation; destroyed the crop, burned all the buildings, and—postponed indefinitely my New York trip! I escaped with my life,—although that seemed to me of mighty little importance about that time; but I could not get away from the island, and for five or six days I kept to the swamps, and imagined that the Moros were in hot pursuit. In

reality they had forgotten my existence, for I found afterward that on the following day they had put out boats for a northern trip, and had plundered and burned several villages on an adjoining island. In a short time reports of this reached Manila and one of the new gunboats was sent down to Bohol to inflict governmental punishment.

"The first I knew of all these later developments was on the sixth night of my hiding, when I heard shots in the direction of the Moro village. Naturally, I was keeping as far away as possible from that particular part of the island, so, even before the meaning of the shots had occurred to me, the village was in flames. Then I knew what had happened, and you may believe that I lost no time in getting to the spot. It was well that I did not linger, for the gunboat was just putting off when I ran down to the beach, and if I had been five minutes later, I should have had to resume my swamp life, with a probability of Moro companionship.

"As it was, I was glad enough to feel the solid deck beneath my feet, and to see the distance widen between us and the shore. The boat's Commander was a young Spaniard, Lieutenant Leonardo Nuñez, a chap I had known slightly when I was in Manila, and noted throughout the islands as a splendid swordsman. His father was Admiral Nuñez, and through his influence the son had been taken into the navy, although when I had known him in Manila, numerous tales of his wild escapades were afloat.

"When the gunboats had been put out, Nuñez was appointed Commander of one of them, and from what he told me it was evident that the petty Moro warfare was furnishing altogether too tame an existence for young Leonardo. There were days upon days when he did nothing but skirt the coast, that the pirates might be made aware of the presence of the Spaniards, and generally an 'encounter' meant simply a half-dozen cannon-shots, that served to scatter the natives into the interior of the islands.

He had always been a heavy drinker, and like all of the foreigners, brandy was the only thing he touched. I very soon discovered that he was drinking far more than any man could stand for long, and that unless fate, or his father, intervened, young Nuñez's naval career would be short indeed.

"He was exceedingly glad of my company on the trip back to Manila, and that first night we sat in his cabin, smoking and talking, until daylight broke. Of course I was eager to know of the attack upon the Moros, and Nuñez, flushed with brandy, related the entire adventure.

"It seemed that the boat had lain along the southern shore of the island until the Moros came in from their northern trip. At nightfall all the village was alive with preparations for a great feast, in celebration of the return, and under shadow of the darkness—the moon rose late that night—Nuñez had crept up along the coast to the very landing-beach, without arousing any suspicions on the part of the Moros. In fact, the first they knew of the presence of the Spaniards was when a cannon-shot resounded among them.

"Instantly they rallied to defend themselves; even the women and the children, who had no weapons, seized stones and tore off branches from the trees with which to fight. There was no hiding in the village or running to the swamps for them! Nuñez said that never had he seen so gallant, and so futile a resistance. While his men were landing, the Moro charge came on. By that time the moon had risen, and the Spaniards were able to judge of the numbers before them.

"First, down from the village, along the strip of white sand, came the young warriors, their brown bodies silhouetted against the huts in the background and their weapons glistening in the moonlight. Each man carried a kris, the regulation sword of the Malays—a short, stout blade, cunningly twisted and waved when the steel is tempered, so that the slightest cut from its edges tears and lacerates the flesh, as no other weapon

in the world. Brandishing these above their heads, first to the right and then to the left, and advancing in the step of the old diabolical kris dance, they came on. Back of them, but at either side, were the older men with a few muskets, of so antiquated a model that the Spaniards took those they found after the skirmish back to Manila, as curiosities. And then came the entire population of the village, screaming and howling, gallantly facing the breech-loaders of the enemy.

"The encounter lasted only a few moments; against the fire from Nuñez's men the Moros fell or fled, and in an incredibly short space of time the entire Moro force had disappeared as if by magic. Disappeared—all but one! The old 'Datto,' Mangay, who had led the kris dance down the sand path, and had fought with the strength of a dozen youths, worn out at last, and surrounded by Spaniards, had been taken, still fighting, and struggling, even after a sailor had struck the kris from his hand. His capture had practically ended the resistance; those few who were alive, fled, and the dead bodies were horribly mutilated, and set up in conspicuous positions, that the warning to the other tribes might be more effective. They found the huts deserted, except for one child, a tiny thing of eight years, who seemed not in the least frightened, and whose defiant glances of rage at her captors sent them into roars of laughter. Nuñez and his men set fire to the village, and with the old 'Datto' and the child went back to the gunboat.

"Only three of the Spaniards had been killed, and Nuñez was much elated over the outcome of the affair, especially the capture of the old chief 'I tell you, Dalton, this is a hell of a life!' he said to me, twirling the brandy glass between his fingers. 'And if it were not for a little skirmish like this now and then, it would not be endurable. This Mangay is one of the oldest and fiercest of the Moros; the government has had reason to know him well and long, and his capture ought to put me on my

father's books again—eh?' And remembering with bitterness my hemp fields and that New York trip, I joined the Commander in his celebration.

"The trip back to Manila should have been a matter of only two days, but some trouble with the engine delayed us, and we were four days out. My prospects were not of the brightest, and I was glad to drown any contemplation of my future in the easiest way possible, and Nuñez was only too well pleased to have a companion in his carousings. During the day we played cards and walked the deck, and at night we played cards and drank.

"Always, on our walks, we passed and re-passed the two captives. The child, from the first, had been allowed to run about; but Mangay was kept on the after-part of the deck, his wrists and ankles bound with strong cords. A stoical old figure he looked, sitting there in the blaze of the sun, noting no one, and paying no attention to anything that happened about him. The Moros are distinguished from the other Malays by their size, and Mangay had evidently been, and still was, a splendid specimen of his race. His color was about that of our American Indian, and his hair, black as night. These were set off by the gayly colored clothing of the Moro warrior, which he still wore, although his kris hung at the belt of one of the sailors. Even of Nuñez he took no heed, and only once did I see him relinquish for an instant that indifferent aspect. It was late at night, and I had been pacing the deck alone, but had finally paused at the rail, quite near to the old man and the child. Presently she stirred uneasily and moaned in her sleep, and, forgetting my presence, Mangay managed, even with bound hands, to move the little body so that her head rested on his knees. And so he sat until I left them, stiffly erect, that he might not disturb the child, and gazing out over the sea with the same impenetrable calm. Several times I saw the sailors teasing him, in the brutal way that only Spaniards know, and

even with my hemp fields in mind I felt my anger rise against them, and I could but admire the bearing of the old chief.

"Twice at night Nuñez and I were disturbed by the uproar upon the deck, and each time, when the Commander demanded the cause, Miguel, his quartermaster, explained that it was 'only some fun they were having with the old one!'

"Then came the last night. Nuñez and I were sitting in his cabin playing. It was about eleven o'clock, and the heat was almost unbearable. Nuñez had been drinking heavily, so heavily that even I had been moved to remonstrate, although it little behoved me, as he had been winning steadily since we sat down. He had just swept in a big stake when the usual nightly uproar arose on deck, and, as before, he demanded Miguel. Almost instantly the figure of the quartermaster appeared at the door. Seen through the blue smoke of the cabin his face was still twitching with laughter, which he vainly endeavored to repress before his superior officer. 'T is the old one again,' he said. 'The men have been trying to get him to talk, and finally he sat bolt upright, and raising his arms, cords and all, he shouted: 'If you were not cowards enough to take my kris, neither you nor your Commander would laugh so loud!' It was beautiful! Beautiful!' and Miguel went off into a spasm of silent laughter.

"Nuñez sprang to his feet. 'Mother of Christ! the old man is right! And who so fit to meet him as Leonardo Nuñez? Ah!' pushing back his chair and turning to the side of the room where his weapons hung, 'To meet Mangay, the great Moro chief of Bohol and outwit him! Still another feather in the cap of the Admiral's son!' and he took down the rapier I had seen him use to such advantage in Manila.

"Miguel stood by, all the laughter gone from his face, his eyes almost popping out in amazement.

"Take my compliments to Mangay, chief of the Moros,' Leonardo went on, elaborately, 'and say that

in all respects I desire to serve him. So, now that he has expressed a wish to meet me in hand to hand conflict, I place myself at his disposal!'

"But—but—a captive, your—' Miguel stammered.

"Do as I order you!' Nuñez shouted, advancing toward the door as Miguel hastily retreated. 'Assemble the men aft to witness fair play, and tell Mangay that he shall fight for his freedom. If he lose, I clap him into Manila to-morrow at daybreak; if he win, I land him, free, on the next island we touch!'

"Miguel disappeared, and Leonardo turned to me. 'I've won from you to-night, American,' laughing, and running his finger-tips along the blade of the rapier, 'Now come up and see me win from another race!' and he took my arm.

"It was very evident that the man's senses were clouded by brandy, and that he was not responsible for his actions. Plainly, I was the only one to interfere.

"See here, Nuñez,' I said, facing about and speaking in a careless tone, 'you don't want to do this! Mangay is n't your private property, he belongs to the government. How much better it would be to take him in to Manila in the morning in good condition. Besides, it's murder, man! downright murder! He is an old man—and you are the finest swordsman on the islands. Suppose you should happen to kill him—what then?'"

"Nuñez paused, plainly hesitating. He fingered the sword nervously, and I, fool that I was, thought the danger over.

"Besides,' I went on, as though the thought had just occurred to me, 'there's another side to the affair! Supposing you were not exactly—fit! We've been carrying things with a pretty high hand these days—and those Moros are devils incarnate when their fighting blood is up. Suppose he had wounded you? The whole affair would have had to come out. Nice instance of Spanish discipline! And he might have made an end of you!'

"'Holy Christ! that old cripple hurt me? No man's sword has ever touched Leonardo Nuñez! Do you think there is any danger, now, at the hands of a Malay? Besides, this is my night! Everything goes my way this moon! I might as well get a little fun out of it. Come on, I tell you!'"

"He half drew, half pushed me toward the stairs; and, as if to settle the matter, just at that instant Miguel appeared.

"'All is ready,' he said, 'Mangay has his kris.'"

"On deck there was a deathlike silence as we came in sight. It had been one thing for the men to taunt and insult the old 'Datto'; quite another, for their Commander to cross swords with him. Nuñez's weakness was, of course, well known to them all, and, with reason, they attributed this act to the debauch of the last few days. It was not that they felt the slightest pity or apprehension for the Moro, or, indeed, that the government's claim upon him appealed to them,—rather, it was amazed wonder that a Spanish officer should be willing to meet in open fight a despised Malay, and that one, a prisoner!"

"Never to the day of my death, shall I forget that scene. The heat had been so intense that every one had stripped of all unnecessary clothing, and the bare arms and shoulders of the men showed against the rigging. Everything on deck stood out perfectly clear in the moonlight, and an awful, breathless stillness seemed to have enfolded the world. The crew, most of them half-breeds, were gathered around the main-mast, and Miguel's startled, wondering face was in the foreground. In the after-part of the ship a space, fifteen feet square perhaps, had been cleared, and there the two men met. Never were adversaries more unlike. Mangay stood absolutely motionless as the Commander advanced. He was barefooted, and in the moonlight the vivid hues of his gayly-colored tunic and trousers were toned to almost sombre tints, but his heavy white turban served only to bring out in

strong relief the dark skin and high cheek-bones. At a glance I saw the entire aspect of the old man had changed. Before, I had known a silent, stoical chief, whose pride was broken; now, facing the Spaniard, stood a Moro warrior, kris in hand, every sense alert, every muscle tense, and with eyes alive with eagerness. It was the 'fighting blood' of the Malays! And there was, throughout, something aloof and triumphant about the gallant figure—a dignity, such as I have never seen, before or since. Alone, on some pinnacle of the world, he might have been meeting the adverse forces of a universe!

"Nuñez, the typical Spaniard, athletic and handsome, in his white shoes and trousers, and blue officers' sack-coat, would ordinarily have held all attention, but the silent dignity and fierce earnestness of the old Malay drew every eye to him.

"There were few preliminaries; and before I had realized that the meeting was inevitable, the clash of steel broke the stillness. I stood at one side of the boat, and opposite me, crouched against the rail, was the child, Mangay's fellow-captive. Several times I glanced across at the little figure. She, like Mangay, was transformed. Instead of a timid shrinking creature, I saw a woman of the race. The straight black hair was pushed back from her face, and her eyes were blazing, and fastened upon Mangay's every movement with an intentness of gaze that held me fascinated before the strength of her emotion. Once or twice I saw her raise her clenched hands as though she would give him all the force of her intensity. These Moros are all alike, men and women—to her the fate of her people hung in the balance!

"Like the fight upon the shore, the outcome, from the first, was evident. Mangay, although he was of tremendous activity and possessed great skill in the use of his weapon, employed of course only the native methods of sword-play; naturally, he had no chance against the skill of a finished European swordsman. Nu-

ñez, ordinarily of a nervous temperament, had taken just enough brandy to give him coolness and steadiness. He could always use his left hand as well as his right, and from the beginning he adopted the defensive attitude. Incredible as it may seem, his opponent was far more active than he was, with a catlike agility and liveness that was marvellous in so old a man. But Mangay's skill and staying powers were both inferior to those of the Spaniard. The Moro's one chance was to have broken the blade of the other's rapier; and several times I caught my breath, thinking Nuñez had been taken off his guard. But when I looked again, there he stood, smiling and unharmed.

"Gradually the old man's strength weakened; his thrusts became wilder; and it was evident that the conflict was about over. Afterward, I remembered a distinct feeling of anger against the debonair Spaniard. Case of an 'under dog' I suppose! In a few seconds it would all have been ended—when something happened! An end, to be sure, but so unforeseen, and startling in its awfulness that I have waked up at night, years since, and felt the blood stand still in my veins, as it did then!

"Thinking that the conflict was, in reality, over, I had glanced across at the little Moro girl, when I saw her suddenly throw her arms high above her head; and springing up, she gave that fiendish yell of the race, which a man who has heard once, never forgets. I turned in time to see the look of horror on Nuñez's face, as the figure of the old Moro swayed an instant, and then fell, face forward, across the deck, at his feet, with a Spanish rapier thrust through the body!"

"God!" came from the lips of one of the men, and he laughed nervously, and pushed his chair away from the table.

Dalton remained silent; the muscles about his mouth working. And every man present saw, through his eyes, that still figure of the gallant old chief stretched out in the moonlight. For several seconds no one moved, and

suddenly the lights of the Park came out, and showed the strained faces of the little group.

"Well?" Walker said, interrogatively.

"There is n't any more," the narrator resumed, finally. "Nuñez collapsed; his nerves completely gave way, and I could not get anything coherent out of him. Even the men jibbered—so I never knew whether the brandy suddenly went to his head, and Nuñez murdered the old man; or whether Mangay, realizing the outcome, found for himself an escape from the ignominy of defeat and imprisonment. I had no time for conjecture, just then! The body had to be weighted and dropped overboard, the chattering men sent about their work, and Nuñez braced and threatened, that he might give some adequate report on landing in Manila, and present a fairly decent appearance before the authorities.

"I found some urgent business awaiting me when we landed; then my brother died; and in a few weeks I came home for two years. When I went back I heard of Nuñez a good deal, and saw him once or twice. His father's influence had saved him all public inquiry concerning the death of the chief, and he was rising rapidly in his profession, and bade fair to realize the old Admiral's ambitions. However, when we met, we both avoided carefully any reference to Moros—or moonlight nights!"

Dalton rose and there was a stir about the table. "A man has many experiences in a lifetime!" he said.

"Yes!" Walker expostulated, "but your story does n't help us out with any solution in the present case, as I can see. The old Moro was certainly dead, was n't he?"

Young Brown leaned across the table, eagerness and discovery written plain upon his face. "And the child, Mr. Dalton?" he asked.

Dalton smiled, as he put down the folded newspaper. Turning to leave the group, he looked back:

"On shipboard we called the child 'Inday,'" he said.

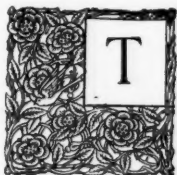
# THE HOUSE DIGNIFIED

ITS DESIGN, ITS ARRANGEMENT AND ITS DECORATIONS

By LILLIE HAMILTON FRENCH

## IX

### FIREPLACES



THOUGH the fact may not be generally admitted, it must be confessed that as a people we are sadly deficient in the art of the fireplace.

Even when good examples have been secured from abroad, the most distressing taste has often been displayed in their treatment. Not far from town I came across a beautiful chimney-piece of Caen stone in a room designed and furnished altogether after seventeenth-century models, where the shelf was set out with two modern miniature electric lamps at either end, and nothing else!

On another occasion I saw, in the drawing-room of a collector who prided himself on his taste, a wonderful Gothic chimney-piece insulted by a row of plaster-cast singing-boys, placed round the edges of the carved hood. There were seven of these little horrors, three on either side, and one perched on the summit.

Although these particular instances may be set down as individual, not national sins, our country is full of others quite as bad. That which makes most of them unforgivable is the fact that they have been committed not in ignorance, but in pride—that same pride and craving for false appearances which cause the poor deluded woman, with no clean petticoats to her name, to spend all

her week's wages on some feathered hat, to which the illustrated newspaper has given a catching title. No sincere desire to express the actual, nor to attain to the needful, has marked the struggle of our people toward the perfect fireplace.

All that has been done in the way of excellence has been done by a few, honestly striving for that perfection which, built up on the verities, stands first for the true and is then elaborated into the beautiful. Our main purpose seems to have been to produce what we liked to boast of as "artistic," or that which somebody else has quoted as the most approved of fashions. This has led us to borrowing terms, and titles—Gothic, Renaissance and Louis Seize—without really knowing what any of them meant. Names, like "over-mantel," have deluded us, and these names once assured us as proper, we have been satisfied to dwell with certain monstrosities created by the carpenter, which among other incongruities were made to include a varied assortment of receptacles for knick-knacks and cheap mirrors reflecting nothing.

In the use of materials, too, we have been strangely restless, feverishly adopting and discarding one after another, without stopping to reason out the question for ourselves. First, we would no longer have wood. So we threw over the simple old mantels of our forefathers

and indulged ourselves in all the ugliness of custom-made marbles. Our houses once filled with these, we reacted again and went back to wood, framing our hearths with grotesque and hideous shapes, products of disordered minds.

Then there was the gas log, which with its first discovery threw us quite off our balance; while the numerous ramifications of the steam-heater have been leading us ever since into countless subterfuges and insincerities. We were bewitched, as we always are, by the idea of a labor-saving device, and, thinking with steam to have discovered a way to avoid the extra work entailed by the ashes of an open fire, for a time we went over, body and soul, to the radiator, though we lacked courage sufficient to do altogether away with the signs and tokens of better things. The semblances we would have. Even within the last thirty years, houses counted as sumptuous in their day have been built, here in New York, in which parlors have been furnished with marble mantel-pieces, no detail of the fireplace neglected, neither tongs, shovel nor fender, except that there was never a chimney through which the smoke might escape!

No wonder, then, that the whole question is one involving infinite confusion, since we have never been absolutely honest in a single one of our departures. Had we been, had we said frankly "No!—I won't have an open fire because of the dust, and I won't lie about it either: I won't have chimney-pieces that mean nothing, hearths that stand for deception, walls disfigured by pretences,"—had we had the courage to say all this, think of how interesting our architectural development might have been! What originality in interior decoration might have been fostered! A new national school, perhaps, in which rooms without fireplaces might have been designed after new models, rooms which at least would have stood for truth.

Since, then, as a people, we have never quite known what we have

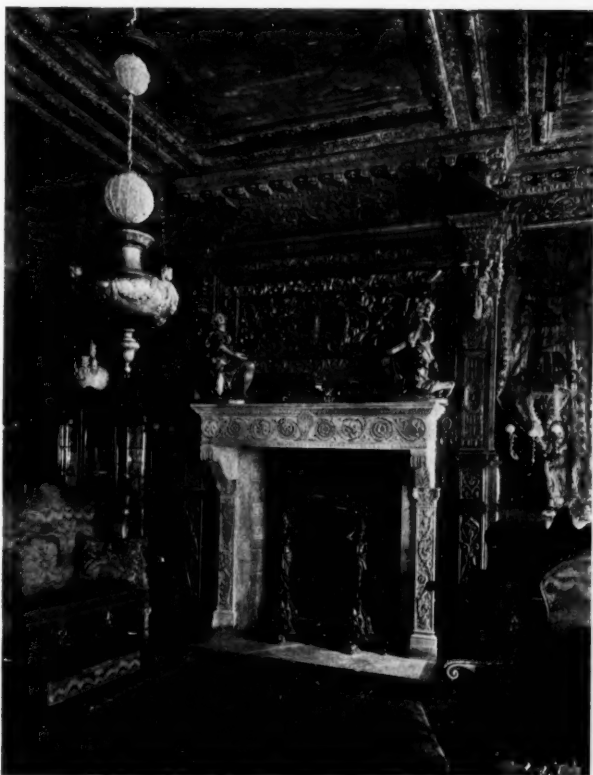
wanted most, there has necessarily been no impetus to produce it, no effort made either to perfect the useful or to develop the appropriate. All progress is fostered in two ways. There may be an ideal springing full-born, like Minerva from the head of Jove, which given to a generation becomes the ideal by which that generation grows. Or a need may exist in many minds, its final satisfaction being the outgrowth of universal demands, supplied now simultaneously in diverse directions (as flying machines have been perfected, for instance), and again by the brain of one man embodying and collecting in himself the hitherto disintegrated powers of his day, as Edison has done. But the want must come first, and we as a people have never known which we wanted most—fireplaces or steam-heaters!

Had we known, would we have been so willing to perpetuate frauds, so complacent about surrounding ourselves with tokens of things long, long since emptied of their meaning? Would we have been so dishonest in construction, so false to every sentiment? Or would we have been guilty of so many other sins—tolerated placing our hearths where no grouping about them was possible? defamed our chimney-pieces with so many hideous and useless objects, accustoming and educating the eye in the ugly and untrue?

The genuine fire-lover never has abandoned, and never will abandon, his blaze. He alone understands its companionship, its vivifying influence, its sentiment. He can tell you what the fire says, what it answers, what it inspires. Cherishing it as he does, willing as he is to sacrifice to its maintenance, has he not a right to complain of those who, not sharing his beliefs, have stolen, and then so wantonly abused, his best-beloved symbols?

No one chimney-piece can be referred to offhand as being more beautiful than another, nor can any one period be regarded as standing for the one and only type of excellence. When-

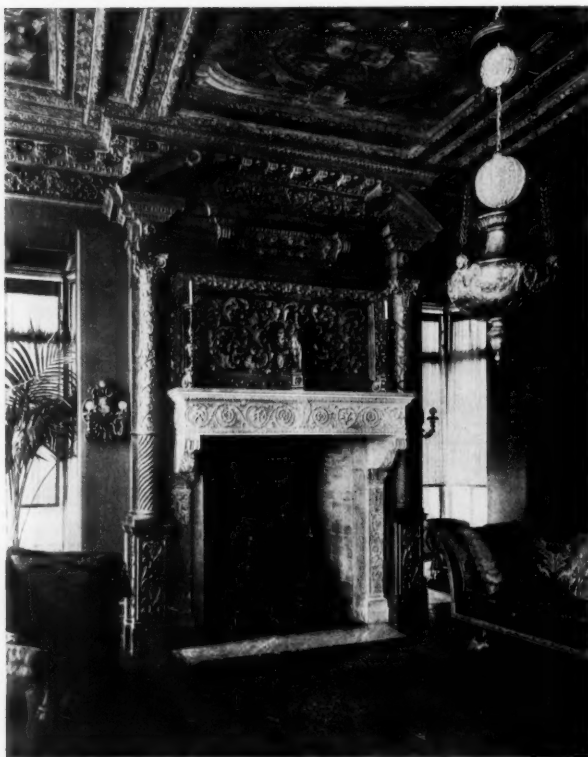
ever a given room is made to follow a particular period, however, the form and treatment of the chimney must necessarily be that which the period demands, the same rules being followed as those which have governed in the rest of the room. Every age has had its manner of building and developing, beginning with the time when the fireplace stood in the middle of the room and the smoke escaped through a hole in the roof. The French have gone through one evolutionary process, the Italians another, the English still a third. Fireplaces have projected into the room or been sunk into the wall. They have been protected by huge carved hoods, or been decorated above the opening by moulding applied to a flat wall surface. But in each and every case the architect has by his choice of form and decoration suggested, when he has not actually carried out his construction, that the cornice, not the mantel-shelf, should mark the point toward which his scheme was tending. His space above the opening was always treated with appropriate dignity, made either (as its chief point of interest) to dominate the room, or so treated as to be brought into harmony with its surrounding walls and window openings. He never left it to be tortured into line by inexperienced carpenters or



FIREPLACE IN TOWN HOUSE OF MR. H. W. POOR, NEW YORK CITY  
A particularly delightful arrangement of furniture and hangings

ambitious amateurs. This makes it something more than absurd for us who import ancient chimney-pieces to place them in environments not adapted to them, as when a Renaissance fireplace is set up in a modern hall; or to defame them with inappropriate objects.

If the possessor of imported fireplaces, therefore, does not know where a given example should be placed nor how it should be treated, an obligation to study into the question becomes imperative. He has no right to solace himself with studies of shop-made copies or bad uses of things in the houses of his friends, nor yet to take evidence on hearsay. When the opportunity for extensive travel is not



WHITE MARBLE MANTEL WITH GILDED WOOD OVER-MANTEL

As the chimney is set at right angles to the entrance, this arrangement of the sofas does not unduly elongate the room

his, there are always at least old prints at his command. For, although there is no law compelling any one to the adoption of special periods in houses, a period once adopted by the choice of distinctive objects makes a study of those special periods obligatory. Every conscientious possessor of beautiful examples understands this. So, too, does the earnest seeker after the best manner of expressing the needful and appropriate.

I talked with such a woman the other day. She has lived for years abroad. The question of such simple appointments as curtain rods happened to be broached, and the mistakes made in these days by their over-accentuation, mistakes that

resulted from our revolt against the stiff and awkward lambrequin of some sixty years ago. This led her to tell me that for some time she had been delving into libraries and the portfolios of collectors anywhere available in order to equip herself. I asked her about fireplaces and discovered that she had studied as thoroughly into that subject, too. She could refer to various examples of beautiful iron fire-backs, with their groups of sculptured figures, found scattered throughout Europe and knew of course every requirement of tong and shovel of whatever school. We disagreed somewhat about brass, she thinking it a useless expenditure of domestic strength to have

anything about the fire that required so constant a polishing. I succeeded, however, in nearly converting her to my views. For, certainly, if we are so insistent on using only things which require no labor to care for, why, I asked her, should we not for the same reason oxidize our table silver, since our climate necessitates its periodic polishing. Then too, as I urged, the beauty of shining brass repays every moment that is spent upon it, especially when it is old and a little dented. I know that nothing, not even the grace of beautiful ormolu, nor the dignity of wrought iron, would tempt me to give up my brass andirons with their flickers of light, their power to hold and give back to me,

like a jewel I cherish, flames caught out of the very heart of the blaze as it sings on my hearth. Moreover, I believe that, were the power mine to build as I chose, I would never commit myself to a period in which brass about my special fireplace could have no part, so dearly do I love the color, so full of meaning is all that the brass reflects. To the last ember dying among the ashes, the knobs of my andirons are as true as Alpine peaks to the last rays of the setting sun.

To make a fireplace interesting it is not necessary to have imported pieces, though the possession of wealth seems to imply a desire to imitate the foreign. It is perfectly possible to give dignity at least to the plainest chimney-piece by a simple arrangement of mirror or pictures (not both) with candlesticks, a bronze, or even a plaster cast having beauty in itself. Questions of proportion are all-important. Neither mirror nor picture need exactly fill a space, though neither should be so small as to become a mere spot upon the wall. The mirror when used should never be hung so high that looking into it involves a feat of gymnastics, nor should it be hung at all if that which it reflects from an opposite wall possesses no interest in itself. One wants repose about a fireplace. The gaze when lifted from the blaze in which one's own pictures have

been building, should never be made to encounter that which would dispel a pleasanter impression. The crowding together of photographs is bad, and the use of draperies altogether reprehensible. Composition must be studied not only in the balance of the square by the upright, but by the objects on the end and in the centre of the horizontal line. Scattered objects are as distracting as scattered thoughts. There must be the suggestion of a given, well-defined motive. Permissible as the absence of the motive may be in the room of a college student who crowds his mantel with his pipes, the mirror over it with cards, and his walls with trophies, it is in-



CARVED FIREPLACE IN THE HALL OF A NEW YORK HOUSE

The iron screen is an especially beautiful one



LOUIS XV FIREPLACE OF MARELE DECORATED WITH ORMOLU

The garlands of the frieze enclosing medallions showing women's heads, are repeated in the two consoles and in the fire-arms. Sculptured figures adorn the fire-back

excusable in surroundings where maturer thought is to be implied, the obligations of formal intercourse respected. Dignity becomes essential here, repose, architectural form, since the fireside is really the altar, and therefore the point on which the interest converges, luring the eye and drawing even the body.

Photographs of even beautiful women become discordant notes. An attempt, dictated by sentimental considerations, to keep one of them among the candlesticks and clock of a Louis Sixteenth bedroom, nearly ruined the room. It became impossible to see anything else on entering. When finally removed, the relief to the eye was at once apparent. For we have among us, fortunately, some fireplaces of great and exceptional beauty, not only architecturally, because they are adapted to their special environments, but because a conscientious and intelligent regard has been observed in their treatment. I know one in a Louis Sixteenth room. Above the marble shelf rises a mirror, carried, as are the window-openings, to the cor-

nice. The panel is arched with beautiful mouldings and carved reveals. The marble shelf is supported by delicately carved pilasters. On it stand the ormolu clock and candelabra of the period, genuine examples purchased only after long and conscientious search and research. Of ormolu, too, are the chenets and shovels, charming in their proportion and design, as are all the other appointments of the fire found in this particular house. They are a perpetual source of delight to those gathered about them, satisfying the eye by their form, and beguiling the mind by their grace and beauty. Iron would be a desecration in fireplaces belonging to this school, as would andirons so large as to overcrowd the opening.

In great Gothic fireplaces, on the other hand, or those of Jacobean England, the miniature would be out of place and ridiculous, while ormolu, with its traditions of ultra-refinement, would be altogether an absurdity. The very massiveness of the fireplace calls for something of like importance

and proportion. Among these, therefore, we find iron showing uprights sometimes four feet in height, and cast in figures now single and now in groups. The shovels and tongs, too, are of iron, requiring strong hands to wield them, but none the less carefully designed and proportioned on that account.

As the fireplace is the chief source of interest in a room, the grouping of chairs and sofas about it involves an exercise of the greatest tact and discretion. Happily this is a point on which more thought is being daily expended. A silly little straight-back gilt chair has no business before the fire at any time, being as ill-conducive to comfort as a school-room bench. In a library, one wants the ample, the reposeful, that which invites to the quiet hour. The drawing-room has still other requirements, independent of purely historical values. One must provide for conversation here, make interruptions easy, and never neglect the possibility of tea.

In rooms of sufficient size the placing of two long sofas facing each other, and at right angles to the fire, solves many a difficulty. It is a fashion which has been followed for some years, though the real success of the method depends upon the place occupied by the hearth itself. When the entrance to a long room is in one of the narrower walls and directly faces the chimney, the windows being on either side, the effect of the sofas longitudinally placed only adds to the feeling of length, besides robbing the arrangement of that suggestion of privacy which is so desirable in fireside groups. For that reason it is better when the fireplace comes at the end of a long vista to place but one sofa, directly opposite the blaze. When a table with its lamps and books is placed back of this one sofa, an idea of protection is at once suggested.

When, however, the fireplace is at right angles to the entrance door, the two long sofas placed on either side of the hearth suggest the need of



LOUIS XV FIREPLACE IN THRONE ROOM OF FONTAINEBLEAU

Carved marble, ornamented with ormolu shell in middle, and lion's head at each end. Fire-back shows arms of France and Navarre.



LOUIS XVI WHITE MARBLE FIREPLACE IN QUEEN'S BOUDOIR AT  
FONTAINEBLEAU

White marble ornamented with ormolu

approaches which are altogether delightful,—to still more secluded corners, as it were, and yet closer to the blaze. In one drawing-room that I know, the fireplace is of stone richly carved, its hood extending to the cornice. The two long sofas facing each other are covered with old ruby-red velvet, with cushions adapted to every requirement of polite elbow and back. Drawn up by the heads of these sofas, and easily turned for a tête-à-tête, are several large cathedral chairs, also covered with red. That which makes the composition so delightful, so suggestive of hospitality and charm, is the fact that the door does not immediately open upon the scene. One who enters must first

turn, getting with his momentary pause on the threshold a certain mental adjustment. To approach without being bidden would be impossible.

Color, textile, the quality and design of the furniture, the prevailing fashion of the room itself, all tend to relieve this arrangement of sofas and chairs around a fireplace of too great a sense of sameness. Individuality, and therefore variety, are lent by the householder's touch by the flowers she introduces in juxtaposition, the pictures and porcelains she affects, her arrangement of lights, and the provision she makes either for the comfort of her guests, or their observance of a rigid formality.

Absolutely distinct, then, from that of the example just quoted, is the impression produced by an almost identical arrangement in another drawing-room. It is an Adam room. The white marble fireplace follows classic lines. On its shelf are three rare porcelain vases, beautiful in color and form. Over the whole hangs a mirror enclosed in a frame of gilded wood, a genuine example, charming in design and showing delicately carved birds and branches outspread on the wall, with spaces between which relieve the composition of all suggestion of heaviness. The two sofas in this instance are covered with a blue-green silk damask like that of the walls, while chairs upholstered with the same stuff

are drawn up in casual fashion. A table prevents too ready an approach to the fire.

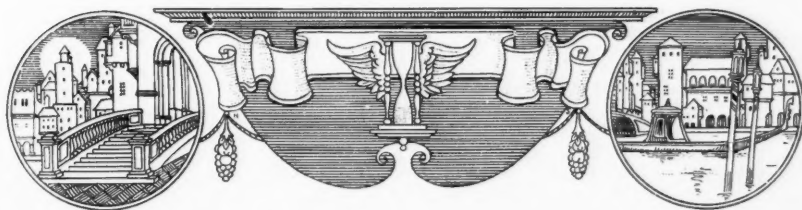
Not for a moment must it be inferred that the visitor in either case must stumble over anything on his way to the blaze. Access is easy, though guarded. To so arrange furniture that one must bump against it is a crime, but in rooms that are ample this necessity never exists, and every latitude is allowed the householder for securing not only all the protection she demands in the distribution of her groups, but in the exercise of all the originality she possesses.

In small rooms, on the other hand, approaches to the fire should be left absolutely free. In ready-made houses this is a subject too often neglected, especially in those where the room is narrow and the entrance door directly faces the fireplace. Groups of stationary sofas and chairs suggestive of intimacy are impossible here, and the really tactful hostess never attempts it. She leaves the fireplace free to all, to those who would like to stand on her hearth rug, and those who come in for the moment chilled. Her stationary sofas and chairs she arranges in protected places, where the influence of the flames can be felt without being monopolized.

The special treatment of the hearth involves a question in which no two sets of people are ever found to agree. There must always be those who cling to their ashes, as there must be those who insist on the brightly garnished hearth-stone, some daily new arrange-

ment of kindling and cut paper which makes the whole affair look as though the jeweller had been called in to assist. There are those, too, who like fire-boards in summer and those who like cut branches, even pots of flowers when the days grow warm. No one rule can be set down, nor is any universally observed. To some the whole question must always remain one of pure affectation about which there can be no reasoning; while to others the only point worth considering is one of the affections. Human sentiments are so closely involved with those who love the fire-side that every latitude in the way of ashes must be allowed. *For it is the fireplace which tells the whole story of a house.* One reads it in the kind of chairs drawn up to the blaze—the solitary chair, sometimes, with its table and lamp,—and even in the way the chair is made to face. One sees it in the picture over the shelf, in the candles set out, in the things which one has chosen to place on the mantel, in the ashes on the hearth, in the way the logs are laid, the tongs and shovels, the extra wood or lump of ever-ready cannel coal. One knows at once whether refinement prevails, good housekeeping, regard for the niceties, or only sham; whether the daily intercourse is fed by sentiment, or whether the whole life is arid of finer touches. And all this is true whatever the fireplace, whether Gothic, or Jacobean, or eighteenth-century, whether it be found in summer camp or city house, in bedroom or in salon.

"Show me a man's fireplace, and I will show you the man."





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THE HOUSE ONCE OCCUPIED BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON AT MONTEREY, CALIFORNIA

## A FOREIGN TOUR AT HOME

By HENRY HOLT

### IV

#### MONTEREY—CARMEL



FROM Santa Barbara we went beside the sea to Monterey. At the station of the Hotel Del Monte, we were greeted by the Professor of Beneficence. He had written that we were to meet there, and be driven next day for tea to his shack by the sea at Carmel.

He was in evening dress, which reminded me that forty-five years ago, I went to a private evening entertainment in a capital city not as far west as the Mississippi, where no one was in evening dress, and at least one man lacked a cravat. When it came to the Del Monte dining-room, I found the Professor in a minority, but a respectably large one. It was

too late for me reasonably to take the time to make myself one of them; and as the question came up more than once in California, I settled it on the principle that a traveller is not under quite the same responsibilities in such regards as a sojourner.

For many years back, pictures had made the Hotel Del Monte among my visions of beauty, and its architecture justified at least the antiquity of the impression. It is in the wooden-bracketed, trefoiled, Gothic style eked out with fret sawing, which was called a revival, instead of a galvanization, in the third quarter of the last century.

But the grounds were all that my fancy and the lithographic artists had painted them, *plus* acres and acres of forest and lake, into which bits of garden and shrubbery are lavishly injected. Immediately around the hotel are acres of flowers and tropical

verdure. To irrigate all this (for the land goes eight or nine months a year without rain), and incidentally to supply the little town of Monterey with water, were spent, on a conduit from the mountains, we were told, two million dollars.

I did not suppose that anything like Monterey survived outside of the tropics. It consists mainly of a hundred or two small two-story houses, plastered outside, and with wooden balconies on the second story. Some have no balconies. One of them, in place of a balcony, has a big commercial-looking sign bearing the words "*R. L. Stevenson House*," like the sign of a hotel, which indeed it may be, for all I know. There the master (is the word too big?) led an existence that must have required all his imagination and religion of cheerfulness to make it tolerable, unless indeed he could frequently forsake the town—as God seems to have done permanently,—and go and possess his soul among the surroundings.

I could hardly seek for a grip on mine, even through the more-or-less

famous Monterey Bay, though it curves north out of sight. I think the grip might be found easier to the south, amid the cypresses which border the ocean by the justly famous seventeen-mile drive. They are one of some half dozen groups of trees which play an important part in the redemption of the world—such groups as Burnham Beeches and the California big-tree groves. This cypress grove strikes its roots as far back into time as the oldest of them, and has its full share of effects peculiarly its own. The grove is almost a jungle—cypress, cypress everywhere, apparently trailing along the ground, in bushes, and in trees with trunks four or five feet thick. I don't know whether there is a "prostrate" cypress, as there is a prostrate juniper, and did n't bother myself to get into the tangle to find out. If what seemed like it is merely parts of trees bent or fallen in the general tangle, the effect is the same—it is a thicket, a swamp, if you please, barring the water, of cypress verdure. Little Pard, who is an artist and a good one,



HOTEL DEL MONTE, MONTEREY, CALIFORNIA



"OSTRICH" CYPRESS TREES ON SEVENTEEN-MILE DRIVE, MONTEREY, CALIFORNIA

and whom we caught, with delighted surprise, coming out of that bath at Santa Barbara, and who said that he could see more of his New York friends in Santa Barbara, and more of those he saw, than in New York (and I believe him)—Little Pard said we must get the government to make a national reservation of those cypresses; and I believe that too, as I do everything he says.

Those cypresses do such queer things! Two of them, great big fellows, on a lovely point running out into the ocean, incline toward each other like the uprights of the capital letter A, but instead of getting to a point (they are not the pointed or cylindrical kind) they stop at the cross-piece, and mingle and spread their branches in such shape that at a distance they show the form of a colossal ostrich, the great trunks being the striding legs. Other trees do other queer things "too numerous to mention," especially as I had time to get only the general feel of them. The whole grove is one of the queerest places on earth, and not without beauty—much beauty, if much beauty can ever be queer.

Then if you go on by the rocks and seals and beaches and strange flowers, a few miles farther, you will come to Carmel Bay. It curves around some

half-dozen miles, and on its southern arm holds a beautiful mountain, and there are other beautiful mountains continuing toward and along the west. Perhaps it is the most beautiful bay I ever saw, unless that is the bay over beyond Posilippo—which is more beautiful than the Bay of Naples.

We did not know, when we started on the seventeen-mile drive, that it was going to take us, in this strange new country, to a dear old friend—but there the friend was!

The Bay of Carmel had been a dear old friend ever since we first saw it—just one day before, when the Professor drove us inland to his shack, which is one of several on the shore about the middle of the bay, between the water and the enterprising village which is being promoted beyond the wood behind the shacks—some of them what we in America call villas,—perhaps because the Italians made the name for something else.

The California shack is rather a typical thing, and pervades farm, inland village or even city, as freely as it does the Carmel shore. It is generally of one story with roof sloping up from all four sides, averages about twenty-five feet square, has a piazza generally recessed along half the front, is apt to be covered with unpainted redwood shingles, and con-

tains a living-room along the whole front, with bedrooms in the rear. There are much larger (and much smaller) variations on this theme, some of them running up to two stories and even more.

The Professor's living-room had a generous fireplace, of course; and some nice Oriental things lay around. After he had installed us there, he drove back to the hotel in the village, and returned bringing with him Mary the Interpreter, who writes about men and women and birds and beasts and mountains and deserts so that God's making of them is felt by readers who generally can hardly feel at all.

Mary brought with her a bag of cakes of a kind "made in Germany," and the Professor produced some wonderful tea, and piled a lot of pine cones upon the hearth, and hung the kettle over them, and soon we all realized that we had always lived there together, and always would.

This being established, it was not irksome to have to hurry off to see the oldest of the California Missions, where lies Padre Junipero Serra, the founder of them all. It is a plain little church, nothing but nave and tower, the bell still hanging there visibly, with a quaint outside staircase leading up to it. A buttress or two and a sacristy have been stuck on where needed, in frank independence of all canons of architecture. Beside the church, there is nothing left where the priests once were, but some adobe ruins which give but little idea of their former uses. Down the hill lives an old custodian whom, Mary said, it would pain to deliver less than his whole story; and as that would take fifteen minutes, we had not time enough to risk sending for him. Altera is very sure that Mary did not say this before I, with reminiscence of the ugly interior of the beautiful Santa Barbara church, had asked: "Are not all Mission church interiors much alike?" The interiors are ugly, you see, because they are not left in the noble simplicity of the exteriors, but decoration is attempted—crude counterfeits of marble pilasters, In-

dian symbols (*not* Navajo Indian), votive offerings and the other gingerbread horrors we all know. Yet despite all this, Altera says that Mary considered my language profane, and that now, although she still believes God made everything else, she is uncertain whether He made me.

Be that as it may, my presence did not prevent her telling us that the peasants (how was I to remember that we were in the land of "freedom and equality"?—that the peasants believe that on San Carlos' Day, at midnight, Junipero Serra comes back to the church and says mass. He has disappointed the congregation sometimes, but they always decorate the church and wait for him. Mary told us that she waited with them once, but even to her he did not come. I am not at all sure that she is right. I think it possible that he was there, though she did not see him. I do not think that he said mass, but yet, that if his successor said it, Junipero, considering the needs of the people, approved. I even go so far as to suspect that when Mary is at Carmel, Junipero is very apt, now and then, to be there, too, and—without her knowing it—to help her interpret many things.

Since then, a letter from Mary contradicts one or two things I had written. She says:

There are two traditions as to the time when Father Serra comes back to the Mission Carmelo, one to the effect that it is Christmas Day; the other that it is the eve of San Carlos' Day (Nov. 9th). I know this latter is the correct date; for I was there and saw him come back. The church was all decorated in honor of the feast of San Carlos, upon which day all the Indians who are left, and all those who have Indian blood in them, resort to the Mission to a special service. From the little portable altar of San Carlos, which stood directly in front of the chancel, evergreen crosses stretched away along the dim-lit sides, and by the light of Machado's one lantern, we saw, just at the midnight hour, a change and a flicker pass before the high altar. Outside, a sea wind came up with a scud

of flying cloud across the moon, and the great door creaked on its hinges, and the shrubs that grow on the north buttresses scraped softly on the roof with a swish of

California when the State came into our possession, and in the Presidio (where we have a garrison), on the hill overlooking the bay, is built a



CARMEL MISSION, NEAR MONTEREY, CALIFORNIA

shuffling moccasins—and nobody who was present on that occasion denies that Padre Serra came back.

Another reason for believing that November 9th is the proper date is that the tradition rose from the fact that Father Serra promised, shortly before his death, to hold one hundred masses in honor of the patron of the Mission, and as the good Padre never broke his word, he had to go on coming back after he was dead, and though the hundred years were up in 1884, he seems to have got in the habit of it. As Father Serra died in August, it seemed more than likely that the nearer date of San Carlos was in his mind, and this is all as true as that Charlotte kissed the relic of San Carlos the next day at the tail end of a procession of Indians, Portuguese, Mexicans and half-breeds."

The next afternoon we walked through the beautiful Del Monte grounds south to the big bath-house and casino on the shore, and thence a quarter of a mile or more, on a broad board walk, for a second visit to Monterey. This Monterey is not to be confused with the city that General Taylor took, in Mexico, near the Gulf. Ours was the old Capital of

pedestal for a monument to Commodore Sloat, who first raised the flag over our new possession, with its unsuspected wealth of gold. On that hill, too, is a monument erected by Mrs. Leland Stanford to Junipero Serra. He is represented in his friar's costume, standing in a boat, with one hand raised in benediction. Some iconoclast, who perhaps objected to the papistical attitude, has broken off the fingers.

The ball-room of the Del Monte was, for the time being, turned into a gallery of pictures by California artists. I was struck by some really poetic aspects of San Francisco after the earthquake, rendered by Peters, who, I was told, readily sells most of his pictures in London. In New York very few people know anything about him. And there was, by Cadinasso, an avenue of tall, irregular eucalyptus trees, massive but broken and rugged, softened but magnified by mist, which completed that protean tree's conquest of Altera. There were also some impressive photographs by Curtis (not a Californian, but living farther up the coast) of Indians and soldiers and frontiersmen,

and shacks on the desert and in the mountains, and Rembrandt-like interiors of camps and huts. Keith was not in this exhibition; but there was enough of it to add to my growing impression that this coast is getting very independent of ours.

The Del Monte is a good hotel, as are all the California hostelrys of the better class, but I had one experience there which, in the light of later ones, grew significant. I wanted to send a telegram. The operator was out but would be back in an hour. An hour passed—two hours; no operator. The clerk said: "Pretty much everybody around here is asleep at this time of day." In the evening I wanted to learn if my telegram had been delivered at its destination. No operator, though it was within regular hours. There were two telegraph offices in the hotel. I had a somewhat similar experience with the other.

We went to San Francisco by Santa Cruz, at the north end of Monterey Bay—a watering-place where they were building a magnificent casino and bath-house. We reached San Francisco about three o'clock the next morning—hours late, as was every train I took in California. These were among the experiences alluded to in the preceding paragraph. More will be set down later. The trains had already killed over twenty of the poor "Shriners" who had started homeward from Los Angeles; and in our short California journeyings we had waited for a train delayed by one which had killed three or four people up the road; and the delayed one, which passed us an hour or two afterwards, killed a few more later.

### CALIFORNIA'S UNIVERSITIES

Our first day in San Francisco was spent twenty or thirty miles away, at Palo Alto—if the Hibernianism be permitted. The dear Professor (or rather exemplar) of Beneficence met us at the station, and within a quarter of a mile of it we entered,

through a beautiful stone portal, the palm-bordered avenue leading, for perhaps a mile, to the stately group of buildings housing Leland University. Before the earthquake, this group was entered under a great arch, whose remaining piers are now roofed in Mission style, and serve as a pair of massive gate posts. This arch had been built higher than Richardson designed it, and was admitted to be one of the mistakes touching which some peculiar comments will be quoted later.

Far behind the piers, over some buildings low only in comparison, rises the great façade of the church, with its mosaics that remind one of the glittering front of San Marco. The massive tower, that had stood at the intersection of the nave and transepts, is down—a retribution, President Jordan wrote me, for putting a Gothic tower on a Romanesque church. The theme was taken up by the wife of a Harvard professor, who said that evidently when Mrs. Stanford reached the other world, she realized some of her mistakes in this one, and asked God to obliterate them.

Well, it was, and even now is, a great group of buildings. Starting with Aladdin-like wealth at command, the university rose, like his palace, us a unit, not piecemeal. Richardson had the main combination sketched out, though he did not live to finish it. Roughly speaking, the buildings are a collection of cloistered quadrangles, the fourth side sometimes lacking, and are connected by continuations of the cloisters. The spaces are so great that the length of these cloisters actually amounts to miles. This unified group contains, besides its point of emphasis—the church aforesaid,—the library, administrative offices, teachers' studies, and most of the laboratories and halls of assembly and instruction. In addition to this central group are a much newer library building nearly destroyed, a museum, and some dormitories and residences of the officers—outlying but symmetrically placed (except when too remote to effect the general



APPROACH TO STANFORD UNIVERSITY  
Showing main entrance which was ruined by the earthquake

scheme). A little west of the impressive entrance avenue, and concealed from it by the grove, is a mausoleum containing the earthly remains of the Stanford family.

We had no time for the details of a scheme so immense. I remember a passing impression of good bronze doors on the church, of a good though rather cold galleried hall where social functions are held, and of a window in the library copying Holman Hunt's "Light of the World" in which, at my distance in passing, the most noticeable thing was the effect of actual illumination from the lantern of transparent glass beside the dark and relatively opaque glass of the robes.

The university stands in a plain. The "campus" is practically illimitable, being the great ranch devoted by Senator Stanford to his race-horses and agricultural amusements generally. If it turns out as favorable to the coltish creatures now under training there, as it did to their equine predecessors, the end of California's troubles will be on the horizon.

The grounds contain a wealth of the glorious California gardens, and many interesting trees, including a cork tree which, if I remember rightly, the Professor told us he believed to be indigenous, yet which was, so far as he knew, unique. Much like the bark of the cork tree is that of the live oak. The President's allotment contains some splendid specimens

which illustrated to us the ways of the California woodpecker. That enterprising and forehanded bird, when he has made a hole in the bark large enough to suit him, sticks an acorn in it. A large portion of these trees was bossed with them. But the trunks are not, as they appear, mere granaries, but are breeding farms. In time a worm appears in each acorn, and then the woodpecker or some other woodpecker has a tidbit. I hope he finds it worth the trouble, and does not manage it merely as an automaton, and especially that the socialistic quality of his work is justified. But I fear that his meat costs him relatively more than does that of his human colleague, who also breeds his fellow-creatures to their death for his own advantage—even more than it would cost man, had he yet risen to the possibility of producing it with so little thought of self. As a meat-eater, though, I participate while I decry: at this stage of evolution our efficiency seems to depend on it.

Besides the decorations to the Leland Stanford grounds, made by the flowers, the bossed oaks and other trees, are a few bits of statuary touching which an understanding does not appear to have been reached in the alleged interview between God and Mrs. Stanford.

A lunch at the home of a friend on the grounds illustrated what this trip was constantly illustrating—the identity of ways west and east, with

just variety enough, through variety in local facilities, to add spice.

This "remote" institution has a larger endowment than any other American university. Next, in order, come Columbia, Harvard, Cornell, Yale and Princeton. In annual yield of their properties, however, the order is Harvard, Columbia, Cornell, Yale, Leland Stanford, Princeton. In the pay of their full professors, Harvard standshighest, and Stanford next.

A couple of days later, we were at the University of California at Berkeley. There could hardly be a greater contrast between two establishments for kindred purposes. I understand, however, that the kindred purposes are pretty well differentiated—that Natural Science leads at Leland Stanford, and the Humanities at Berkeley. By the way, I don't know that I have ever heard "the Humanities" defined, though of course one often hears them enumerated. How would *subjects of human creation* do for a defi-

nition? It clearly indicates the conflict as to the superiority between them and the "Natural Sciences," as between "the works of man" and "the works of God"; or, to show other sides of the respective shields, between thinking Man and brute Nature; or, so on, *ad infinitum*, one appearing brighter when one pair of aspects is contrasted, and the other appearing brighter as the next pair is brought into view. My latest impression on the subject was in mentally comparing the reposeful idealistic face of a Berkeley professor of one of the Humanities, whom we met in the Yosemite, with the abiding impression I have carried for a year, of the strong, penetrative and effective faces of the groups of alumni of the Yale Scientific School whom I noticed at last Commencement.

But to return to Berkeley compared with Leland Stanford. Stanford is organically mapped out on a plain, Berkeley is tumbled in almost at haphazard on rolling ground which has



LELAND STANFORD MEMORIAL CHURCH, AT STANFORD UNIVERSITY



GENERAL VIEW OF UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA

barely enough level spaces here and there for the buildings; Berkeley has, running through the grounds, little wooded canyons, and if I remember rightly, brooks; Stanford would hardly give water a chance to run down hill. Stanford riots in formal gardening; Berkeley glories in untamed Nature, or at least in Nature tamed only far enough to help practical uses. Stanford, with its universal yellow building-stone, being what Altera calls "too glaring" to be sure of approval by her and other superior persons, is nevertheless one of the architectural glories of the earth; while Berkeley's buildings have all colors that brick and wood can take, largely veiled by foliage, and no architecture, unless that of the Greek theatre, that rises to the neighborhood of glory. Stanford's chief structures illustrate the ideas of the last half-dozen centuries worked over in Boston; Berkeley's chief structure is a motive over two thousand years old. The Stanford schemes are all wrought out in stone; the Berkeley theatre, in plaster. At Stanford the names oftenest heard would probably

be Spencer and Darwin; at Berkeley, Sophocles and Æschylus.

The total impression left by Berkeley is that of the self-denying struggle that true education has long had to make in a world given over to baser interests, while the impression left by Stanford is one of magnificence—perhaps the greatest magnificence yet shown through the new tendency of the powers of that practical world to ally themselves with education, and to their own greater development.

Through all the wonderful interests and distractions of this long journey, my face had been turned toward Berkeley as a shrine: in its library hangs the principal portrait of Sill (who was a professor there), whom I began to love, as boys can, at Yale, and whose genius we all gloried in even then. The portrait is spoiled by an opaque brown color, probably bad pigments, which pervaded the land at that time—one of the new benefactions of coal oil? The portrait being as it was, the emotions before the shrine were—what I have long suspected emotions generally are when premeditatedly sought in special circumstances and surroundings.

*(To be continued)*

# AT LARGE\*

By ARTHUR C. BENSON

## XII

### THE LOVE OF GOD



OW strange it is that what is often the latest reward of the toiler after holiness, the extreme solace of the outwearied saint, should be too often made the first irksome article of a childish creed! To tell a child that it is a duty to love God better than father or mother, sisters and brothers, better than play, or stories, or food, or toys—what a monstrous thing is that! It is one of the things that make religion into a dreary and darkling shadow, that haunt the path of the innocent. The child's love is all for tangible, audible, and visible things. Love for him means kind words and smiling looks, ready comfort and lavished kisses; the child does not even love things for being beautiful, but for being what they are—curious, characteristic, interesting. He loves the odd frowsy smell of the shut-up attic, the bright ugly ornaments of the chimney-piece, the dirt of the street. He has no sense of critical taste. Besides, words mean so little to him, or even bear odd, fantastic associations, which no one can divine, and which he himself is unable to express; he has no notion of an abstract, essential, spiritual thing, apart from what is actual to his senses.

And then into this little concrete mind, so full of small definite images, so faltering and frail, is thrust this

vast, remote notion—that he is bound to love something hidden and terrible, something that looks at him from the blank sky when he is alone among the garden-beds, something which haunts empty rooms and the dark brake of the woodland. Moreover, a child, with its preternatural sensitiveness to pain, its bewildered terror of punishment, learns, side by side with this, that the God whom he is to love thus tenderly is the God who lays about Him so fiercely in the Old Testament, slaying the innocent with the guilty, merciless, harsh, inflicting the irreparable stroke of death, where a man would be concerned with desiring amendment more than vengeance. The simple questions with which the man Friday poses Robinson Crusoe, and to which he receives so ponderous an answer, are the questions which naturally arise in the mind of any thoughtful child. Why, if God be so kind and loving, does He not make an end of evil at once? Yet, because such questions are unanswerable by the wisest, the child is, for the convenience of his education, made to feel that he is wicked if he questions what he is taught. How many children will persevere, in the innocent scepticism which is so natural and so desirable, under a sense of disapproval?

One of my own earliest experiences in the ugly path of religious gloom was that I recognised quite clearly to myself that I did not love

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God at all. I did not know Him, I had no reason to think Him kind; He was angry with me, I gathered, if I was ill-tempered and untruthful. I was well enough aware by childish instinct that my mother did not cease to love me when I was naughty, but I could not tell about God. And yet I knew that, with His terrible power of knowing everything, He was well aware that I did not love Him. It was best to forget about Him as much as possible, for it spoiled one's pleasure to think about it. All the little amusements and idle businesses that were so dear to me, He probably disapproved of them all, and was only satisfied when I was safe at my lessons or immured in church. Sunday was the sort of day He liked, and how I detested it!—the toys put away, little ugly books about the Holy Land to read, an air of deep dreariness about it all. Thus does religion become a weariness from the outset.

How slowly, and after what strange experience, by what infinite delay of deduction, does the love of God dawn upon the soul! Even then how faint and subtle an essence it is! In deep anxiety, under unbearable strain, in the grip of a dilemma of which either issue seems intolerable, in weariness of life, in hours of flagging vitality, the mighty tide begins to flow strongly and tranquilly into the soul. One did not make oneself; one did not make one's sorrows, even when they arose from one's own weakness and perversity. There was a meaning, a significance about it all; one was indeed on pilgrimage; and then comes the running to the Father's knee, and the casting oneself in utter and broken weakness upon the one Heart that understands perfectly and utterly, and which does, which must, desire the best and truest. "Give me courage, hope, confidence," says the desolate soul.

I can endure Thy bitterest decrees,  
If *certain* of Thy love.

How would one amend all this if one had the power? Alas! it could only be by silencing all stupid and

clumsy people, all rigid parents, all diplomatic priests, all the horrible natures who lick their lips with a fierce zest over the pains that befall the men with whom they do not agree. I would teach a child, in defiance even of reason, that God is the one Power that loves and understands him through thick and thin; that He punishes with anguish and sorrow; that He exults in forgiveness and mercy; that He rejoices in innocent happiness; that He loves courage, and brightness, and kindness, and cheerful self-sacrifice; that things mean, and vile, and impure, and cruel, are things that He does not love to punish, but sad and soiling stains that He beholds with shame and tears. This, it seems to me, is the Gospel teaching about God, impossible only because of the hardness of our hearts. But if it *were* possible, a child might grow to feel about sin, not that it was a horrible and unpardonable failure, a thing to afflict oneself dreadfully about, but that it was rather a thing which, when once spurned, however humiliating, could minister to progress, in a way in which untroubled happiness could not operate—to be forgotten, perhaps, but certainly to be forgiven; a privilege rather than a hindrance, a gate rather than a barrier; a shadow upon the path, out of which one would pass, with such speed as one might, into the blitheness of the free air and the warm sun. I remember a terrible lecture which I heard as a little bewildered boy at school, anxious to do right, terrified of oppression, and coldness, and evil alike; given by a worthy Evangelical clergyman, with large spectacles, and a hollow voice, and a great relish for spiritual terrors. The subject was "the exceeding sinfulness of sin," a proposition which I now see to be as true as if one lectured on the exceeding carnality of flesh. But the lecture spoke of the horrible and filthy corruption of the human heart, its determined delight in wallowing in evil, its desperate wickedness. I believed it, dully and hopelessly, as a boy believes what is told him by a voluble elderly person of obvious re-

spectability. But what a detestable theory of life, what an ugly picture of divine incompetence!

Of course there are abundance of facts in the world which look like anything but love—the ruthless and merciless punishment of carelessness and ignorance, the dark laws of heredity, the wastefulness and cruelty of disease, the dismal acquiescence of stupid, healthy, virtuous persons, without sympathy or imagination, in the hardships which they were strong enough to bear unscathed. One of the prime terrors of religion is the thought of the heavy-handed, unintelligent, tiresome men who would make it a monopoly if they could, and bear it triumphantly away from the hands of modest, humble, quiet, and tender-hearted people, chiding them as nebulous optimists.

Who are the people in this short life of ours whom one remembers with deep and abiding gratitude? Not those who have rebuked, and punished, and satirised, and humiliated us—striking down the stricken, and flattening the prostrate—but the people who have been patient with us, and kind; who have believed in us, and comforted us, and welcomed us, and forgiven us everything; who have given us largely of their love, who have lent without requiring repayment, who have given us emotional rather than prudential reasons; who have cared for us, not as a duty but by some divine instinct; who have made endless excuses for us, believing that the true self was there and would emerge; who have pardoned our misdeeds and forgotten our meannesses.

This is what I would believe of God—that He is not our censorious and severe critic, but our champion and lover, not loving us in spite of what we are, but because of what we are; who in the days of our strength rejoices in our joy, and does not wish to overshadow it, like the conscientious human mentor, with considerations that we must yet be withered like grass; and who, when the youthful ebullience dies away, and the spring grows weak, and we wonder

why the zest has died out of simple pleasures, out of agreeable noise and stir, is still with us, reminding us that the wisdom we are painfully and surely gaining is a deeper and more lasting quality than even the hot impulses of youth.

Once in my life have I conceived what might have been, if I had had the skill to paint it, an immortal picture. It was thus: I was attending a Christmas morning service in a big parish church. I was in a pew facing east; close to me, in a transept, in a pew facing sideways, there sat a little old woman, who had hurried in just before the service began. She was a widow, living, I afterwards learnt, in an almshouse hard by. She was old and feeble, very poor, and her life had been a series of calamities, relieved upon a background of the hardest and humblest drudgery. She had lost her husband years ago by a painful and terrible illness. She had lost her children one by one; she was alone in the world, save for a few distant and indifferent relatives. To get into the almshouse had been for her a stroke of incredible and inconceivable good fortune. She had a single room, with a tiny kitchen off it. She had very little to say for herself; she could hardly read. No one took any particular interest in her; but she was a kindly, gallant, unselfish old soul, always ready to bear a hand, full of gratitude for the kindnesses she had received—and God alone knows how few they had been.

She had a small, ugly, homely face, withered and gnarled hands; and she was dressed that day in a little old bonnet of unheard-of age, and in dingy, frowsy black clothes, shiny and creased, that came out of their box perhaps half a dozen times a year.

But this morning she was in a festal mood. She had tidied up her little room; she was going to have a bit of meat for her dinner, given her by a neighbour. She had been sent a Christmas card that morning, and had pored over it with delight. She

liked the stir and company of the church, and the cheerful air of the hollyberries. She held her book up before her, though I do not suppose she was even at the right page. She kept up a little faint cracked singing in her thin old voice; but when they came to the hymn "Hark, the herald angels sing," which she had always known from childhood, she lifted up her head and sang more courageously:

Join the triumph of the skies!  
With the angelic host proclaim,  
Christ is born in Bethlehem!

It was then that I had my vision. I do not know why, but at the sight of the wrinkled face and the sound of the plaintive uplifted voice, singing such words, a sudden mist of tears came over my eyes. Then I saw that close behind the old dame there stood a very young and beautiful man. I could see the fresh curling hair thrown back from the clear brow. He was clothed in a dim robe, of an opalescent hue and misty texture, and his hands were clasped together. It seemed that he sang too; but his eyes were bent upon the old woman with a look, half of tender amusement, and half of unutterable lovingness. The angelic host! This was one of that bright company indeed, going about the Father's business, bringing a joyful peace into the hearts of those among whom he moved. And of all the worshippers in that crowded church he had singled out the humblest and simplest for his friend and sister. I saw no more that day, for the lines of that presence faded out upon the air in the gleams of the frosty sunshine that came and went among the pillars. But if I could have painted the scene—the pure, untroubled face so close to the old, worn features, the robes of light side by side with the dingy human vesture—it would be a picture that no living eye that had rested on it should forget.

Alas that one cannot live in moments of inspiration like these! As life goes on, and as we begin perhaps to grow a little nearer to God by

faith, we are confronted in our own lives, or in the life of one very near us, by some intolerable and shameful catastrophe. A careless sin makes havoc of a life, and shadows a home with shame; or some generous and unselfish nature, useful, beneficent, urgently needed, is struck down with a painful and hopeless malady. This, too, we say to ourselves, must come from God: He might have prevented it if He had so willed. What are we to make of it? How are we to translate into terms of love what seems like an act of tyrannous indifference, or deliberate cruelty? Then, I think, it is well to remind ourselves that we can never know exactly the conditions of any other human soul. How little we know of our own! How little we could explain our case to another even if we were utterly sincere! The weaknesses of our nature are often, very tenderly I would believe, hidden from us; we think ourselves sensitive and weak, when in reality we are armed with a stubborn breastplate of complacency and pride; or we think ourselves strong, only because the blows of circumstance have been spared us. The more one knows of the most afflicted lives, the more often the conviction flashes across us that the affliction is not a wanton outrage, but a delicately adjusted treatment.

I remember that once to a friend of mine was sent a rare plant, which he set in a big flower-pot, close to a fountain-basin. It never thrived; it lived indeed, putting out in the spring a delicate stunted foliage, though my friend, who was a careful gardener, could never divine what ailed it. He was away for a few weeks, and the day after he was gone the flower-pot was broken by a careless garden-boy, who wheeled a barrow roughly past it; the plant, earth and all, fell into the water; the boy removed the broken pieces of the pot, and seeing that the plant had sunk to the bottom of the little pool, never troubled his head to fish it out. When my friend returned, he noticed one day in the fountain a new and luxuriant growth of some unknown plant. He made

careful inquiries and found out what had happened. It then came out that the plant was in reality a water-plant, and that it had pined away in the stifling air for want of nourishment, perhaps dimly longing for the fresh bed of the pool.

Even so has it been, times without number, with some starving and thirsty soul, that has gone on feebly trying to live a maimed life, shut up in itself, ailing, feeble. There has descended upon it what looks at first sight like a calamity, some affliction unaccountable and irreparable; and then it proves that this was the one thing needed; that sorrow has brought out some latent unselfishness, or suffering energised some unused faculty of strength and patience.

But even if it is not so, if we cannot trace in our own lives or the lives of others the beneficent influence of suffering, we can always take refuge in one thought: We can see that the one mighty and transforming power on earth is the power of love; we see people make sacrifices—not momentary sacrifices, but lifelong patient renunciations—for the sake of one whom they love; we see a great and passionate affection touch into being a whole range of unsuspected powers; we see men and women utterly unconscious of pain and weariness, utterly unaware that they are acting without a thought of self, if they can but soothe the pain of one dear to them, or win a smile from beloved lips; it is not that the selfishness, the indolence, is not there, but it is all borne away upon a mighty stream, as the river-wrack spins upon the rising flood.

If then this marvellous, this amazing power of love, can cause men to make, with joy and gladness, sacrifices of which in their loveless days they would have deemed themselves and confessed themselves wholly incapable, can we not feel with confidence that the power which lies thus deepest in the heart of the world lies also deepest in the heart of God, of whom the world is but a faint reflection? It cannot be

otherwise. We may sadly ponder, indeed, why the love that has been, or that might have been, the strength of weary lives should be withdrawn or sternly withheld: but we need not be afraid, if we have one generous impulse for another, if we ever put aside a delight that may please or attract us, for the sake of one who expects or would value any smallest service—and there are few who cannot feel this,—we need not then, I say, doubt that the love which we desire, and which we have somehow missed or lost, is there waiting for us, ours all the time, if we but knew it.

And even if we miss the sweet influence of love in our lives, is there anyone who has not, in solitude and dreariness, looked back upon the time when he was surrounded by love and opportunities of love, in childhood or in youth, with a bitter regret that he did not make more of them when they were so near to him, that he was so blind and selfish, that he was not a little tenderer, a little more kind? I will speak frankly for myself and say that the memories which hurt me most, when I stumble upon them, are those of the small occasions when I showed myself perverse and hard; when eyes, long since closed, looked at me with a pathetic expectancy; when I warded off the loving impulse by some jealous sense of my own rights, some peevish anger at a fancied injustice; when I stifled the smile, and withheld the hand, and turned away in silence, glad, in that poisonous moment, to feel that I could at all events inflict that pain in base requital. One may know that it is all forgiven, one may be sure that the misunderstanding has faded in the light of the other dawn, but still the cold, base shadow, the thought of one's perverse cruelty, strikes a gloom upon the mind.

But with God, when one once begins to draw near to Him, one need have no such poignant regrets or overshadowing memories; one may say to Him in one's heart, as simply as a child, that He knows what one has

been and is, what one might have been and what one desires to be; and one may cast oneself at His feet in the overwhelming hope that He will make of oneself what He would have one to be.

In the Parable of the Prodigal Son, it is not the poor wretch himself, whose miserable motive for returning is plainly indicated—that instead of pining in cold and hunger he may be warmed and clothed—who is the hero of the story; still less is it the hard and virtuous elder son. The hero of the tale is the patient, tolerant, loving father, who had acted, as a censorious critic might say, foolishly and culpably, in supplying the dissolute boy with resources, and taking him back without a word of just reproach. A sad lack of moral discipline, no doubt! If he had kept the boy in fear and godliness, if he had tied him down to honest work, the disaster need never have happened. Yet the old man, who went so often at sundown, we may think, to the crest of the hill, from which he could see the long road winding over the plain to the far-off city, the road by which he had seen his son depart, light-heartedly and full of fierce, joyful impulses, and along which he was to see the dejected figure, so familiar, so sadly marred, stumbling home—he is the master-spirit of the sweet and comforting scene. His heart is full of utter gladness, for the lost is found. He smiles upon the servants; he bids the household rejoice; he can hardly, in his simple joy of heart, believe that the froward elder brother is vexed and displeased; and his words of entreaty that the brother, too, will enter into the spirit of the hour, are some of the most pathetic and beautiful ever framed in human speech: "Son, thou art ever with me, and all that I have is thine; it was meet that we should make merry and be glad: for this thy brother was dead and is alive again, and was lost, and is found."

And this is, after all, the way in which God deals with us. He gives

us our portion to spend as we choose; He holds nothing back; and when we have wasted it and brought misery upon ourselves, and return to Him, even for the worst of reasons, He has not a word of rebuke or caution; He is simply and utterly filled with joy and love. There are a thousand texts that would discourage us, would bid us believe that God deals hardly with us; but it is men that deal hardly with us, it is we that deal hardly with ourselves. This story, which is surely the most beautiful story in the world, gives us the deliberate thought of the Saviour, the essence of His teaching; and we may fling aside the bitter warnings of jealous minds, and cast ourselves upon the supreme hope that, if only we will return, we shall be dealt with even more joyfully than if we had never wandered at all.

And then perhaps, at last, when we have peeped again and again, through loss and suffering, at the dark background of life; when we have seen the dust-stained canvas of the picture-back—when the path grows steep and miry, and the light is veiled by scudding cloud and dripping rain,—there begins to dawn upon us the sense of a beautiful and holy patience, the thought that these grey ashes of life, in which the glowing cinders sink, which once were bright with leaping flame, are not the end—that the flame and glow are there, although momentarily dispersed. They have done their work; one is warmed and enlivened; one can sit still, feeding one's fancy on the lapsing embers, just as one saw pictures in the fire as an eager child long ago. That high-hearted excitement and that curiosity have faded. Life is very different from what we expected, more wholesome, more marvellous, more brief, more inconclusive; but there is an intenser, if quieter and more patient, curiosity to wait and see what God is doing for us; and the orange-stain and green glow of the sunset, though colder and less jocund, is yet a far more mysterious, tender, and beautiful thing than the steady glow of the

noonday sun, when the shining flies darted hither and thither, and the roses sent out their rich fragrance.

There is fragrance still, the fragrance of the evening flowers, where the western windows look across the misty fields, and the thickening shadows of the tall trees. But there is something that speaks in the gathering gloom, in the darkening sky with its flush of crimson fire, that did not speak in the sun-warmed garden and the dancing leaves; and what speaks is the mysterious love of God, a thing sweeter and more remote than the urgent bliss of the fiery noon—full

of delicate mysteries and appealing echoes. We have learnt that the darkness is no darkness with Him; and the soul which beat her wings so passionately in the brighter light of the hot morning, now at last begins to dream of whither she is bound, and the dear shade where she will fold her weary wing.

How often has the soul in her dreariness cried out, "One effort more!" But that is done with for ever. She is patient now; she believes at last; she labours no longer at the oar, but she is borne upon the moving tide; she is on her way to the deep Heart of God.

## WHAT WE PUT UP WITH

By ANNA A. ROGERS

### I



HE feeling of an American for his flag is especially deeply rooted. It is the only symbol he has, about which to wreath whatever of national sentiment he has within him. It takes the place of a royal family in our imaginations; it survives our changes of administration; it stands the assaults of war, and the equally perilous countermining of peace. It has come to symbolize, in a word, our national continuity.

The tiniest emigrant is quickly taught in our public schools to raise his grimy little fist in salutation of it; the toughest old soldier or sailor needs no other leadership to spur him on to death, in its defence. It is as if we were to paraphrase that old mingled cry of mourning and triumph, "Le Président est mort; vive le Drapeau!"

Only a couple of yards of bright bunting, and eighty millions of people behind it—couchant.

And yet surely there is no nation

of them all which so persistently misuses its most cherished emblem, forgetful that "if we wish ourselves to be high, we should treat that which is over us as high." Nothing is more certain than that "familiarity excludes respect," as *Æsop* chose to put it.

One must live for years under the flags of other nations to thrill deeply at sight of one's own; patriotism seeming to grow in a ratio of distance from home. Witness the sore-headed German Socialist fuming like a furnace in the Fatherland where nothing pleases him, from the Kaiser down to the tax on beer; and see him three years later transplanted to American soil, raising his *stein*, with tears in his eyes, as he drinks his "Höch der Kaiser!"

The writer in her younger days has stood for hours up in the old Campanile at Venice, or across the canal at the Salute, and watched daily for the coming of a certain white ship-of-war carrying "the Flag." At last there was a movement in the pale distance far down the harbor, as if a phantom ship out of the dim past had entered the Diga of Malamocco. Creeping on and on in the breathless

iridescent morning air, at last the great white monster emerged, and came more and more slowly through the narrow path to the harbor. The Flag—the Stars and Stripes! And then a sudden veil of tears blots out all: ship and flag and shore and quivering sunlight—all but the aching thought of—home!

Years later this Exile (not Expatriate) coming down from the Black Sea on the Bosphorus up near Buyukdereh, with Asia on the left and Europe on the right, and with thoughts bent full upon that unique geographical situation, suddenly felt her heart stop beating with a passionate nostalgia, all interest in geography dead at a breath.

A wandering breeze had brought down a strain of familiar music, so foreign to the environment as to be humorous but for its fierce tug at the heart—"Dixie," played on a mandolin and a guitar, coming from a trim yacht anchored off Therapia, the Flag floating sleepily from her stern. Space was annihilated, home brought so close that one stopped breathing.

And again, a few years later, in Manila Bay the Exile stood on the deck of the flagship which had led the battle line not many months before, during the fight of that first of May.

The western sky was quartered in blood and gold and silver and iridescence; one of those tropical sunsets that are impossible to paint by either brush or pen.

About the American man-of-war was that pitiful semicircle of half-sunken Spanish ships, before there was time to remove them. In the centre of the poop of the *Olympia*, silhouetted against that blazing sunset, was the distinguished-looking, very erect figure of the Admiral in white uniform, standing at attention, facing the Flag as it was lowered from the staff. As it slipped down very slowly to its rest for the night, the bugles sounded retreat. Motionless and in absolute silence the little band of exiles saw the naval ceremony through to its finish.

There were few on deck that evening who failed to realize that it was an illuminated page in American history, a thing to hush the light jest, excuse enough for full eyes and quivering lips.

Against such a mental background as this, the following pictures stand out with almost painful clearness. Another year and another, and "home" was no longer an abstraction to be wept over. It was there within gun-shot of the steamer's rail; the Flag on Fort Hamilton whipping about smartly in the lively afternoon breeze, while farther up the beautiful bay the Statue of Liberty was veiled in the incoming fog from the sea.

But the Exile's eyes were dry, her pulse very quick with righteous indignation, her heart on fire with the first deliberate insult that she had received in all her wanderings—at the very door of that "home" over which she had so long, so tenderly brooded!

At English ports her oath was demanded that she was bringing nothing contraband, "no spirits nor tobacco"; in Italy her keys were demanded. She had given each cheerfully as it was asked for, her keys or her oath. But it was reserved for her own country to first demand her solemn oath, and then instantly repudiate it by demanding her keys—all in one impertinent breath.

Surely, after all, that French critic was justified who writes of "*la dure inintelligence des Americains du Nord*." Such a condition as invariably confronts the returning American wanderer is not exactly calculated to further his patriotism; it is undeniably "hard" and even more "unintelligent."

And of all the equally affronted, equally outraged hundreds that the Exile has since seen on home coming steamers, she has met only one whose voice was heard in quiet but passionate protest. The voice of the People has dwindled, it seems! All the rest drifted in that current of *laissez faire* that so ill fits a growing people; some silently savage; some

men muttering empty anathemas which they forgot the next day; more vying with one another in that "addiction to the funny man" which is the "national misfortune" of America, as wrote that best and fairest critic of us—Matthew Arnold.

One voice has at last been raised in partial protest against this brutal condition, but his efforts are handicapped by the law.

More and more our Congressmen are beginning to see beyond their village horizons; to vaunt less often the American claim of perfection; to find some wisdom in the words of Haydon: "Never disregard what your enemies say—so far as it goes, attend to them." So perhaps the dawning of hope at least, if not of redemption, is at hand.

The national talent for laughing off the sting of such abuses of individual liberty is one of the fairly long list of things upon which we pride ourselves. Is it not rather an inherent insensitiveness—that "*dure inintelligence*"—that has made it possible for us to have so long tolerated it?

The flag that was wept over in Europe and in Asia, is seen here billowing over hotels and boarding-houses, for no other than commercial purposes; seen in saloon windows helping patriotically to advertise and elevate a Western whiskey over the Scotch and Irish brands; seen fastened on a national holiday to the blinders of a weary mule to keep off the flies! That of late something has been done towards curtailing these abuses of our flag, is gratefully admitted; but a recent holiday saw each and all of the old abuses returned in full force. There were no protests from the public, no arrests by the police. To pass laws seems a very easy thing for us to accomplish; rigidly and persistently to enforce them, from one mayor's administration to another, is yet to be achieved. Almost as soon as born, an amazing number of our laws become dead-letter.

Is it so small a thing that our only symbol of autonomy and union should be misused, degraded? Even a starv-

ing scrub-woman parts last of all with her wedding-ring!

The public cemetery where are buried our neglected and unfathered issues, great and small, is in our comic weeklies. There, side by side with the custom-house outrage, we lay the affront to the Flag (which we have followed reverently all over the world) and we bury them both among the other national "jokes," with national flippancy.

They are just two of the things we put up with.

## II

"Cleverness is serviceable for everything, sufficient for nothing."

AMIEL.

It has recently been cleverly said of this poor pen-ridden generation of ours, that "they even put the letters of the alphabet into their soup!"

Who of us has not, more than once, been tempted to regret those simple ancient times when a band of hieroglyphics cut into an upright stone represented all that was considered worth recording during a century or two of living under the Egyptian sun? Surely such a condition of temperate and leisurely news-gathering comes nearer sanity, nearer the decencies of civilization, than the present daily—almost hourly—rehash of local crime and senseless personalities served up, more or less cleverly, in certain of our newspapers, turning the largest city into a mere village agape for vulgar or vicious tittle-tattle. It does very little towards letting in either Sweetness or Light upon a world given over to acidity and darkness. It is indeed "news for the servants' hall!"

Year after year we hear much boasting, among our loud-voiced majority, of our national gift for news-getting; and tolerant laughs at the "smartness" that crawls in the mud, face-down, under other people's hedges bent upon no higher mission than a newspaper's profit; albeit avowing to high heaven a motive fairly pickled in the vinegar of righteousness!

The voiceless minority of the land (although apt to be much the more enlightened) is disenfranchised by one of several modern political fallacies, and has no recourse under present conditions but to wait and mutter to the wall, as do the Arabs: "When you are an anvil, be patient; when a hammer, strike!" Knowing that the Prophets of a country, if not the Law, are ever found in the meagre ranks of the minority, and praying some day to be the "hammer," and then Allah grant we may fashion a new set of decencies for our country!

An English critic has truly said of us that we have but the newspapers we deserve, and that they are "the direct product of the want felt," else would they soon die, as do the books that no one reads.

Some of our claims against another nation's press laws, and in favor of our own, are delightfully inconsequent and contradictory. Our indignation at the printed puriency of France almost chokes us; and yet the daily lawlessness of our own "cockney" press, its gloating exposure of moral rottenness, reaches and pollutes the minds of literally millions of our boys and girls, whereas a book of Maupassant's would have reached but a few score of readers—repelling a sensation-fed public, rather than attracting it, by its very literary art. And yet his books—ask for them at a public library!

The whole civilized world was revolted by the extraordinary license allowed certain of our newspapers during a recent daily exposure of an unsightly crime. For the most priggish nation in the world to-day stood unveiled for once, and we were known as a nation of hypocrites. It was demanded of us: "Where are your laws to put a stop to this? Where the public opinion to demand closed doors, or at least a decent expurgation? Is your freedom but license in domino?"

That the churches went promptly into hysterics, after every last hideous detail had been well-rooted in the public imagination, only adds to the odious humour of the situation.

That good of any sort can possibly come out of these American "exposures"—as we call them—is simply an insult to human intelligence. If good (as those interested financially in the question claim) then why expurgate the gentle Amiel in the translation? Why govern our magazines by strict unwritten laws until they have become monuments of dry prudishness, full of half-truths? If the whole truth about living be beneficial to the public morals when dished up daily in a half-penny paper by a half-penny reporter, surely it can do no harm when served monthly on cream-paper by a cultivated literary expert!

There is no logic whatever in our attitude. Rather let the newspapers be rigidly controlled by written laws, and the present unwritten laws governing our magazines be relaxed a bit. Should we then not be a little nearer to that higher civilization rightly denied us by the critics of the "American experiment?"

That the power behind the magazine's editors lies in its advertisements is of course well understood. It is often privately pleaded in palliation of editorial prudery. But surely this commercial sensitiveness is sometimes overdone! A magazine sub-editor once confessed to being compelled, under strict orders from the manager, to blue-pencil some lines, in a short story, descriptive of a doll's lace-trimmed underwear, a recent threat of withdrawal of certain advertisements from a Western hardware man offended by a like, but lesser, indiscretion having lent a temporary sensitiveness to the editorial modesty. Yet this absurd, almost unbelievable, decorum is contemporaneous with a daily press that goes on its outrageous way, unrebuked, unostracized.

Leaving the field of newspapers and periodicals, one meets in the world of books quite a different—and almost equally deplorable—condition, if judged by the laws of *higher* civilization; and do we not every hour loudly proclaim our right to such judgment?

There are signs that the government of our public libraries is largely left

in the hands of a rather anæmic type of men and women, obsessed by a sleepless desire to find the worm of evil (of one particular species) i' the bud of literature; bent seemingly upon withholding a healthy, all-round knowledge of life, that might better instead be looked upon as the surer safeguard of youth.

This passion for nothing less than the elimination of "sex" from literature has at last reached the point of fanaticism; which in face of the daily countermining of our yellow press is fit food for laughter on Olympus.

Within a year, a conversation with one of the assistant librarians in a branch of the largest public library in the United States developed several startling facts. During a recent administration of affairs in the "mother" library, of more than average fanaticism, the "non-replacement" law included "Little Women" in its list. That is, when worn out the copies were not to be replaced. "David Harum" and those of Dumas that are the most worth reading were also blacklisted.

The gradual obscuration of "The Three Musketeers" was bad enough, but the incredible affront to Miss Alcott's pure taste and sound judgment passes belief. The reason given for this slow eclipse was that there was "too much love-making in it for young people"—adult tax-payers being allowed no voice! Which is the cleaner, healthier course—to withhold from our young people the fact that there is love to be reckoned with in the world, or to teach them how to meet it with the sweet sanity of Louisa Alcott's Jo and Meg and Beth and Lawrie and the dear old stuffy Professor. For come it will, sooner or later, even if the sedentary librarian's blood is thin and stagnant.

The mind capable of so fanatic a decision is heir direct to the minds of the Massachusetts selectmen of 1656, who fulminated against the "enormious crimes" of their day, among which was the sitting together on the Lord's Day of a maiden and a man, under an apple tree in "Good-

man Chapman's orchard," or that delightful sentence against a certain dare-devil Peter Bussaker, of the same year, given herewith in behalf of the shades of Louisa Alcott:

"The court adjudgeth Peter Bussaker for his filthy and profane expressions (viz. that he hoped to mete some of the members of the church in hell ere long, and he did not question but he should) to be committed to prison, there to be kept in safe custody till the sermon [humor at least could not have come over in the Mayflower!], and then to stand in the time thereof in the pillory [no light sentence in that day!] and after sermon to be severely whipped."

One's sympathies go out to the naughty Peter in his sudden frenzy of wrath against his small-minded tormentors. We also have ours in this day and generation, and they often mistake temperamental prejudice for the voice of the Almighty.

So it comes to pass that our land abounds in the dangerous evil of unrestrained license, side by side with the warping evil of unrestrained Puritanism, forgetting that "Liberty exists in proportion to wholesome restraint."

If a publisher chose to flood the market with a cheap edition of "Candide" or the "Heptameron" for the good of his empty pocket, how long before he would feel the hand of the law on his collar? And yet there is something in our character—"dure inintelligence"—which grants our most objectionable newspapers absolute immunity from the same law, planting more seeds of crime in the hearts of our youth than ever did Voltaire or Margaret of Navarre, at their worst. The former picture of evil is a photograph of next-door life; the latter are paintings dim with distance, seen down a long vista of time; so *manière* do they seem that their deliberate intention is obscured. And yet the former is sold for one cent to hundreds of thousands, the latter locked in *éditions de luxe* behind glass doors.

It is but another of the things we inertly put up with, and then wonder whence come our waves of crime.

# IN THE MOONLIGHT OF PICARDY

By FRANK WALLER ALLEN



IS Majesty, the King, was in love. The first I knew of it was his swearing. Perhaps I should have said he used oaths—strong, kingly oaths, that in this case began in a most mighty manner, first in German, then in English and lastly, as they became less violent and more fanciful, in French. It all ended in a sigh that is easily understood in any language.

"I don't like Amiens," said the King fretfully, "nor do I like this château, and I hate Picardy."

"Your Majesty should be hunting," I ventured.

"I've no doubt I'd be more successful. I know how to hunt."

Then his Majesty turned his back to me and walked the length of the garden. The Princess Rosemarie, attended by a maid of honor whom I knew to be in her confidence, stole silently from a shadowy door of the château and met the King by the summer-house. She looked doubtfully at me.

"He is to be trusted," said his Majesty. "It is Jacques." She seemed relieved and laughed gleefully.

"Is n't it funny," she whispered bubbling with laughter.

"Awfully!" replied the King, bending over hand and trying to be gay.

Assuming an air of mock gravity, she continued: "Just think how it would sound in the Court Journal: 'His Majesty, the King,' or more truly, 'the Princess Rosemarie visited the King last night at twelve o'clock by the summer-house in the garden. . . . But it's lots of fun. . . . Perhaps, Marguerite, you and Jacques would

like to take a turn in the garden," she said, turning toward us.

We would, and we did, only—discreet chaperones—we soon found ourselves seated on the other side of the summer-house.

"You are merry to-night, dear lady," the King was saying.

"And why should n't I be, my Charles? Was n't it in the understanding?"

"Bother the understanding."

"Your Majesty forgets himself! We were to flirt until——"

"Not forever," he interrupted.

"Only until we returned to our native land. Now if you regret——"

"Oh, no," he hastened to say. "I don't regret. At least not as long as I may have nothing better."

"Again your Majesty forgets——"

"Rosemarie, don't say 'Your Majesty.' I was Charles IX, was n't it? a moment ago."

"But you are 'His Majesty' now. You are only 'Charles' when you behave well."

"I will not forget again."

"I think I'd better remind you, to be sure," she said tantalizingly.

"Go on, my lady," he replied, half amused.

"We were to have an innocent little flirtation," said the Princess. "I said that I loved romance and wished the world were more romantic."

"I thought the same," said his Majesty, falling in with her mood.

"Your Majesty should n't interrupt. It's impolite."

"I'm penitent."

"If you will not do it any more, 'cause I don't believe you're interested at all. But you must listen. . . . Then it was you, Sire, who proposed that you be no other than a

king and that I be a princess. We were in Picardy already. You were to play a king, with Reggie to be the jester, and Madge maid of honor. This was to last one month, you remember. Then, when we went back to New York, we were to become as conventional as ever and forget the naughty things we did in Picardy. . . . And now you are spoiling it. You are grumbling."

"If the Princess Rosemarie will forgive his Majesty, the King swears on his royal word of honor he'll be good. The King would give his life for the pleasure of the Princess."

"Spoken like a king. I think you'd have dore very well as Charles IX, and better than some kings."

"I would not have been content as a king of France, my Princess, unless you had been there for me to have crowned Queen."

"Ah, I might have been Mary, Queen o' the Scots."

"Then, my lady—but why say it? Destiny can but have a much kinder life for you," he said, taking her by the hand and leading her to a seat, desperately near us, in the shadow of the trees. We could see them dimly in the moonlight as it played about them. He was tall and straight and clean for a king of France. Really, he seemed more of an early Saxon monarch. In fact, his six-feet-two, with an ancient armor, would have made him king of the elder days. As for the Princess, she would have been a princess always and anywhere.

Mrs. Cosslett, the very decorous aunt accompanying the Princess, could not have understood, and she was therefore kept in ignorance of the girlish bit of romance. Not because the Dragon, as his Majesty chose to call her, would not have approved of the King himself; but her sense of propriety concerning a young woman travelling in Europe was such that the Princess knew, as all of us knew, discovery meant an instant return to New York, with banishment for the whole winter in Mrs. Stanhope's school for young women. Then, most of all, there was the Count—a real

Count, who was also kept in ignorance, for the Dragon thought much of him. She had only approved of the title, but, extraordinary though it may seem, he was wealthy. That the court disapproved, it is needless to say. The gentleman was uninteresting, and, worst of all, to Rosemarie, unromantic.

"What do you think will come of it all?" I whispered. And as jesters have special privileges with maids of honor, I kissed Marguerite, who did n't act like a heroine in a book at all, becoming neither saucy nor indignant.

"I can't get my breath," was the irrelevant reply.

"Perhaps you did not catch my point," I replied. "I asked you—"

"Listen!" she interrupted. "I expected it. They are quarrelling."

"If your Majesty presumes," the Princess was saying with dignity, "to so far forget himself—"

The Princess Rosemarie sat pouting, her lips puckered after a fashion so bewitching that the man must have been a fool who would not swear his life away to kiss them. Unfortunately the King was gazing across the garden over the moonlit fields of Picardy and saw neither the lips nor the pitying tears form in the blue of her eyes and move slowly down the curve of her cheek.

At that moment a window, looking out into the garden, was thrown open and a white figure leaned out into the moonlight.

"Rosemarie!" called the Dragon softly, for no one may speak harshly in the moonlight of Picardy. "Rosemarie!" she called again. None of us answered, and the figure at the window disappeared.

For some moments not one moved or spoke. Then the jester and the maid of honor stole under the tree and stood by the King.

"It's every bit my fault," exclaimed the Princess in an undertone. "She is going through the château, and I'll be here next. What's to be done?"

No one ventured a reply, and the

King looked out over the fields of Picardy.

"A king!" she said quickly, with a challenge in her eyes and scorn in her voice—"a king would know what to do!"

"So would have the four-hundred-years-dead Mary Stuart," I thought, but did not say.

"Come," said his Majesty, turning and lifting her to her feet.

"What are you going to do?" she asked.

"Kings," he replied, "act, and good form demands that explanations should not be asked. Come!"

"And if I refuse, Charles?" she asked tenderly.

"I will carry your royal highness," was the reply.

In single file, led by the King, the Princess following, we stole in the shadow of the apple trees close by the garden wall. Twice we stopped as now and then a light approached a window. Following the wall, and remaining close in the shadow, we reached that side of the château where are the great corridors opening into the wine cellar. It was none too soon, for at that moment, from the other side where the Princess had entered an hour ago, came the Dragon, accompanied by the Count bearing a light.

"A light on such a night!" exclaimed Rosemarie.

"Stay here," commanded the King, and he stole back the way we had come.

Presently we saw him walk thoughtfully, his hands behind his back, from beside the summer-house out into the glare of the moonlight. His head was bent on his breast as if in deep meditation.

The Dragon uttered a stifled exclamation and the Count near dropped his light. His Majesty looked up.

"Ah, it is you," he said.

"You—almost—frightened—me," she gasped, breathing hard.

"So it would appear," returned the King. "Are you seeking treasure or hiding it?"

"Are you alone?" she asked. The

Count meantime looked significantly about.

"It seems so," he replied. "At any rate, with the probable exception of the spirits of the once lovely ones who trysted in the moonlight of Picardy under perhaps these very trees."

Mrs. Cosslett came close to him, leaned over and shot a desperate whisper into his ear:

"Rosemarie is gone!" said she.

"Gone, impossible!" answered the King. "Why, she should be sleeping this very minute in her room in the east turret. The idea of——"

"It is true she's gone. She's in love. Oh, my poor heart is broken! Oh——"

"Never mind, now," said his Majesty. "Don't cry and we'll find her. She is——"

"She has eloped," broke in the Dragon, "with some poor nobleman. I know it. Listen! Last night I went into her room. I do that most every night to see that the windows are closed. She will have 'em wide open, and it'll kill her."

"Well?" said the King.

"She had just come in from the garden," continued the Dragon, "for there were fresh blossoms in her hair."

"From the garden!" exclaimed his Majesty in apparent surprise.

"Yes, from the garden. It was very late. Madge was with her. 'I could love my Charles,' I heard her say as I entered, 'were he always royal. Always the King!'"

"Hush," said Marguerite, who saw me coming. And then they talked of the beauty of the moonlight of Picardy and wondered where you were."

"And you concluded from that——"

"I know that she is in love with some foreigner. A king of France, or something——"

"But there are no kings of France," he laughed.

"I believe they are in the garden now," she said; "perhaps listening to us this very minute. I am going to search."

"I will help you," replied his Majesty, taking the light from the

Count and leading the way to the furthest corner of the garden from where we were hidden. We watched them move carefully about, looking behind each tree and bush. We dared not move from the shadow for fear of being seen. Directly they drew nearer.

"There's but one place we have n't gone," said the Dragon.

"We need not go there," said the King, stopping. "I have been there myself to-night, and there was n't a Frenchman in sight."

"Oh, but they may have gone there since."

"No," he replied. "We'll go look in the château now."

"And you refuse to look in the corridors by the wine-cellar door?"

"When it is no use," came from the King.

"Then I will go alone," she exclaimed, reaching for the lantern.

"Suppose," said the Count, significantly, "that you return to the château, Mrs. Cosslett. We men are better suited to explore the passages. I assure you, should we discover these lovers, that we will answer for the safety of your ward."

The Dragon lingered in doubt.

"I think it best, madame, that you return to your room," he said meaningly. She went, the Count accompanying her to the door, saying something in an undertone which none of us heard. His Majesty, the King, waited in the moonlight.

"Let us go," said the Count, returning.

"No," came from his Majesty, stepping in front of the gentleman.

"Ah, I suspected it!" he replied, giving his shoulders a mock shrug. "You do not deny——"

"I deny nothing," said his Majesty firmly, looking the Count in the eyes. "I deny nothing and I affirm nothing. Neither shall you go into the corridor."

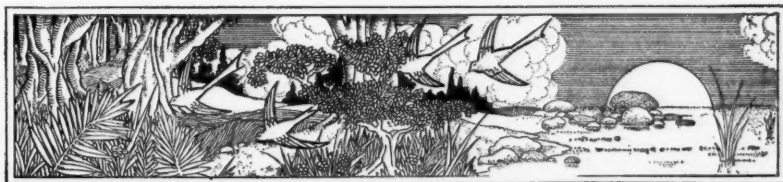
"Ah, you will fight the duel?"

"No, I am more modern," and his giant figure suddenly ducked down and forward, tackling the Count by the legs and throwing him violently to the earth. At home, his Majesty had been famous in a certain boisterous game, not played in France. Quickly reaching his knees, and before the Count could recover, the King had his belt strapped about the feet of the man, his hands bound behind him and a necktie stuffed into his mouth. He then leisurely proceeded to tie a silk handkerchief about the Frenchman's eyes.

"It was rather undignified, Count," said his Majesty, "but I did not want to hurt you, and it was necessary—quite necessary. Now, to-morrow we can settle this differently. Meantime you know nothing. You have seen nothing and heard nothing. It will be discreet for you to suppose nothing. If you did and told it, you might lie. In America they kill men for lying about a woman."

Then his Majesty lifted the Count up and placed him upon the floor of the summer-house. We met the King halfway as he returned, Rosemarie first. On second thought the maid of honor and the jester turned toward the château, leaving them standing alone in the moonlight of Picardy. We could not see, it is true, but as we entered the door we heard the King's exultant voice saying:

"Ah, Rosemarie, my queen."





"GILBERT SAW HIS MOTHER AND DROPPED HIS CORNER OF KATE'S TRAIN"

## YOURS IN CONFIDENCE\*

By JANE CLIFFORD

### IV.—KATE'S WEDDING

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WILLIAM J. GLACKENS



YES, Sallie Potts, † tell Miss Tillie to come right in here. Well, I certainly am glad to see you, Tillie." Mrs. Jared Dowe greeted her neighbor with languid affection as she sat up on the couch upon which she had been reclining. "No, I am not ill," she replied to the anxious enquiry of Miss Carter,—“I have been just lying here quietly thinking of my darling child.” Then she relapsed into her cushions with a luxurious sigh and continued.

"Oh, Tillie, I never shall cease to mourn over your losing that train yesterday and so missing the wedding. Tillie, you never saw a fairer bride than my Kate. And Edward is handsome, too—so dark and manly; and then the church, Tillie!—Mrs. Perkins and Miss Howard certainly

did dress it up handsomely. I never did see so many flowers at a wedding before, Tillie—every one sent flowers. I certainly was grateful last night, Tillie—especially when everything passed off so easily. It certainly was a distinguished occasion. Mrs. Garnett and the Senator sat just behind me; and you know, Tillie, it *is* pleasant when you wear rare old lace to know that the woman behind you knows what it is. And Mrs. Garnett *does* know lace. Every one was there, Tillie, and you've probably heard some stories and there's no use in not being frank about what every one saw, and I don't mind telling you the whole truth; but, Tillie, I am not going to ever tell any one else how uncomfortable I felt when Miss Bell began to play the Wedding March and I saw Kate coming up the aisle on her father's arm and the two little pages—Mrs. Garnett's boys—carrying her train, and her two sisters all coming

\* The first three stories of this series appeared in THE READER. † Sallie Potts is Mrs. Dowe's daughter.

too, and that vestry door not even opening. And then, just as soon as little Gilbert Garnett saw his mother, he dropped his corner of Kate's train and went straight to her, but William Garnett held on to *his* corner just as though Gilbert's corner was not dragging, but it was n't the way it should have been, and Sallie Potts says she's going to have her pages pinned to her train when she's married. Sallie Potts is so inventive! Well, everybody soon forgot about Gilbert when they realized that the bridal party had reached the altar and there was no groom and no clergyman waiting for them. Miss Bell stopped the Wedding March, and began to play 'O Perfect Love,' the piece Sallie Potts had selected to be played during the ceremony. Sallie Potts is so musical, Tillie. I do wish she could sing like Kate. Sallie Potts certainly would love to sing.

"Tillie, there stood my child, my first-born child, Tillie, at my dear husband's side and right behind them our two other beautiful daughters who were being left to comfort us—there they all stood together; and I, Tillie—I, my own child's mother, alone, sitting watching the vestry door. I always *am* in the habit of watching the vestry door at a wedding. It's so natural to be anxious until you see the groom. No one ever feels that way about the bride, and as I always have a front seat, I know I can see the dresses during the ceremony—so I wait to see the groom before my mind is really at rest. It never is until I *do* see him and, Tillie, I declare to you, confidentially, that last night, as I watched that vestry door, it did seem to me that my mind would never be at rest again.

"There they stood, waiting, while I watched and waited, and Miss Bell kept on playing 'O Perfect Love,' and kept on getting nearer to the end of it every minute. Not even my black velvet and my grandmother's lace were any comfort to me. I tried to find consolation in looking at the diamond cross Jared gave me on my twentieth anniversary, but I could n't

—the chain was too short. Tillie, it lasted five minutes. Mary Robinson said it was fifteen, but you know, Tillie, you can't depend upon what Mary Robinson says—and then just as I was beginning to feel I could n't breathe at all, the vestry door *did* open at last. It was Edward, Tillie, and he rushed right to Kate's side, his brother actually running to keep up with him. I certainly was relieved! Then Miss Bell began to play 'O Perfect Love' all over again, and then I noticed that everybody began to look uneasy, all over again, and *then*, Tillie, I saw that Bishop Moran was n't there. You see Jared is so sentimental, and Kate being named for me, Jared wanted Bishop Moran who married us to marry her too, and that was why we sent for him."

Mrs. Jared Dowe paused here to give herself up to the satisfied little smile which only wives who are still sweethearts ever indulge in.

After a little, she continued: "Tillie, do you know, Miss Bell was nearly through 'O Perfect Love' for the second time and I certainly was worried now, even if I could see Edward standing right by Kate all the time. But I could see Mary Robinson smiling at Mrs. Beals, too, just as though she knew something, and Mrs. Beals smiling back like she knew more and was only waiting for a chance to tell it. She certainly is ill contrived, Tillie! And then in that awful hush it *did* startle me to hear a male voice speak out loud in the back of the church. It *was* a graceful thing in Mr. Scott, even if he is a Baptist, to offer his services that way; because by that time Kate was so nervous and tired she had n't an orthodox idea left in her, anyway. So when Edward said, 'Shall we wait for the Bishop, Kate?' she said, 'No, don't wait: let any one marry us.' And then Mrs. Beals had the face to say afterwards—you know, Tillie Carter, what an ill contrived creature Mrs. Beals is,—well, she said it just showed how scared and anxious my Kate was. Then Miss Bell, who had come to the



"NO, DON'T WAIT; LET ANYONE MARRY US"

end again, began 'O Perfect Love' all over for the third time and it came out that time just as Sallie Potts had planned. Sallie Potts is so clever! So they were married, at last, and it certainly did amuse me to see the smiles fade off of Mrs. Beals's and Mary Robinson's faces as Kate and Edward turned around to walk out.

"And then, what do you think, Tillie?—just as Edward was carrying Kate to the carriage, up came old Bishop Moran, looking for all the world as though he had been in a fight! He rushed right up to the carriage, but my Kate has pride and she held her head high and refused to see him. Kate has too much dignity to speak to any man—even if he is a Bishop—who came near spoiling her wedding. The Bishop said, 'Edward, my son, I trust to explain,'—and Edward said 'It's too late now for any explanation. We are married.' I call that the retort courteous, don't you, Tillie? Edward certainly is brilliant and bound to succeed even

though he is practising medicine instead of law and so can't go into politics.

"And now what do you suppose caused all the confusion, Tillie? It was Miss Howard!

"You see, she asked Bishop Moran to stay at her house, and when she got ready to go to the wedding, she locked up the house and forgot all about him, and now she's saying Edward forgot him. Well, anyway the Bishop was locked in her house and she had the key in her pocket at the church so I can't see how any one can blame Edward Rogers, can you, Tillie? Bishop Moran says the house seemed to grow mighty quiet but he's deaf, you know, and can't hear much anyway, and being ready, and seeing it was a quarter to eight o'clock, he took his prayer-book and thought he'd go out on the gallery and wait there. When he got to the front door he found it was locked and he could n't get out, so he wandered all over that house and could n't find any one in

or any way out. At last he did find a step-ladder and so he got the top of one of the parlor windows open and then climbed out on the step-ladder and when he got half way down the ladder slipped, or the Bishop, I can't say which, but they both fell right into Miss Howard's bed of roses, the ladder on top of the Bishop. It ruined the roses and Miss Howard is grieved about the roses, but I think it serves her right. It certainly would mortify me, Tillie, having a Bishop, an old man, crawling out of my house. And hurting himself, too. Then his running to the church finished what the fall and the ladder commenced, and he was carried back to Miss Howard's, and Miss Howard is mighty busy now trying to mend her rose bed and the Bishop, too. Sallie Potts says Miss Howard's not lying on a bed of roses now, and when she looks at the Bishop I should think she would be right glad that she is n't. He certainly is disfigured!

"But while the Bishop was trying to get out of Miss Howard's, Edward was having a most harrowing time, too. George Rogers was his best man, but Edward said in the beginning that not even his brother should manage his wedding, so he gave the orders to the coachman and everything himself. All George was allowed to do was to carry the ring. George says he certainly was surprised when the carriage went and stopped at our house first and Edward jumped out and ran in. Naturally he followed, and Edward ran first up the front stairs to the attic and down the back stairs to the cellar, calling 'Kate!—Kate!—Kate!' At last he went to the kitchen, and old Aunt Milly said—'Fore de Lawd, Mass'r Edward, is yo' done gone and loss yo' mind. Miss Kate and her Pa's gone to de church to get married.' Edward rushed back to the carriage and said, 'To the church, *quick!*'—and George had barely time to jump in when they



"WHEN HE GOT HALF WAY DOWN, THE LADDER SLIPPED"

were off again; and then he said, 'Edward, what about the Bishop?' and Edward said, 'I am going to marry Kate, not the Bishop'; and before George could say another word, they had stopped at the church, and Edward rushed right in, George running after him. I was certainly glad, Tillie, that George had the ring, for being married by a Baptist and without even a ring, would have been sacrilegious, even if it was in an Episcopal church.

"So we got back to the house; but, do you know, Tillie, we had n't been there an hour, when all the lamps began to go out. You see we never thought about them yesterday, and you know, Tillie, if you fill lamps after dark you forfeit your insurance, but Jared said, when I suggested candles, 'Fill them? I'd rather lose everything I have, than have my lights go out at my daughter's wedding.' Jared is such a noble father!"

"And did you hear about their cutting the cake, Tillie? Well, promise you never will tell, but Mrs. Perkins asked me to try to have her Elizabeth cut the ring. Sallie Potts had marked the place, but somehow the cake got turned and Elizabeth got the thimble and now Mrs. Perkins is indignant. This is a cruel world, Tillie."

"Did Sallie—" began Miss Carter.

"No, Tillie, she did n't; and who do you think did cut that ring? Olive Wilson! I never was so outdone in

my life, Tillie. I declare some people are lucky—or maybe scheming. I would n't like to say what I think. It might not seem charitable, and I am charitable, Tillie."

She paused for the approval her friend never failed to give.

"And so now Edward and Kate are on their way to Savannah and will take a steamer from there to New York. Oh, have you seen the *Daily News* this morning, Tillie? That's one reason I thought I'd rest at home this morning. You see fulsome flattery is so distasteful to all of us, Tillie, and while every word is true, still it did seem to be the part of modesty not to be seen on the street to-day. Jared was so overcome he

walked down town the back way this morning. Yesterday morning he read it over to us before he sent it to the paper, and Kate was so pleased with it and Sallie Potts, too. But I feel sure there will be people cruel enough to say that he wrote it. His style is so like Mr. Addison's. Everyone always remarks that. And so I decided it would be better not to go out this morning, and anyway I am sure to have visitors all day. I see Mrs. Robinson coming now.

"Tillie, you are considerate, and I do enjoy talking with you; and it certainly is a comfort to know that no wedding could have been more of a success in the end, or have gone off more beautifully than my Kate's."



"ELIZABETH GOT THE THIMBLE"

# EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN

By H. W. BOYNTON



**D**URING the past quarter - century Mr. Stedman has had place in the consciousness of the rising generation as a species of benign presiding genius of American letters. More than any of his contemporaries, perhaps, he was fated to be besieged by literary novices; not as editors are besieged, for immediate place and profit, but for sympathy and encouragement. And it was one of the advantages of his peculiar position as a literary man not in the harness that he was able to respond to such appeals with a freedom hardly possible for the conscientious editor or reviewer. Popular opinion to the contrary, it is distinctly not the business of literary officials to be kind. Their affair is simply to judge. Mr. Stedman was a critic in a high sense of the word, but his kindness imposed no penalty upon a constituency. He could afford to give sympathy without its being taken for encouragement, encouragement without its being taken for a promise to pay or to recommend. His free and gracious exercise of this uncommon privilege is one of the pleasant facts for which he will be remembered. And, indeed, encouragement must have been almost as instinctive with him as sympathy, for if there was any quality which impairs the absolute value of his criticism it is his unconquerable optimism. Of modern literature in its essence, poetry—of American poetry, in particular,—he had a better opinion than any other critic of his class. He was impatient of that taste which warms only to past excellence. He chose

to give himself to that most difficult of tasks, the criticism of the contemporary; and he had heart for it because the contemporary seemed to him, on the whole, worthy of regard, both for what it is and for what it promises. No doubt our age is in peculiar need of guarding against a smug and indiscriminating self-satisfaction carried over from our indubitable material well-being to a fancied eminence in the arts. In America our minor critics of contemporary literature are but now feeling their way out of a fog of bland complacency which has been a cause of gayety to nations long devoted to criticism as a dignified and exacting art. But the tendency of reaction upon our more responsible arbiters has been on the whole too marked. With whatever rebate or qualification some of us may be fain to consider Mr. Stedman's judgment of our achievement and our immediate promise, we must be profoundly grateful for the inspiration of the high-hearted mood in which so fine an intelligence has found it possible to deal with an element of paramount importance in the life of any nation.

A general impression would seem to be that Stedman's experience differed *in toto* from that of most literary men. But he was not bred in Wall Street. He entered very young upon a stiff literary apprenticeship, which did not end until he had reached his fourth decade. He was born in Hartford in 1833, entered Yale at fifteen, and was suspended at the end of his sophomore year for reasons of which we are, and are content to be, ignorant. He did not return to college. Two years later, at nineteen, we find him

editing a country newspaper. In 1856 he went to New York, and quickly made a respectable place for himself in the rather exceptionally cheerful Grub Street of that day. Here were Willis the gallant, Bryant the veteran, Taylor and Curtis and Stoddard and Aldrich for contemporaries. Stedman gained foothold in the best magazines (among them PUTNAM'S), and presently became a member of the *Tribune* staff. His first volume of poems, published in 1860, shows how accomplished a member he was of that urban fraternity. He was an adept in the parlor music which was then in fashion. As Aldrich in "Baby Bell," so Stedman in "Laura, my Darling" did not disdain to play up to that craving for obvious and rather mawkish sentimentality which was characteristic of the early Victorian period in England, and survived for some time with us. It is a note still to be heard in the popular newspaper and "Amusement Parlor"; one can hardly believe that only a half-century ago it rang from the throats of our most energetic and promising young songsters. And yet, after all, there is an ingenuous charm about this poetry of domestic endearment which must appeal to all young nations and young persons. Who so sophisticated and middle-aged as really to scorn what he has learned to call calf-love?

To feel once more that fresh, wild thrill,  
I'd give—but who can live youth over?

The experience of the young journalist presently included a sterner phase, and then came to an end. During the early days of the war he served as staff-correspondent for the *World* in Washington and at the front. Later he became private secretary to Attorney-General Bates of Lincoln's Cabinet. He was not to return to journalism. He became interested in questions of finance, and before the close of the war had begun his forty years' career in Wall Street.

The considerations which led to his

final abandonment of writing as a trade are worthy of comment, though they are not really hard to understand. Journalism did not satisfy him, and the form of literature in which he had won success could not support him. No doubt he felt his impulse and ability lessening under the strain of incessant production. His own explanation of it is simple enough. "At thirty," he says, "I went into the Stock Exchange because I needed to be independent in order to write and study." The step must have cost him something of a struggle; traces of it appear here and there throughout his later writing. In commenting upon Poe's experience he doubtless thought of his own:

The duty of self-support . . . was more than [he could bear. Imagine Shelley, who made his paper boats of bank-notes, Byron and Landor, who had their old estates, forced to write by the column for their weekly board. "Poverty has this disease: through want it teaches a man evil." More, it limits the range of his possibilities. Doudan has said, with truth and feeling, that he who is without security for the morrow can neither meditate upon nor accomplish a lasting work. The delicate fancies of certain writers are not always at command, and the public is loath to wait and pay for quality.

He speaks still more frankly apropos of Hood:

If a poet, or aspiring author, must labor for the daily subsistence of a family, it is well for his art that he should follow some other calling than journalism; for I can testify that after the day's work is over—when the brain is exhausted and vagrant, and the lungs pant for air, and body and soul cry out for recreation,—the intellect has done enough, and there is neither strength nor passion left for imaginative work.

It is certainly possible that if Stedman had remained a bachelor he might have held for some time longer to the forlorn hope of scribbling for bread. After all, there is something in this "sporting life" of the free lance which appeals to the

imagination. One fancies a touch of wistfulness in another remark of the critic's about Poe: "As we look around and see how authors accept this or that method of support, there seems to be something chivalrous in the attitude of one who never earned a dollar except by his pen." It is to be noted, moreover, that, whatever may be said of the Shelleys and Byrons and Landors, security for the morrow has seldom been the portion of creators of the first rank.

There is a stronger ring of conviction in Stedman's own emphatic statement of the other side of the case: "As a rule, distrust the quality of that product which is not the result of legitimate professional labor. Art must be followed as a *means of subsistence* to render its creations worthy, to give them a human element." The italics are Stedman's: they make it clear enough what his own preference would have been. However, there is no reasonable doubt that, in the circumstances, his secession from the trade of letters was a means of security for him in more than one sense. He would not have made a great journalist, and his vein of poetry, though pure, was hardly superior to that of Hay or Aldrich; it would not have justified the heroic sacrifice. He rightly chose to abandon literature as a daily scramble and to take it up as a dignified avocation.

The peculiarity in Stedman's experience is not that he gave up literary journalism, but that he took to banking. The fact has been a prolonged cause of wonder to the general public. Why a writer should not take to banking is not clearly apparent, when one comes to consider it. It is probably easier to wrest a livelihood out of stocks and bonds than out of poems and essays. If Stedman had become an editor or a parson or a college professor, nobody would have thought anything of it; but to enter the treadmill of business—most of us are probably a little misty in our secret minds as to whether we ought to feel aggrieved

at such apostasy, or proud of such enterprise and success. For Stedman scored a positive and solid success. And his programme was carried out: he not only became independent, but, by far the harder part, he continued to write and study.

One naturally thinks of Walter Bagehot in this connection, and fancies that what was said of him by a distinguished English critic must have been true of Stedman:

The man of business and the financier in him fell within such sharp and well-defined limits that he knew better than most of his class where their special weakness lay, and where their special functions ended. This, at all events, I am quite sure of: that so far as his judgment was sounder than other men's—and on many subjects it was much sounder,—it was so not in spite of, but in consequence of, the excursive imagination and vivid humour which are so often accused of betraying otherwise sober minds into dangerous aberrations.

Stedman was a capable financier—not, like Bagehot, a great one. He possessed the excursive imagination but not the vivid humor, at once frolicsome and controlled, pervading and embracing, of the irrepressible economist. Stedman's style lacks the spontaneity, the vigor, the vocal quality of Bagehot's. He is rather painstaking than energetic, thoroughgoing than lucid. He writes more like a professor than a banker or a poet, and there is not a trace in him of journalistic smartness.

Perhaps the quality of his criticism cannot be better suggested than by comparing it with Bagehot's. An early pupil and life-long admirer of Tennyson, Stedman declares him to be not only the poet most representative of his age, but "the noblest artist" among English lyric poets of every age. Bagehot, writing a trifle earlier, regards him simply as a brilliant practitioner of an inferior form of poetic art which he calls "the ornate." He admits that ornate art is in its way as legitimate as pure art. It can deal with materials which would be of no account

to pure art. "Illusion, half-belief, unpleasant types, imperfect types, are as much the proper sphere of ornate art as an inferior landscape is the proper sphere for the true efficacy of moonlight. A really great landscape needs sunlight and bears sunlight: but moonlight is an equalizer of beauties; it gives a romantic unreality to what will not stand the bare truth." The reader will very likely recall Bagehot's ruthless and rather malicious reduction of "Enoch Arden" to its elements, by way of illustrating his point: "A sailor who sells fish breaks his leg, gets dismal, gives up selling fish, goes to sea, is wrecked on a desert island, stays there some years, on his return finds his wife married to a miller, speaks to a landlady on the subject, and dies."

Tennyson's treatment of this story results, he admits, in "a rich and splendid composite of imagery and illustration." Nevertheless, it is not a theme for great art; it lacks, in Tennyson's hands, simplicity, definition, conviction: it deals in "illusion, half-belief, unpleasant types." After all, "a dirty sailor who did not go home to his wife is not an agreeable being: a varnish must be put on him to make him shine." Stedman never wrote anything in the least resembling this, in mood or manner. He was in the habit of taking his subject seriously, solemnly even. He sees nothing inferior in that form of poetic art which he takes to be representative of our very respectable day. "Enoch Arden" he finds "is in its author's purest idyllic style; noticeable for evenness of tone, clearness of diction, successful description of coast and ocean,—finally, for the loveliness and fidelity of its *genre* scenes. In study of a class below him, hearts 'centred in the sphere of common duties,' the Laureate is unsurpassed." Of Tennyson's poetry as a whole, our enthusiast does not hesitate to say, "It exhibits that just combination of lyrical elements which makes a symphony wherein it is difficult to say what quality predominates." To my mind

this sentence exhibits the critic at his worst in substance and style.

His best is very good. Nobody has written more wisely of Landor, of Poe, of Holmes, of a dozen others. No American writer (and his enthusiasm and optimism with regard to the present have much to do with the fact) has given so many people an impulse toward the reading and study of the best modern literature.

His early name as a poet was made on the score of certain pieces of newspaper doggerel, such as "The Diamond Wedding" and "The Ballad of Lager Bier," of certain sentimental verses, and a few ringing measures inspired by the war. "How Old Brown took Harper's Ferry," "Kearney at Seven Pines" and "Gettysburg" are among the best things flung off by such occasion. Of his familiar poems "The Doorstep" will hold its own, as should "Country Sleighing"—that delightful bit of rollicking song:

In January, when down the dairy  
The cream and clabber freeze,  
When snowdrifts cover the fences over,  
We farmers take our ease.  
At night we rig the team,  
And bring the cutter out;  
Then fill it, fill it, fill it, fill it,  
And heap the furs about.

The merry haste of it all, the rustic fun and romance which are also realism—we have few poems more indigenous than this. And most of Stedman's more serious verse is rather markedly not indigenous. One would never suspect from his "Ode to Pastoral Romance," with its elegant versification about shepherds, naiads, "that age when life was summer play,"—that what in this mood he calls "this degenerate time" had a pastoral romance of its own which he had experienced with keen gusto:

The windows glisten, the old folks listen  
To hear the sleigh-bells pass;  
The fields grow whiter, the stars are  
brighter,  
The road is smooth as glass.  
Our muffled faces burn,

The clear north-wind blows cold,  
The girls all nestle, nestle, nestle,  
Each in her lover's hold.

His attempts at extended composition, such as "Alice of Monmouth" and "The Blameless Prince," are interesting, but they lack compelling power—are, indeed, but ingenious exercises in that ornate style of which Tennyson had set the copy. Among his pure lyrics I find nothing more perfect than "A Vigil," in which the melody of his note is fully heard:

Dews from the wild rose drip unheard,—  
Their unforgotten scent  
With that of woods and grasses blent;  
No muffled flight of bird,  
No whispering voice, my footfall stops;

No breeze among the poplar-tops  
The smallest leaf has stirred.

My arms reach out—in vain,—  
They fold the air;  
And yet—that wandering breath again!  
Too vague to make her phantom plain,  
Too tender for despair.

In later years his poetic impulse was aroused to most purpose by occasions such as that of the Yale bicentenary, which produced, but a few years ago, his "Mater Coronata," a stately and eloquent tribute to that mother from whose arms he had departed untimely, and to whom later he had made affectionate and welcome return. Reverently, indeed, we must bid farewell to an earthly presence so faithful, so fruitful, so benignant.

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## EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN

GIRDED, alert, blithe, suavely blithe, and bland;  
A vivid spirit; keen, importunate  
On whatsoever gallant quest; elate  
Most, prospering on a quest of phrasings grand  
Or graceful, that in happy marriage-band  
Might noble meaning with smooth music mate,  
Through deftly-braided measures delicate,  
With here of humor, pathos there, a strand—

Such was our Stedman; finer spirit none  
Illumined ever any century  
Of letters; not effulgent like the sun,  
Like a star rather, softly radiant, he.  
What fitter finish—his fame fairly won,  
Life to the full his—that euthanasia!

WILLIAM CLEAVER WILKINSON

# SOME WOMEN OF FRANCE

By EMILY JAMES PUTNAM



**A**FTER having practised the art of writing history for some thousands of years, mankind are still discussing how it should be done. It appears

by their own confessions that historians are of all men most open to the temptation that assails the human mind on every side to force order upon chaos. If it be difficult for the man of science to withhold the final touch, slight but decisive, that shall convert a likelihood into a fact and make the universe look reasonable, it seems to be almost impossible for the writer of history, from the moment when he begins to be more than a chronicler. He has no alternative but to be an artist. At the outset of his undertaking he must select, and he cannot help selecting in accordance with his temperament, or—which is perhaps the same thing—in accordance with his ultimate philosophy. He has ceased to photograph and begun to sketch, and then he is lost. After that it is only a question of degree. His method of selection will determine his emphasis, and emphasis will convey an idea just as well as a direct statement. Believing himself that A is the result of B, he will not hesitate to say so. The grosser forms of artistic presentation will follow; he will tell you the color of his hero's eyes or of his motives, though neither may be of record. It is not necessary to revert to Gibbon, or to any pre-Stubbsonian writer for examples of this method. Ferrero, in his brilliant essay on imperial Rome, fortified by great learning and master of the whole apparatus of

scholarship, does not hesitate to tell us, in passages of singular force and charm, what Cæsar was thinking at this or that critical moment. Most of us like our history done in this way. Perhaps it is as good a way as any. At any rate, while there are so many ways, nothing could be more interesting than to study the method of a writer so much the lover at once of science and of art as M. Anatole France.

M. France, as he admits in the preface to his "*Vie de Jeanne d'Arc*,"\* of which the second volume has recently appeared, wishes to be read, and he has noted that history is for the most part written in a style so noble as to be unreadable. He has therefore retained for use here the simple, lucid style, so innocent and yet so malicious, with which we are already familiar in "*Thais*," in "*Le Procureur de Judée*" and in "*Le Puits de Sainte Claire*," coloring it as far as possible with the vocabulary of the period of which he treats. And this is not done on artistic grounds, though on these it has an exquisite justification, but because, he believes that when words change, ideas change with them, and he wants his reader to get rid as far as he can of ideas that did not exist in the world that saw and estimated *la Pucelle*. On two other matters of technique M. France's view is interesting. His text depends for substance and form on the sources, but he does not permit himself, practically, a single literal citation, believing that a certain unity of language is necessary in a readable book. And he keeps himself out of the story. "*Je crois*," he says, "*qu'au risque de*

\* *Vie de Jeanne d'Arc*. By Anatole France. 2 Vols. Paris, 1908.

ne point montrer toute la beauté de son cœur, il vaut mieux ne pas paraître dans les affaires qu'on raconte." Both those notions, it may be remarked, were entertained by Thucydides, in whose text one might just as reasonably look for the verbatim reproduction of a document or a speech as in Shakespeare's "Henry the Fifth," and who would have thought the author's personality as much in place in a treatise on geometry as in one on history. M. France and Thucydides do not, we may admit, resemble each other closely in other respects, but they have this in common, that each is impassioned for truth, and each finds it impossible to produce anything but a work of art. Criticism is still in doubt as to where these warring motives landed Thucydides. For the general reader it may be equally difficult to decide where they have landed M. France.

The general reader may, however, be at once assured that M. France holds Jeanne to have been a saint, as surely as St. Catherine of Siena was one, but saints in general, apparently, would do well to consult a neurologist. The present interesting case has been taken to the consulting-room of Dr. Georges Dumas, and his diagnosis is given as an appendix to the second volume. Dr. Dumas does not give a name to Jeanne's malady. She may have been a hysteric. She exhibited the "unilateral hallucinations" that Charcot found frequent in hysteria; whether accompanied or not by the hemi-anesthesia that he believed allied with it, cannot now be said. It is pointed out almost with a sigh of scientific regret, that if her judges had applied torture, this anesthesia might have been found and recorded. "If hysteria was present in her case, it was only to permit the most secret feelings of her heart to become objective in the form of celestial visions and voices; it formed the open door by which the divine—or what Jeanne deemed such—entered her life; it fortified her faith and consecrated her mission, but in mind and will Jeanne remained healthy and straight, and

nervous pathology can throw but a feeble light on a part of that soul which your [France's] book makes to live again in its entirety." Constant hallucinations of hearing, sight, touch and smell, together with a high degree of suggestibility, supplied the miraculous element of sainthood, while a beautiful character, honest, selfless and devout, gave la Pucelle an amiability to which saints have not always attained. This happy combination, M. France supposes, was discovered and inspired by the clergy of the Meuse and handed on by them to the clergy of the Loire. "What was expected of science in 1871 was expected of religion in 1428, so that it could as naturally occur to the Bastard of Orleans to use Jeanne as it occurred to Gambetta to avail himself of the technical knowledge of M. de Freycinet." The Venerable Bede and Merlin were made to prophesy the advent of the maiden saviour of France. The six weeks of ecclesiastical scrutiny to which she was subjected in Poitiers had the effect and, M. France believes, the design of impressing her on the popular imagination. It did for her what the newspaper story did in an opposite sense for the prosecuting attorney in "The Witching Hour"—it imposed a suggestion on the common mind. "It always takes a good deal of art and even a little disingenuousness to accredit innocence." With one thing and another, the army and the bourgeoisie of Orleans were ready, by the time she was introduced to them, to follow her to the death. Her prestige as a commander melts away under M. France's analysis. She never had a command, was never admitted, but by exception, to a council of war, had no knowledge of topography or of tactics, and had but one idea for securing victory: if her soldiers went into battle with clean hearts, they would win; if they went in their sins, they would fail. She was, however, born to be a leader of forlorn hopes, being careless of danger and undoubting of success. Her men followed her as a daughter

of God, and the enemy fled from her as a she-devil. Her voices, whose commands she followed, knew neither more nor less of the science of war than she. In fact, they never told her anything she didn't know. This was sometimes fortunate; for if, for instance, St. Margaret and St. Catherine had read "*Vegetius De Re Militari*," the rash attack on the Tourelles would not have been made and Orleans would have been lost. But if the captains and politicians about her controlled this force, using it for their own ends and for purposes she did not dream of, her personal power as a leader of fighting men was unequalled: "*Elle était plus vaillante, plus constante, plus généreuse que les hommes et digne en cela de les conduire.*" To many people this view of the Maid of Orleans will be unacceptable. Conspicuous among those already heard from is Mr. Andrew Lang, that undaunted champion of Things as They Were. Of course, no one is competent to pass on the adequacy of M. France's premises except scholars as familiar with the sources as he is himself. The ordinary reader, however, can see how scrupulously he uses them. In this sceptical age, the eye that reads a categorical statement about the past travels automatically down the page to find the justificatory footnote. In the present work the eye is literally never disappointed. It would be impossible to disport oneself outside the documents less than M. France has done. When he is guessing, he says so. Those who prefer to think of Joan of Arc as a superwoman, a military genius and an ultramontane will guess otherwise. Those whose spirits find rest in the hypothesis that seems to come nearest to accounting for all of the facts, will read this book, as Pepys would say, with infinite content.

The first volume brings the story down to the accomplishment of Jeanne's mission by the consecration at Reims, the second includes the capture, the trial, the execution and rehabilitation. The book consists of a

close web of detail, making poignantly actual the life of that unhappy century. No one that has seen other centuries spring into life at the touch of M. France need be told how it is done. An epitome of its politics and warfare may be found in the paraphrase of the letters sent out by the men of Troyes, dominated by a Burgundian garrison, when Charles of Valois summoned them to surrender: "Like all citizens in a similar case we run the risk of being hanged by the Burgundians on the one hand, and by the Armagnacs on the other, which we should greatly regret. We give Charles of Valois to understand that we will not open our gates to him because the garrison will not permit us. And we make known to our lords the Regent and the Duke of Burgundy that since the garrison is too weak to protect us, which is true, we ask for reinforcements, which is loyal. But we count on not getting them, for if we did we should have to stand a siege and risk a capture by assault, which is a cruel extremity for tradesfolk. But if we ask for help and do not get it, we can surrender without reproach. By asking the citizens of Reims to demand help for themselves and for us we have shown our lord of Burgundy our good-will and we risk nothing, for we know that our friends of Reims are arranging, as we are, to ask for aid and not get it. In a word, we will resist to the death if we get help, but we pray God we may not get it."

There is another way of writing history, if we may call it so, that neither contributes to science, nor quite achieves pure literature, but which is a gentle and humane art and one that ministers apparently to a permanent need of the collective mind—the art, I mean, of retelling old stories gracefully. It seems that the public can assimilate at least every few years a fresh account of the life and times of, for instance, the famous women of France, of Madame de Sévigné and of the Grande Mademoiselle, of Madame Geoffrin and of Julie de Lespinasse. It is seldom, in-

deed, that any news comes to light about these ladies, and the very style in which they are treated has become fixed. It is always the same pleasant, fluent, somewhat obvious style, infused with strong sympathy for the object celebrated. These traits may not be the result of convention; they may be the natural expression of the sort of mind that is drawn to this form of literary adventure. In any case, they create in many instances a very agreeable book, suggestive, restful and strongly human. The "Madame de Sévigné" of Miss Aldis\* is an excellent example of its class. The mere mention of the heroine's name prepares us to be pleased. The reader hastens to range himself with Horace Walpole and Sainte-Beuve among the appreciators of a woman than whom it is possible that none more charming has ever lived, and the author supplies with dexterity and good judgment fuel for his flame. A great many people who are not likely to find time to read the wonderful letters themselves will be prepared by this book, with its pictures of the France of the great century, of Fouquet the unlucky, and of Bussy Rabutin, most brilliant of blackguards, to feel an authentic thrill when they go to see in Paris the Hôtel Carnavalet, which was once the town house of Madame de Sévigné, and is now a richly stored museum. The "Madame Geoffrin" of the same author is not so enlivening. Miss Aldis esteems her model and does her best for her, but the thing does not in this case go of itself. The shorter essay on Madame Geoffrin in Miss Clergue's volume† is more readable because it is less eulogistic. Enthusiasm is out of place in relation to Madame Geoffrin, with her good heart, her cold blood and her salon run on strictly business principles. All of Miss Clergue's characterizations are interesting, and her four subjects, Ma-

dame du Deffand, Madame d'Épinay, Madame Geoffrin and Mademoiselle de Lespinasse, are well chosen as contrasting types. In dealing with Rousseau and his friends, Miss Aldis does not take into account at all, and Miss Clergue uses but slightly, the result of Mrs. Macdonald's researches, published in 1906, which seem to establish beyond doubt the existence of a conspiracy against the philosopher, of which the chief documentary evidence is the alterations made, in the handwriting of Grimm and Diderot, in the manuscript of the "Mémoires of Madame d'Épinay." If Mrs. Macdonald's contention is well founded, and I do not know that her accuracy in this respect has been challenged, the whole question of Rousseau's character, and in particular the episode of Madame d'Houdetot in all its ramifications, should be considered in the light of it by everyone who undertakes to deal with the life of that unhappy man.

In considering the careers of a group of *salonnières*, the rather unexpected impression is created that the best of them were not altogether joyful in their lot. It is, of course, well known that it is hard to keep women happy in any circumstances, but we are accustomed to think of this particular set of heroines as blest beyond the reach of discontent. Madame du Deffand, however, with her incurable ennui, Madame d'Épinay with her strong head and weak will, Julie de Lespinasse divided between passion and the main chance, were all unhappy. The truth is, they all had more brains than a woman can carry and be comfortable. They had the chagrin of seeing important and lasting work accomplished by men no better endowed than themselves, men who often depended on their judgment if a question could be settled by pure mental force unaided by education and training, and who used to the last drop the comfort and the stimulation they provided. They were often not what we consider specially "feminine" women, in that they lived neither by the heart nor

\*The Queen of Letter-Writers: Marquise de Sévigné. By Janet Aldis. London and New York, 1907.

†The Salon: A Study of French Society and Personalities of the Eighteenth Century. By Helen Clergue. New York and London, 1907.

by coquetry. They were all women endowed with what we call executive capacity, quick to judge of people and able to deal with them, competent to keep a great many things in mind at once, to form designs and to bring them to fruition. Actual productive or administrative work was what they needed as human beings, and to see what work can do for a woman one has but to turn to the case of Madame Vigée le Brun, happy and blooming through a life of disaster.

The most interesting history of all is of course that of our own times, and under this head we may class Professor Wendell's social study of "The France of To-day."\* It is twenty-five years since Mr. Brownell published his book on the France of that day, which, by showing almost ideally what such a treatise should be, has perhaps discouraged competition. It must be said at once, I think, that Mr. Wendell's book cannot profit by comparison with Mr. Brownell's. It does not go so deep, it has not the air of springing from so profound and so general a culture and, agreeable though it is in form, it has not the distinction of style so marked in the earlier work; moreover—inevitable failing of a successor—it does not tell us so much that we did not know. The last qualification does not imply that it is in the same class with the notes of Clifton Johnson, another traveller "Along French Byways," † who tells us—as news—that the French breakfast on a cup of chocolate and a roll, that schoolboys wear blouses and that the name of the Field of the Cloth of Gold contains no allusion to its physical aspect. But, considered apart from Mr. Wendell's own personal adventures, which are sometimes surprising, the general views advanced in the book are rather a pleasant re-statement of what is

generally admitted than an extension of our sympathetic insight. One of the very few things that are as good for Americans as they are agreeable, is to hear about France. We all are touched by it on some side. Strether and Jim Pocock alike find Paris to be their spirit's home. Even those of us who understand France least, like it so much that the effort to understand seems in a sense superfluous. It is, however, in itself the most delightful of exercises, and everyone will follow with interest Mr. Wendell's reconciliation of the paradoxes that stagger us and keep curiosity alive. He knows how it is that the French manage to be at once the most serious and the most amusing of peoples; why they cherish the domestic virtues in real life and celebrate in fiction almost nothing but their collapse; he can expound the logic of the enforcement of tolerance at the point of the bayonet, and show how naturally an Englishman thinks a Frenchman a liar, while the Frenchman thinks the Englishman a hypocrite. He thoroughly appreciates the "good" woman of France, who is, he tells us, "the central fact in the national life of her country," although—according to the famous maxim of de Mau-pasant—"l'honnête femme n' a pas de roman." He is doubtless aware, though he does not point it out, how difficult it is for the Frenchwoman to believe that America is full of women of whom she would in turn approve. She sees the American woman most frequently spending in Paris money which is supplied by a husband whom she has abandoned for the purpose. This seems to the Frenchwoman a repudiation as foolish as heartless of an elementary duty. Sometimes the American has abandoned her children as well, and then the Frenchwoman regards her as some good American women regard foreign ladies who come among us in relations which we are not able to consider serious.

\*The France of To-day. By Barrett Wendell. New York, 1908.

†Along French Byways. By Clifton Johnson. New York and London, 1907.



## Idle Notes By An Idle Reader



"It was what might be called a critique of a critique—an article in the *Times Saturday Review*—criticising a paper on Tom Moore; and it was written by a d—d country pedagogue named Boynton." "A country pedagogue?" I echoed—amazed to hear what was obviously intended as a term of contempt applied to an esteemed contributor to PUTNAM'S and other organs of light and leading. "Well, that's what he writes like; if he is n't one, he ought to be." What had roused the speaker's ire was Mr. Boynton's characterizing as doggerel the poem in which the Irish bard celebrated the death, in Belgium, of Sarah Curran, whose name is dear to her countrymen from its connection with that of the patriot Emmet—"the Irish Nathan Hale," as my interlocutor explained.

She lies far from the land where her hero is laid,

it runs; and perhaps there is a fatal facility in the mellifluous versification; but it touched my friend on the raw to hear it characterized as doggerel. "The simple pathetic theme," he said, "is heightened by the treatment; the verse is highly finished and very beautiful—no 'doggerel' about it. And what do you suppose the same fellow called Lord Byron?" I gave it up: there was no telling what so reckless a critic might do. "Now, what is it they call people born with-in hearing of Bow bells?—my memory's certainly going!" "Cockney," I prompted. "That's it—a cockney! Think of it, that great man and nobleman—a lover of nature all his days—to be called a cockney!"

I saw it was hopeless to attempt any defence of my brother journalist; or to put in a good word for the periodical which had printed his offensive dicta. When the verdict was rendered that this weekly budget of bookishness had "deteriorated sadly of late," I seized an opportunity to change the subject. All this was a year or more ago; and as I had recently heard Mark Twain read Shelley's "Ode to a Skylark" in public, and pronounce it the most beautiful poem in the language, I mentioned the fact, and my friend rose to it. "He was n't far wrong," he exclaimed; and off he went with the opening lines.

Hail to thee, blithe spirit—  
Bird thou never wert,—  
That from heaven or near it  
Pourest thy full heart  
In—strains of unpremeditated art.

"There, another word's escaped me: there's no doubt my memory's leaving me altogether!" "A Man in an Apron" I suggested "profuse"; and he was profuse in his appreciation. From this, the conversation drifted to magazines; and the old gentleman reminded me of the humorous suggestion that the *Edinburgh Review* should take as its motto, "We cultivate literature on a little oatmeal." "The reason for not adopting it," he said, "was that it was too d—d true!" He recalled the quotation in its Latin form, by the way; and when I referred to two or three punning mottoes, etc., in that language, he not only took the words out of my mouth, but brushed them aside as too familiar, not to say trite,

to waste time on. Incidentally, he mentioned having caught a well-known magazine editor tripping in a quotation from Montaigne.

Our meeting occurred in the dining-room of a Broadway hotel, not of the first class. An apron was tied round my interlocutor's waist and a napkin hung over his arm, as he served my luncheon in the most matter-of-fact manner in the world. "I was n't always a man in an apron," he confessed, somewhat ruefully. "I studied medicine as a lad; and I've always had a taste for poetry and languages." But he has been a waiter for a long while, now; and he has grown gray since he turned his back on Ireland some time in the last century. I made occasion to sit at his table again, only the other day; and to mention the name of Mr. Boynton. For several moments the atmosphere was sulphurous. Pat has *not* lost his memory. It is still as retentive as that of the elephant whose trunk was pricked by a frivolous tailor.

That fame and money are not the only objects of pursuit in these more or less degenerate days, is obvious to the fortunate possessors of the "Phantom Club Papers" and of the Proceedings of the Charaka Club. The former organization is composed of fourteen men—lawyers and others—living within a reasonable distance of the city of Milwaukee; while the latter consists of sixteen men, all of them physicians, whose homes (save in the case of Dr. Weir Mitchell and Dr. William Osler) are in or near New York. Yet the members of these little coteries read at their meetings and print in their records papers which would command a considerable price and be certain of a very wide reading, if offered to the leading periodicals. Mr. George R. Peck's essay, "The Kingdom of Light," found in the privately printed volume of "Phantom Club Papers," and published in PUTNAM'S for December, 1906, attracted more attention than any article, save one, that has appeared in this maga-

zine since it was revived; and it has since been twice reprinted, once as a book and once as a pamphlet. It was one of several striking essays read at the symposia of the Phantoms.

The first volume of Charaka papers explains that the club was organized in November, 1898, by a number of medical men interested in the literary, artistic and historical aspects of medicine. It bears the name of a Hindu sage whose history is given by Dr. B. Sachs, in a paper in which the intimacy of our knowledge of the club's eponym is indicated by the fact that one of his biographers places him 800 B.C. and another 1200 A.D., though Dr. Sachs himself believes the probable date to be somewhere between 100 B.C. and 78 A.D. It may be said that the example of loose reckoning set by Charaka's biographers does not appear to have been imitated by the earnest investigators who have honored his name in the western world.

As this is not a book-review, but an idle note, I do not feel bound to mention all the papers here presented, but I have been particularly struck by some of the contributions to the second volume, such as Dr. Charles L. Dana's learned paper on the Medicine of Horace, Dr. Walter B. James on the Diseases of Learned Men, Dr. Osler's study of the poems of the ancient physician Fracastorius of Verona and—in lighter vein—"Dr. Craske's Prognosis," by Dr. Pearce Bailey, an excellent story capitably told. What drew my attention to these privately printed papers of the Charakans was the poem, "Books and the Man," in which Dr. Mitchell paid his respects to Dr. Osler, three years ago, at a banquet given by the club on the occasion of the Baltimore physician's call to Oxford University. It reminds me, not a little, of the occasional verses of Dr. Holmes—the author's forerunner as poet, novelist and physician—and, perhaps more strongly, of those of Lowell. By Dr. Mitchell's kind permission, this poem is reprinted in full on page 284 of this number of PUTNAM'S AND THE READER.

Writing  
for Love,  
not Money



# The Lounger



THIS is Max Beerbohm's idea of Mr. Sargent at work. I cannot believe that our gifted fellow-countryman paints his portraits in the strenuous manner depicted by Mr. Beerbohm. It is all right to get one's effects under the inspiration of slow music, but the painter in this case seems to be aroused to frenzy rather than to be soothed by melodious sounds.



Mr. Reginald de Koven would have us believe that Wagner's operas are losing their popularity, and he gives reasons for the belief that is in him. They sound well, but I do not believe they will hold water. (Anyone is free to call this an Hibernianism.) The fact that Italian operas have come into their own again does not mean that Wagner has lost ground. It means, so far as I can see, that music-lovers are becoming more catholic in their tastes. A few years ago the Wagnerites were intolerant; now they are more liberal. I have always maintained that good music was good music, just as good literature is good literature whether one preferred another school or not. It would be as foolish for the lovers of Goethe, for example, to say that only German literature was worth while, as it would be for lovers of Shakespeare to say that only English literature was worth reading. There is no more reason why the music of one country is the only music worth listening to, than there is that the literature of one country is the

only literature worth reading. He who gets the best out of everything and is not prejudiced against anything that is good, is to be envied, rather than he who is hide-bound by theories.



Mr. Humphry Ward is to be congratulated on having bought a Rem-

brandt for \$1000 and sold it for \$31,250. That is where expert knowledge comes in. One could not do much better than that in the stock market. A profit of \$30,250 is not without honor in any country. I once bought a Sir Peter Lely for \$25, but I was not as fortunate in reselling it as was Mr. Ward. I parted with my treasure—a most beautiful portrait—for \$35. Well, I made ten dollars, and one had better make ten dollars than lose it. I know a man here in New



JOHN S. SARGENT AS SEEN BY MAX BEERBOHM

Who is obviously something of an impressionist

York who bought a Daumier for \$7. He told the junk-shop dealer of whom he bought it that it was a Daumier and worth more money. "I don't care whether it is a Dummyair or a Dammyair; if you want it you can have it for seven dollars. It's been hanging round here long enough. Plenty of people who ought to know have seen it, but you're the first to call it a Dummyair. That's the way I feel about it, and you can take it or leave it." My friend took it.



An unexpected popular interest was shown in the exhibition of sculpture

held in the Fifth Regiment Armory in Baltimore in April, under the auspices of the National Sculpture Society. The average daily attendance for the first week exceeded 2000, and the receipts from admissions and the sale of catalogues were most gratifying. The Society is so encouraged by the great success of this venture, that it means to continue its exhibitions every two years, first in one city, then in another. The National Academy of Design has offered the sculptors the exclusive use of the South Gallery in the Fine Arts Building, for the winter exhibition of the Academy, next December.



Mr. Granville Barker came and saw and—returned to London. "Little old New York" may be good enough for us, but it is not good enough for him. I do not say this in an offensive sense, but merely as showing that Mr. Barker apparently prefers to work along his own lines at the Savoy Theatre, London, at comparatively small pay, rather than tackle as big a job as the directorship of the New Theatre. There was a time when I thought Mr. Barker an ideal man for that position, but I have changed my mind after studying the matter more carefully. At the Court, he is the right man in the right place. At the New Theatre, he would, I fear, have been out of place, as he seems now to be at the Savoy. The whole plan and scope of the proposed theatre are beyond anything that he has thought of. And then, between ourselves, I think that he is a manager of limitations. His interests lie more in the direction of the eccentric drama. There must be nothing eccentric about the New Theatre. It must be run on broad, common-sense lines, or it will be a failure. It is to be a big theatre, too, with a big stage and an enormous auditorium—too big, doubtless, for some plays. Mr. Barker is used to making his effects—and wonderful effects they are—in a small theatre,

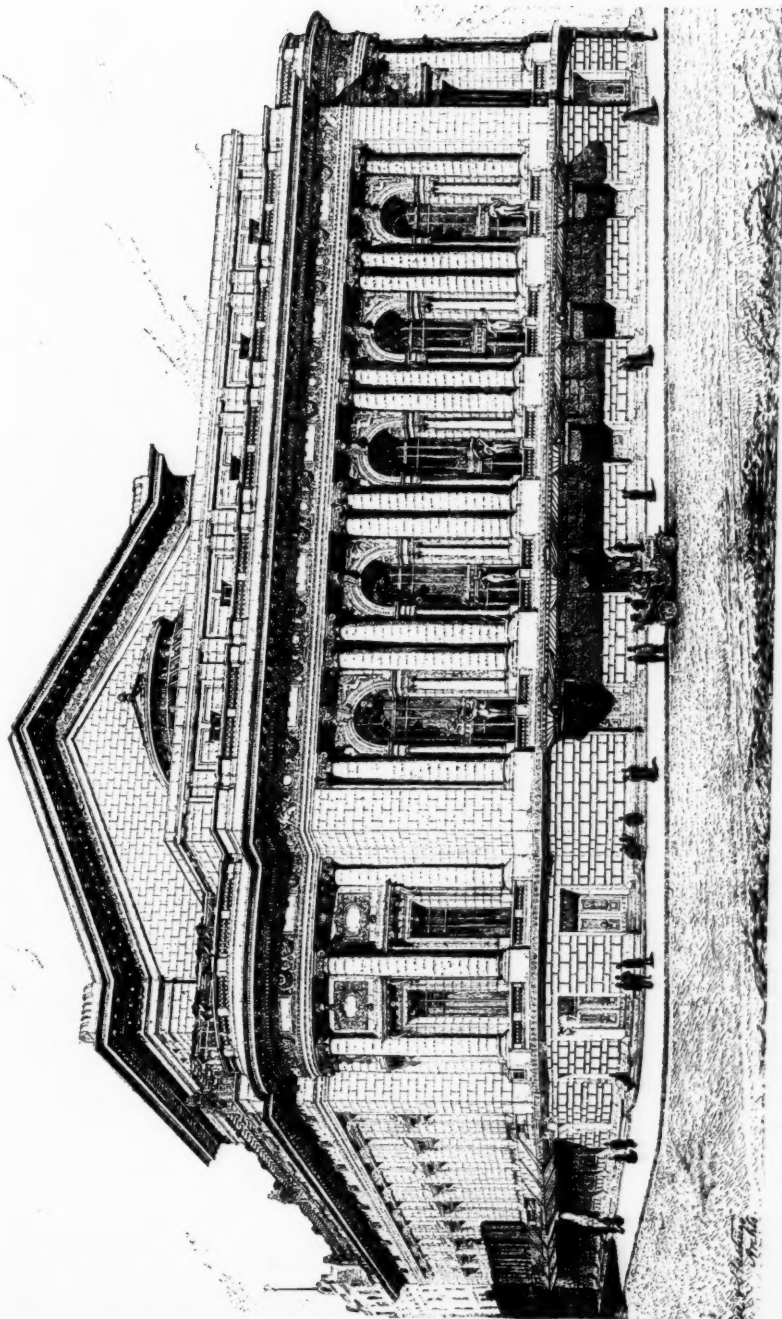
on a small stage. He would be lost in the big place up-town.



I am not one of those who criticised the directors of the New Theatre for negotiating with a foreign director. The thing to be desired, it seems to me, is to get the best, be he English or American, and I am inclined to think we have the best over here. In Mr. Sothorn and Mr. Miller we have managers who are actors, and who know how to train actors and to produce plays. The fact that both are of English parentage may, in a way, account for the thoroughness of their work. They are, however, good Americans now, and we should very much resent it if England claimed either of them for her own. Mr. F. R. Benson, another English manager, has been spoken of for the position of managing director of the New Theatre. Mr. Benson has an honorable reputation for the production of Shakespeare's plays and for the training of raw material to act them, but how is he outside of Shakespeare? The man who directs this new theatre must know how to judge, as well as how to produce, modern and classic plays. After all, what is the use of discussing the merits of the various managers? for Mr. Conried says that he is the one and only, and, I hear, already has the title of Managing Director printed on his writing paper!



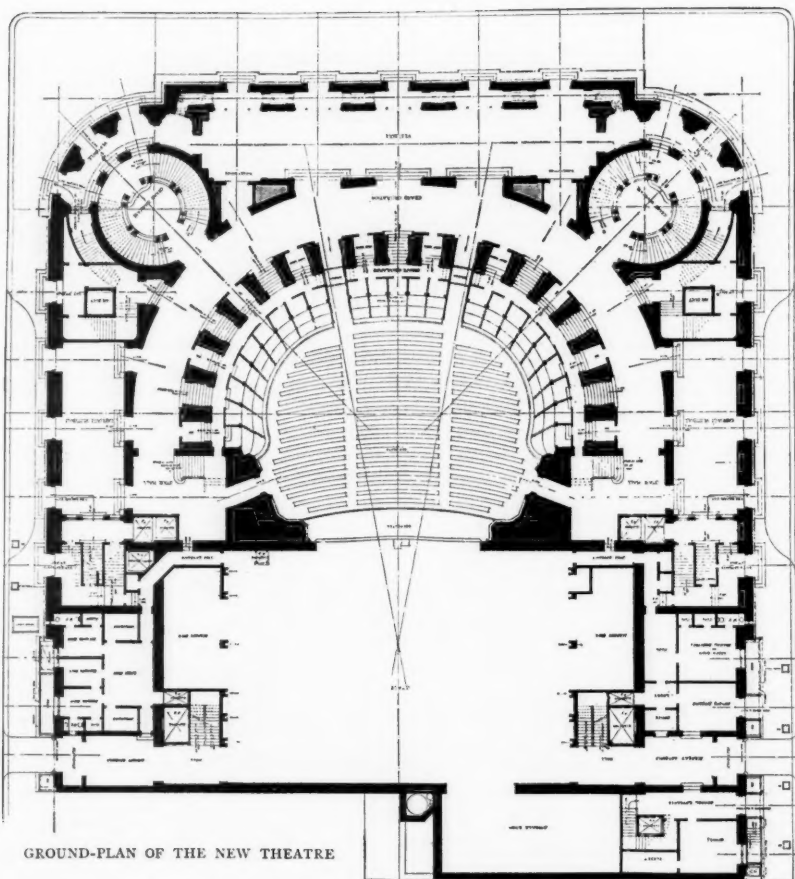
Mr. Miller has been very much praised for his production of Mr. Kennedy's "The Servant in the House." The production is certainly an excellent one, but as to the play I am not so confident. I can see why it impresses some people, but to me it tells nothing new, and its teachings are fallacious. Great sympathy is expressed for the erring brother, and the parson blames himself for not having taken him to his heart sooner and held him there. For my part, I cannot see why, after you have done everything in your power for a brother, and he insists upon wrong-



Carrere & Hastings, Architects

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THE NEW THEATRE, FACING CENTRAL PARK, AT CENTRAL PARK WEST AND 62D AND 63D STREETS, NEW YORK

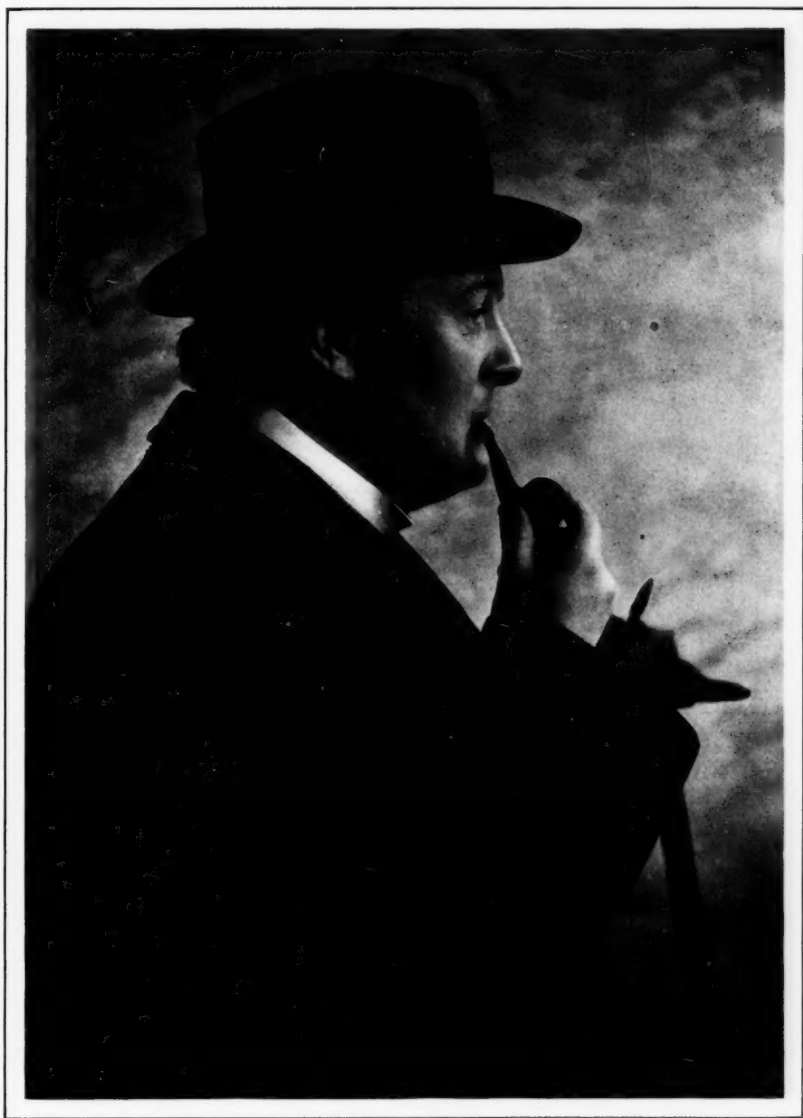


GROUND-PLAN OF THE NEW THEATRE

The architects have adopted the "fan-shaped" as distinguished from the "horseshoe" plan

doing, you should wreck your own life for his sake. The parson and his wife did well in taking the drunken drain-digger's daughter and bringing her up in ignorance of her worthless father. When the drain-digger came to his senses and turned over a new leaf they were glad to take him by the hand. What more could they do? He had deserted his child and outraged all decency, and yet in the end he was forgiven. That is all right, and I have no doubt that eventually he became a useful citizen; but until he did, I see no reason why he should have been made a family pet.

I do not claim any special piety, yet I resent seeing an actor on the stage "made-up" for the Son of God—and called the Son of Man, or Man-son. It is foolish to deny that Mr. Hampden had such intention. Not only his make-up but his very attitudes were those that we have been accustomed to associate with the Saviour of mankind. As a matter of fact, there is a picture of Christ hanging on the wall throughout the play which he imitates in costume and pose. To see a man so dressed and so "made-up" waiting at table and cracking an occasional joke, is to me offensive. I am, however, in the



From a photograph by Alice Boughton

CHARLES RANN KENNEDY, AUTHOR OF "THE SERVANT IN THE HOUSE"



GEORGE SAND

From a sketch by Alfred de Musset and only recently published

minority in this opinion. People seem to like the play and to find a great moral lesson in it. It is well acted, Mr. Tyron Power being particularly effective as the drain-digger.

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Mr. Kennedy is said to have written other plays on similar lines—seven in all,—which will sooner or later be produced by Mr. Miller. They will probably teach, as does "The Servant in the House," some of those good, old-fashioned doctrines that have been spoken from pulpits for generations and may be found more picturesquely set forth in the pages of "Pilgrim's Progress." Mr. Kennedy has saturated himself with the morality plays, and it is hardly to be wondered at that he has given us a play which, in a general way, recalls

"Everyman," in which his wife, Miss Mathison, made such a success, a few years ago. In the present play, her part is a minor one.

22

Some time before the news was printed, I heard that Mr. Ellery Sedgwick and associates had bought the *Atlantic Monthly*, but I hesitated to believe it. One might as soon expect to see Faneuil Hall shipped to New York for exhibition purposes, as to have the *Atlantic Monthly* change its publishers. When such a change has been made in the past, it has been because the publishers changed themselves. That this magazine should be owned by anyone but the publishers of Emerson, Longfellow,

Thoreau, Lowell, and the rest of the giants of other days, seems impossible; but the impossible is constantly happening to-day. There is no one to whom I would rather see the *Atlantic* go than Mr. Ellery Sedgwick. Although his home is in New York and he was born here, and his editorial reputation has been made on New York magazines, he has always seemed to me to be more of a Bostonian than a New Yorker. This may be because he was educated in New England having, as a boy, gone to school at Groton, and graduated from Harvard. Mr. Sedgwick made a good magazine of the *American* (born *Leslie's*). After that magazine was sold to Mr. Phillips and his associates, Mr. Sedgwick took a well-earned rest, and then went for a while to *McClure's* and later to *Apple-*

tom's. He was not in either place long, and I can understand why. The *Atlantic* is more in the line of his sympathies. The report is that Mr. Bliss Perry will continue as editor, a position that he has filled with distinction for a number of years; but I feel confident Mr. Sedgwick will take a very active part in the editorial councils.



Mr. Sothern has had the courage to do what no American actor has done before, if I am rightly informed. He has given us a play founded on the life and adventures of the redoubtable Don Quixote, made especially for him by Mr. Paul Kester. There have been one-act plays on this subject, but Mr. Kester's is the first long one on this theme. The playwright has had a hard job, but has acquitted himself with credit. I doubt if this play will be one of the most popular in Mr. Sothern's repertoire, but it will always go well for occasional production, and that is all that this actor desires. A number of people have asked me whether I thought Mr. Sothern "made up" for Dr. Parkhurst. I do not think he did so intentionally. The likeness is there, however. Nor is it inappropriate; for is not that distinguished divine something of a Don Quixote? Has he not gone about the city rescuing maidens in distress? and has he not at times fought with windmills? Except that there is more reality in the wrongs that Dr. Parkhurst has sought to right, have not his methods at times savored of



E. H. SOTHERN IN "DON QUIXOTE"

the Quixotic? And has he not always been, like the Spanish knight-errant, a lover of his kind and a martyr to the causes that he has espoused?



MISS GLADYS HANSON AS THE DUCHESS IN "DON QUIXOTE"

I might have been in the very thick of the outbreak in Union Square, in March, as all the trouble took place under my windows; but fortunately I was away. At the time the bomb exploded, I was floundering in the mud in an automobile in Connecticut. I am glad that I did not see the disturbance, for such things are not pleasant to witness. I have heard a good deal about it from friends who were eye-witnesses, and from their reliable testimony my

respect for the mounted police has gone up many degrees. As for Mr. Robert Hunter, my opinion of him has gone down. There was a time that I had high hopes of him as a sympathizer with the poor and oppressed, but now I regard this young man as one of their worst enemies. The "pink-tea socialists" have much to answer for. They do incalculable mischief where they might do much good if their efforts were better directed. If inciters would only in-

cite to good instead of to evil, it would make this old world a much happier place, and come nearer to bringing about a millennium than their present methods; but there would not be so much excitement in it. And it is excitement of one kind or another that most people are looking for.



Boston, stimulated by what New York is doing in the way of opera, is going to have an opera-house of her own. Mr. Eben D. Jordan offers to erect it, and to meet all expenses for three years. In Mr. Jordan we have an enthusiast of the Hammerstein type. He believes that Boston can prove its love of music, if given half a chance, and he is going to give it that half and more. It is for Boston to do the rest, and rumor has it that it has shown a proper appreciation of his belief by sending in its subscriptions to an encouraging extent. With two opera-houses in New York (to say nothing of Brooklyn's Academy of Music) and two in Philadelphia, it looked bad for Boston's boasted culture to have none. But the cloud has lifted, in a degree. I make this qualification as I am not quite sure of Mr. Henry Russell as managing director; but then Boston seems to be confident of his ability, so the rest of us should be satisfied.



Every once in a while there is a discussion in the London papers, literary and otherwise, on what a reviewer may or may not do with review copies of books. Some London publishers stamp the legend "Review Copy" in big bold letters on the title-pages of the books they send out for review, so that the reviewer may not sell them when he has finished with them. And the Publishers' Association has just made a rule that all review copies of books shall be stamped. "We found," said a member of the Association, "that many review copies were getting into the hands of our enemy, the *Times*

Book Club, bought for its use from the second-hand booksellers, to whom they had been sold by the reviewers." This is all very well, but London publishers, at least a number of them, stamped their review copies long before the *Times* Book Club existed. Only once have I seen such a stamp in a book published on this side of the water. I don't remember who the publisher was who so mutilated the book he sent out, and I am glad that I don't. It is a very small-potato business. Suppose that the reviewer does sell, in the course of time, the books that have been sent him. Where's the harm? Why should he load up his library with ephemeral books? When he has reviewed the book, his obligation is over. If our publishers sent out books rubber-stamped—or worse, with "Review Copy" perforated through the title-page, as is done in England—I think the reviewer would be quite justified in returning them, unnoticed. Our publishers do business on too large a scale. They sell so many books that it does not worry them if a few review copies find their way to the second-hand book-shops.



Mr. S. S. McClure now owns *McClure's Magazine* exclusively, Mr. Harold Roberts, who bought an interest in the magazine a little over a year ago, having retired from the field. Mr. McClure is a go-it-alone man, if ever there was one. He has more ideas to the minute than half a dozen ordinary publishers, and if fifty-nine are discarded during that time, he wants to be the man to discard them. *McClure's* is a go-it-alone magazine, for it can now run successfully of its own volition. It has never had any editor in the sense that *Harper's*, the *Century* and *Scribner's* have had editors. The idea was Mr. McClure's, and the entire staff of the publishing house was interested in the editorial policy of the magazine. The same people who now run the *American Magazine* gave their valuable energies to *McClure's*,

in former days, all working harmoniously together.



I have been very much interested in an article in *Munsey's* called "What Has Happened to the Book Publishers?" I had not suspected that anything had happened to them until I read this paper, and I was not sure that anything had happened even then. The writer, Mr. Merton H. Forrester, argued that the book publishers have not advanced with the times—that while the magazine publishers were wide awake, the publishers of books were fast asleep. In other words, that the magazine publishers had long ago seen the money to be made from ten-cent magazines, while the book publishers had not yet realized the enormous amount of money to be made from fifty-cent books. Mr. Forrester called attention to the fact that there are over eighty million inhabitants of the United States, and from this he argues that a book of the popularity of, say, "David Harum," should sell, not a paltry six hundred thousand, but a million or two million copies. This may be true, but if it were, everyone would be in the book-publishing business.



A fifty-cent book—that is, one that retails for that price—will not have a very wide sale, unless it be by a very well-known author, one who has had the advantage of enormous advertising. There are publishing firms in this city which have made large sales of novels at fifty cents, but these sales are of novels that have previously had a large sale at a dollar and a half, and have been advertised conspicuously for years. The publishers of the fifty-cent *rechauffé* novel, if I may coin the expression, do not spend a dollar in advertising in magazines or newspapers. They "circularize," and they have well-organized corps of salesmen throughout the country. The regular publisher has not only these expenses, but the additional expense of advertising that runs into

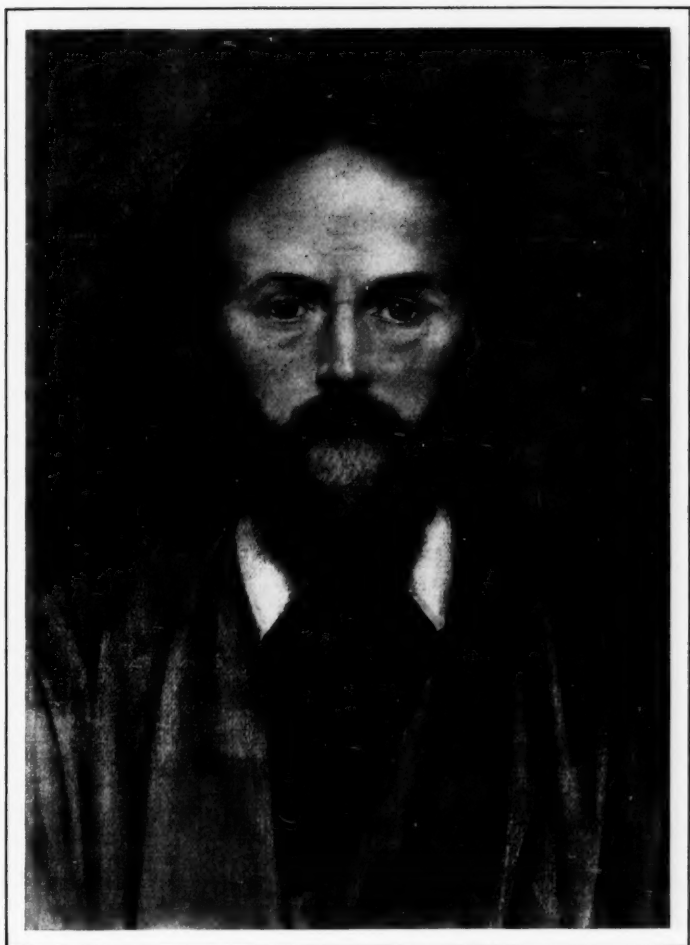
the thousands. For instance, a firm that has been very successful in this warming-up of popular books has sold 300,000 copies of "Graustark," a book which had a sale of considerably over 100,000 in its \$1.50 form. It might be possible to take a new book by Mr. McCutcheon and bring it out for the first time at fifty cents, but its sale would be due to the advertising his other books had received. You could not take a book by a new author and get such a sale for it at fifty cents without hitting on some other means of advertising it than the expensive ones now in vogue. The experiment has been tried without success.



A publisher—a young one, and a "hustler"—said to me, apropos of Mr. Forrester's article, that he thought the price of books would go up rather than down. "Look along the line of our publishing houses," said he, "and tell me how many are making money, or have made it, out of miscellaneous books." With my mind's eye I looked, and I saw that nearly every publisher who seemed to be in flourishing circumstances made money by other means than the publication of miscellaneous books. He either had private means, or he published magazines, or text-books, or subscription books, or had some other specialty. As to books getting higher in price, that depends largely upon the price of paper—to say nothing of authors.



A year ago an anonymous book, purporting to be the journal of a Russian prisoner's wife in Japan, appeared under the title of "As the Hague Ordains." Most readers took it for what it professed to be, but many believed it to be the work of an American—or some other English-speaking writer,—and spent more or less time making ingenious guesses as to the authorship. Some guessers attributed the book to the author of "The Lady of the Decoration," which latter work they in turn credited to the author of "Mrs. Wiggs." The



WILLIAM DE MORGAN, AUTHOR OF "SOMEHOW GOOD"

work was obviously written by someone who knew Japan at the time of the war with Russia; and it was equally obvious that the author was an experienced writer. It is not surprising, therefore, now that her identity is disclosed, that she should prove to be Miss Eliza Ruhamah Scidmore, the author of sundry vivacious and informing books on Japan, China, Java and Alaska.

Since the secret of its authorship has been revealed, certain publishers to whom the manuscript was offered

when the work was anonymous, are regretting that they were less conscious of its merits, when they might have had the opportunity of printing it, than they are now, when the book has achieved success without any aid from the author's name.



The years of Mr. William de Morgan's literary activity have been few but fruitful. All of "Joseph Vance," his first book, was written in 1904. "Alice for Short" was writ-

ten in 1905; but, as he expresses it in a letter to a friend, it "hung on hand till after Joe came out in 1906. She was really not quite completed till early in January, 1907. 'Somehow Good' was begun in 1906 and came out this year. So all my literary ink has been used since January, 1904, except a fraction of 'Joseph Vance' sometime (I don't know when) in 1903."

Bishop Potter has been so struck by the importance of A. Leslie Lilley's "Programme of Modernism," that he has written to the publisher to say that he believes that its discussion of the Encyclical of Pius X "will be of enormous value." In a striking letter, he writes: "I am profoundly impressed with the cogency, timeliness, and grasp, of the Introduction. We are certainly standing on the eve of great changes in beliefs; and in our recognition of the beliefs of peoples whom we have long been wont to dismiss to the darkness of paganism."

Mrs. Humphry Ward has declared against woman-suffrage in an interview in the *New York Times*. While Mrs. Ward is not old-fashioned enough to think that women have no place outside the home, she does not think them qualified by nature to take the rough end of the world's work. To quote her words:

"Woman's sphere of activity should be, and is being, enlarged. I am anything but an advocate of the old 'hearth and home' theory. But I think that what the suffragists are fighting for is just what women do not need and should not have."

"They should not vote?"

"Not on questions in the solution of which they can never play a responsible part. Fancy a female general, a female admiral! Fancy a railroad run by women, roads built or mines worked by them! Well, if there is this inevitable physical limitation to a woman's activity—if she can never enter the army or the navy, never be a miner or a railroader—is it just that she be given a vote on matters that

involve these activities? The National Government, of course, both here and in England, is concerned in all of these things, and this Government is maintained by the votes of the male portion of the population, which thus indirectly decides on the army, the navy, the railroads, and the scores of material interests in which women cannot by nature take an active part."

"But there are other questions," the interviewer interposed.

"Yes, there are other questions, questions above all of an educational nature, and on these I believe women should be freely admitted, both to voting and government. The schools, the hospitals, the charities—to mention the most obvious—of a city or a nation are in the control of the Government, and yet women have just as much of a responsible interest in these matters as men. It would seem to be but just, therefore, that they should be allowed to vote on them. In London, happily, within the past two years women have gained the right to vote and sit on the County Councils, and thus have their share in the control of matters that directly affect the family and local life. Woman-suffrage to that extent seems perfectly legitimate, and should work to the general advantage of the community enjoying it. But I see every reason for denying any increase in woman-suffrage beyond this limit of purely local and what might be called social and educational affairs. The suffragettes, however, contend that the suffrage, national as well as local, should be open to women equally with men. And that is a contention which, it seems to me, quite ignores that fundamental fact of a woman's disability to take an active, responsible part in such matters as are involved in the imperial vote. In my belief, it is her patriotic duty not to ask for it!"

On the subject of her favorite philanthropy, Mrs. Ward advocates the turning of unused cemeteries into playgrounds for children in such crowded cities as London and New York. I am afraid that the few unused cemeteries that we have in New York would not go far towards



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making playgrounds. They are very small and are not adapted to that use. That children have not prejudices, at least some of them, against playing leap-frog over tombstones and gathering flowers from unmarked graves, is proved by Mrs. Gilman's pretty verses, "Annie in the Graveyard," published years ago. Annie was not the least bit afraid of the supernatural, and gathered posies as she played among the graves, with as little concern as she might have gathered primroses by a river's brim.

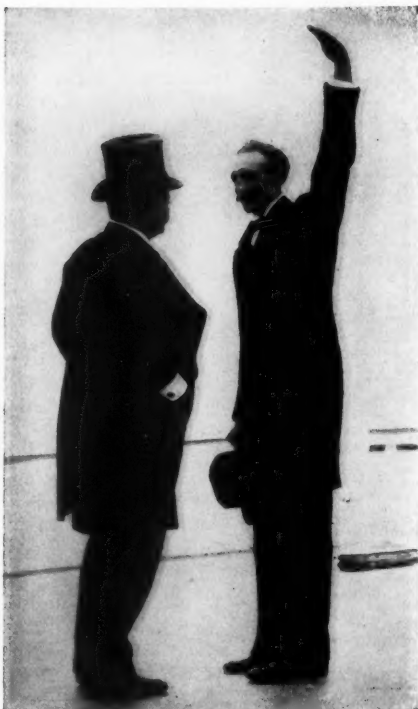
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The Children's Playgrounds Association is doing a good work throughout the country. That it knows how to advertise itself, its work and its needs, was shown by the giving of a public dinner to Mrs. Humphry Ward, who has done splendid pioneer work of the same sort in London. The fact that Mrs. Ward was the guest of honor and delivered the chief address at the banquet in the ballroom of the Waldorf-Astoria—a function largely patronized by "wealth and fashion"—was enough to make the occasion a conspicuous one; but the procuring of the Duchess of Marlborough as one of the minor

speakers was a masterly appeal for publicity, and a wholly successful one. Not only did her Grace make an excellent address as to substance and style, but her delivery was admirable. And the newspapers the next morning "featured" the young lady's appearance at the dinner, giving some space to her remarks, but rather more to a description of her gown and her priceless pearls and diamonds. But the occasion of the meeting was not wholly ignored in the reports.

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I reproduce the first return postage-stamp coupon that I have seen. It comes—very obviously—from Japan. The legend in French which appears on its face is repeated on the back in German, English, Spanish and Italian, the English version reading: "This coupon can be exchanged for a postage-stamp of the value of 25 centimes, or the equivalent of that sum, in countries which have adopted the arrangement." So now one can prepay postage on the answer to a letter which he sends abroad, without having to hunt all over the place for a postage-stamp of the country to which he is writing. The convenience is a great one.



"A TALL STORY"

Mr. Taft has made himself solid with the women-suffragists by declaring his sympathy with their cause. He is reported as having said, in a speech delivered in Cincinnati:

I believe that woman-suffrage will come eventually, and that there is one fundamental principle that applies to the whole thing. Under a representative form of government the interests of any particular set of people are more likely to be advanced when represented by one of themselves than by one of another class, no matter how altruistic the efforts of the latter may be.

What a pity that the women cannot show their appreciation of his courage by voting for him should he get the nomination for the Presidency! What Mr. Taft says sounds very plausible, but sound and sense are often miles apart. The question of woman-suffrage is no light one. It does not mean simply giving a woman the right

to drop a ballot in a box. It means a thousand complex things. I have never doubted the average woman's intellectual fitness to vote; but when one remembers that if one woman were given the suffrage, all women would have to have it—in other words, that the most ignorant woman who landed at Ellis Island might, after she was naturalized, cast her vote with the rest of us—one is given pause. "If the ignorant man who lands at Ellis Island may vote when he has been naturalized, then why not the ignorant woman?" the suffragist asks. Do two wrongs ever make one right? If it were proposed that unintelligent men should be deprived of the ballot, and their votes given to intelligent women, the project would appeal to me more strongly. But "universal" woman-suffrage added to "universal" man-suffrage were a piling of Pelion on Ossa that I shall pray against to my dying day.



The indications are that Secretary Taft will be nominated for the Presidency in June. If so, he will owe his nomination to the active support of the Administration; yet, as is well-known, this official backing has stood in his light ever since he was first talked of as a possible candidate. No one has ever questioned his eminent fitness and availability for the post, yet it has been felt that the movement in his favor should have originated elsewhere than in the White House; in other words, that the actual Chief Magistrate should not be allowed to pick out his successor. This feeling has undoubtedly made the Secretary's candidacy less popular than it would have been, had it originated elsewhere—though no one who knows the man believes that, if elected, he would be a mere echo or mouthpiece of his nominator.

That Mr. Roosevelt is thoroughly sincere in his admiration of Mr. Taft, and is not a recent convert to the view that the Secretary would make

an excellent Chief Executive, is patent to any one who recalls the article he wrote for the *Outlook* in August, 1901, while President McKinley was still alive, he himself was Vice-President and ex-Judge Taft was Governor of the Philippines. As many may have forgotten this paper, I reproduce from it the following pertinent lines:

A year ago a man of wide acquaintance both with American public life and American public men remarked that the first Governor of the Philippines ought to combine the qualities which would make a first-class President of the United States with the qualities which would make a first-class Chief Justice of the United States, and that the only man he knew who possessed all these qualities was Judge William H. Taft, of Ohio. The statement was entirely correct. . . . I dislike speaking in hyperbole; but I think that almost all men who have been brought in close contact, personally and officially, with Judge Taft are agreed that he combines as very, very few men ever can combine, a standard of absolutely unflinching rectitude on every point of public duty, and a literally dauntless courage and willingness to bear responsibility, with a knowledge of men, and a far-reaching tact and kindness, which enable his great abilities and high principles to be of use in a way that would be impossible were he not thus gifted with the capacity to work hand in hand with his fellows.

Whatever may be thought of the propriety of the President's proposing the name of his successor, nothing could be more natural, in view of his high regard for the man here described, than that he should wish to see him chosen by the people as their chief ruler. The intellectual and moral qualities which the President admires in his Secretary of War have not escaped the eye and pencil of W. D. Paddock, whose portrait of Mr. Taft, made for PUTNAM'S, in Washington, last March, forms the frontispiece of this number of the magazine.



The accompanying photograph,

showing President Roosevelt listening attentively to something that Mr. Pinchot is telling him, has gone the rounds of the press; but in only one instance have I seen any explanation of the Chief Forester's rather unconventional attitude. In the case in question, this legend appeared beneath the cut: "Gifford Pinchot, representing the Government's interests in the Inland Waterways project, discussing its future with President Roosevelt." This sounded very plausible. It might easily be that the President was being told how much higher the water would be raised in the Mississippi, or some other river, by the proposed damming of the streams that feed it. But this, though a very good semi-official explanation, has the great disadvantage of being incorrect. The plain truth of the matter is that Mr. Pinchot is telling the President an anecdote that has no bearing whatever on Inland Waterways, Race Suicide, Railway Rebates or Bucket-Shops. The story—very obviously a tall one—refers to a scene which the narrator once witnessed. It has been repeated to me, by a common friend, in strict confidence. If it were ever to be printed, Mr. Pinchot—a most truthful and conscientious man—would be forced at once into the ranks of the "nature-fakers"!



The letter that ex-President Cleveland wrote to the *Herald* recently, cannot be too forcibly impressed upon the minds of his fellow-citizens. The closing paragraph runs as follows:

All good citizens should be enlisted in the reform of abuses. But their work need be none the less effective because they are soberly conscious that when the blare of trumpets is heard no more, the glory of reform accomplished, and of a safe and beneficent public policy made strong and lasting, will be a hundredfold brighter and more satisfactory if the vigor of wholesome and sound personal liberty shall still remain unimpaired.



# Noteworthy Books of the Month



## History and Biography

Hislam, P. A.  
Reich, Emil.  
Granville, Rev. Roger.  
Palmer, George H.

The Admiralty of the Atlantic.  
General History of Western Nations.  
The King's General in the West:  
Sir Richard Granville, Bart., 1600-1659.  
Life of Alice Freeman Palmer.

Longmans.  
Macmillan.  
Lane.  
Houghton.

## Belles-Lettres and Poetry

Burroughs, John.  
Doyle, A. C.  
Leith, W. Compton.  
Lounsbury, Thomas R.  
Sedgwick, Henry D.  
Spender, J. A.  
Thayer, W. R.

Leaf and Tendril.  
Through the Magic Door.  
Apologia Diffidentis.  
Standard of Usage in English.  
The New American Type.  
The Comments of Bagshot.  
Italica.

Houghton.  
McClure.  
Lane.  
Harper.  
Houghton.  
Holt.  
Houghton.

## Travel and Description

De Lesdain, Count.  
Havelock, Ellis.  
Klein, Abbé Felix.  
Miltoun, Francis.  
Sullivan, T. Russell.

From Peking to Sikkim.  
The Soul of Spain.  
An American Student in France.  
In the Land of Mosques and Minarets.  
Lands of Summer.

Dutton.  
Houghton.  
McClurg.  
Page.  
Houghton.

## Fiction

Bates, Arlo.  
Brand, Capt. Jack.  
Brown, Alice.  
Chambers, Robert W.  
Churchill, Winston.  
Clegg, T. B.  
Crawford, F. Marion.  
McCutcheon, George B.  
McIntyre, J. T.  
Randall, T. J.  
Wasson, George S.

The Intoxicated Ghost.  
By Wild Waves Tossed.  
Rose MacLeod.  
Some Ladies in Haste.  
Mr. Crewe's Career.  
The Bishop's Scapegoat.  
The Primadonna.  
The Husbands of Edith.  
In the Dead of Night.  
Love and the Ironmonger.  
Home From Sea.

Houghton.  
McClure.  
Houghton.  
Appleton.  
Macmillan.  
Lane.  
Macmillan.  
Dodd, Mead.  
Lippincott.  
Lane.  
Houghton.

## Miscellaneous

Beveridge, Albert J.  
Brown, Goodwin.  
Kennedy, Charles R.  
Munsterberg, Hugo.  
Younghusband, G. J.

The Meaning of the Times.  
Scientific Nutrition Simplified.  
The Servant in the House.  
On the Witness Stand.  
Story of the Guides.

Bobbs-Merrill.  
Stokes.  
Harper.  
McClure.  
Macmillan.

Noteworthy recent publications are recorded on this page, the list serving as a supplement to the reviews and literary notes on the preceding pages. Books bearing the imprint of G. P. Putnam's Sons are not included.



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